Ex Libris
Duquesne University:



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

http://www.archive.org/details/holyghostcollege28duqu

Duquesne Monthly



Vol. 28 OCTOBER, 1920 No. 1

r 378.05
D946
v.23

Duquesne Monthly

OCTOBER, 1920

CONTENTS

Work While The Day Is	G. L.	1
Our Drive For a Greater Duquesne		2
Life's Rosary	Michael F. Coleman	11
Advantages and Disadvantages of Organized Labor	Clement M. Strobel	12
How Shall the Needy World Be Sated?	J. F. Carroll	15
Duquesne		20
Editorial: —		
A Student's Campaign Plea	Paul G. Sullivan	21
Terence MacSwiney and the Hunger Strike	Vincent J. Rieland	23
Athletics		24
Chronicle		29
Alumni		35

D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York.

Courses leading to degrees in *Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Literature and Music*
Special preparation for High School Teaching.
Design and Painting, under Male Instructor.

RIGHT REV. WM. TURNER, D. D., Chancellor.

FACULTY:

Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy, and Men and Women Lay Specialists.

Holy Angels' Academy

In Connection with D'Youville College

College Preparatory and General Culture Courses. Music, Languages, Design and Painting. New York State Regents' Diplomas.

BOLD'S HOME-MADE BREAD

BAKED FRESH EVERY DAY.

It is so manifestly good and fresh that it produces a light, flaky crust that melts deliciously in the mouth, and there is no soaking in of the filling, nor sogginess, no indigestion.

Every Loaf is of Uniform Excellence, the Standard by which others are judged.

AUGUST BOLD, 821-29 Industry St., Pittsburgh

Hallen

Photographer

Bell Phones: Hemlock 569
Hill 1327 R

Commercial Photography

Portraits in Crayon, Oil and Water Color Paintings

1405 Carson Street and Post Office Building, Mt. Oliver

WAGNER BROS. SHOE CO.

WHOLESALE SHOES

429 LIBERTY AVENUE PITTSBURGH

Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXVIII. OCTOBER, 1920 No. 1

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE
ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Address: Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh
Postoffice, April 30, 1911

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1108.
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 22, 1918

VINCENT J. RIELAND, '21, Editor-in-Chief

PATRICK L. MCGRATH, '23 . . . Business Manager

Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVIII. OCTOBER, 1920 Number I.

Work While The Day Is.

WORK while the day is—night comes apace,
Night and the end of all trying;
Run, while to run is the winning race;
Time and thy life both are flying.

Say not thy stirring is but of a leaf,
A leaf in the idle wind passing;
Think not thy season is sadly too brief
Riches that count, for amassing.

Precious the moments now to thee given—
Now that is always in flitting—
Freighted with treasure that quickly is riven
Back from the hand of plough-quitting.

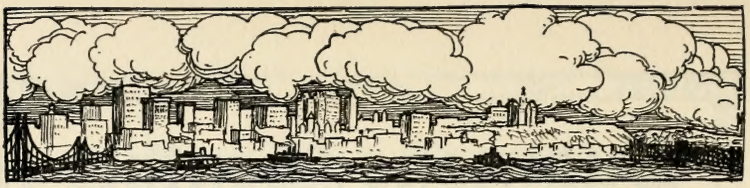
Crowns that shall shine in the eterne years
Hang on the wand of thy doing;
Joys to make vanish all woe-begot tears,
Smile on thy eager pursuing.

Full, then, thy effort, spend and be spent—
God in His love is appealing;
Soul-saving graces are granted, not lent—
Lack of their use is a stealing.

Horrid vacuity, lasting and fixt;
Menaces treason in duty;
Energy faintless, virtue unmixt,
Win all that's greatness and beauty.

G. L.

7787



Our Drive For a Greater Duquesne.

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY is to conduct from October 9 to 19, a drive for a million dollar building and endowment fund. Preparations for this campaign have been under way for over two months. Two meetings of the Advisory Board were held early in the summer, at which the decision to hold the drive was taken, and tentative plans were outlined. In August the letter which we reproduce below was sent by the Right Rev. Bishop to all the pastors of the diocese. Accompanying it was the Very Rev. President's letter, which we subjoin, copies of which were also mailed to many of the alumni and friends of the institution.

BISHOP'S HOUSE

PITTSBURGH, PA.

To the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Pittsburgh: —

Duquesne University is sending forth an urgent appeal to the public for endowment and building funds, with the hope that the appeal will be received kindly and generously answered.

In the forty-two years of educational service which the Fathers of the Holy Ghost have given to the people of Western Pennsylvania, they have placed the opportunity and benefits of higher education within reach of thousands, and have sent forth hundreds of graduates to strengthen the social, civil and religious life of the country. The general public, and above all the graduates, and families and friends of the graduates of Holy Ghost College and Duquesne University owe a debt of gratitude to the institution that fitted many of our best citizens to take an honorable part in the intellectual and moral movements of the age, and contribute by their education and Christian principles to the futherance and security of Church and State.

While Catholics as a body have been generous in the support of their elementary schools and charitable institutions, few have shown proper appreciation of the value and power of higher education, and not one Catholic man or woman of wealth in this

diocese has used that wealth while living, or bequeathed it when dying, to the cause of higher education.

Without large endowments, it is impossible to establish and maintain the necessary departments of a University, and if Catholic Colleges and Universities have been able to offer complete courses to students of moderate means, it has been by the sacrifices of professors who devote themselves to the sacred duty of educating the young, without hope of financial reward beyond the lowest wage. With the individual men and women of religious communities, teaching is not a question of wages; it is a question of self-sacrifice and arduous labor for the good of others and the glory of God.

Duquesne University now asks for funds, scholarships and endowments, not to enrich the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, but to erect new buildings, and establish or complete the various departments of a University, so that all the opportunities and advantages of a University training may be given to thousands of ambitious, talented scholars at rates that even the poor can afford to pay.

This appeal of Duquesne University is deserving of the most cordial approval and support. Pastors and people are invited to co-operate in the great undertaking. Every Pastor is invited to appoint a committee of men and women to organize companies of collectors according to the instructions issued by the campaign executive committee, so that every person may be asked to contribute his or her share to the fund of one million dollars that is needed to advance the cause of Christian University Education and prove that the Catholic body appreciates with gratitude the work of our teaching communities, and acknowledges, and is ready to fulfill, in a large way, the obligation of supporting and promoting higher education.

† REGIS CANEVIN,
Bishop of Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh, August 15, 1920.

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY
PITTSBURGH, PA.

August 15, 1920.

To our Alumni and Friends:—

In October, 1878, the Fathers of the Society of the Holy Ghost opened a college on Wylie Avenue. In May, 1885, the present building was dedicated. It was built on borrowed

money, and it required all the tuition fees of the students and the sacrifices of the Faculty to make headway against the enormous debts incurred. The work, however, for Christian higher education went on smoothly, though the enrollment up to the beginning of the century never exceeded one hundred and fifty.

In 1900 a new schedule of courses was introduced; the number of students increased yearly, and the college Faculty in 1911 secured a University Charter with the right to give, in addition to the usual academic degrees, degrees in Law, Medicine, Dentistry and Pharmacy. Since the granting of the Charter, a Law School, a School of Acconnts, Finance and Commerce, a School of Oratory, and a School of Social Service have been opened to supplement the High School and College Departments already functioning. The students have increased from 300 in 1911 to 2086 in 1920. To accommodate them, twelve rooms have been rented in the Vandergrift Building on Fourth Avenue, where classes are conducted daily from 9 A. M. to 9:30 P. M. But the renting of these rooms, amounting to over $8,000 annually, makes a serious inroad into the limited finances of the University.

To extend our field of usefulness, to accommodate the ever-increasing number of applicants, to enable us to admit deserving and ambitious students who are unable to pay or who pay what they can and when they can, to have a building and an endowment fund, the University now for the first time in the forty-two years of its existence makes an appeal to its alumni, to its legion of friends, and to all who take interest in the higher education of our young people, to raise a million dollars during the months of September and October. We do not ask for several millions of dollars as smaller institutions have done and are now doing all over the country. We do not ask for money for the members of the Society, though twenty-five of them give their lives gratuitously to the work, seeking a reward other than what men call money, but we want this million for buildings and to pay living salaries to the eighty professors and lecturers in all the departments of the University.

We feel confident that our loyal Alumni and our many friends in and around Pittsburgh will not be deaf to our appeal, and that they will contribute according to the means given them by a bountiful Providence, to enable us to continue the work of higher Christian education in the community, for the benefit of

our state and country, and for God's honor and glory.

Yours gratefully,

M. A. HEHIR, C. S. Sp.,

President.

Since August 1 headquarters in the Union Arcade, at 521 Grant Street, have been occupied by the campaign managers, Mr. F. A. Converse of Buffalo, and Mr. W. J. Clifford of Chicago, and their force of clerks and stenographers. Hundreds of visitors, attracted by the window display and the appearance of the room, have dropped in to secure information. The phone—Grant 840—is in use from morning till night. Thousands of letters have gone out to prospective committee members, and as a result an efficient working organization, numbering fifteen hundred people, has been formed to "put the drive across."

There is a Citizens' Campaign Committee, composed of four hundred representative men and women of Pittsburgh and vicinity directly interested in higher education and particularly in Duquesne University, and in the campaign as a community obligation and project. On this committee the following officers have consented to serve: Hon. William A. Magee, President; Hon. Ambrose B. Reid, Vice-President; Mrs. Enoch Rauh, Vice-President; Mrs. David G. Jones, Vice-President; Paul J. Friday, Secretary, and B. W. Lewis, Treasurer. The membership is made up of the following:

Mrs. Anna Acker
Mrs. Mary Adams
Miss Mary Adamson
Hon. E. V. Babcock
James L. Brady
A. E. Braun
Mrs. Mary Bayer
James J. Boyle
Mrs. Mary Battle
Wilhemina Bilger
Mrs. Mary Brenneman
Mary Bender
Joseph Beck
Mrs. Anna Buescher
John A. Beck
John C. Bane
James E. Barnes
Mrs. Nora Bowman
Leonard P. Blanchard
John A. Boyce
Arthur J. Briggs
J. M. Buerkle
John J. Bullion
Walter S. Butler
Joseph A. Beck
John Bezila

Harry M. Bitner
Wm. F. Brannigan
Hugh Boyd
E. C. Barr
George Bender
Wm. J. Branvender
William J. Brennen
Joseph E. Bissell
James F. Burke
Mrs. Daniel Brady
Thomas F. Breen
Joseph H. Bialas
Mrs. E. H. Binns
Mrs. John Bark
Walter Berner
J. F. Casey
J. J. Cairns
Walter Corcoran
John J. Carney
Rev. T. F. Coakley
J. Dawson Callery
D. J. Cullinan
John F. Casey
C. E. Carrigan
Mrs. Mary Carrigan
Edward T. Clifford

Hugh T. Cousins
John Crowley
Peter J. Caulfield
Bernard Corcoran
Dr. M. F. Creaven
H. T. Clifford
Clifford D. Connelly
Thomas D. Carnahan
Mrs. James Curran
Mrs. D. J. Cullinan
Mrs. John J. Culgan
C. E. Corrigan
P. J. Cronin
E. B. Coll
Mrs. Margaret Clifford
Mrs. Mary Conway
Mrs. Mary Criste
D. C. Dillon
Mrs. Belle Doughty
Thomas E. Doyle
Thomas F. Dunn
Cyrus A. Davis
S. C. Diver
James F. Donnelly
Leo P. Doyle
C. W. Danziger

M. W. Deasy
Andrew Dugan
John F. Duffy
Thomas A. Dunn
Hon. J. B. Drew
James Daugherty
Edward M. Donnelly
John P. Desmond
Major W. H. Davis
Hon. John H. Dailey
Dr. E. W. Day
Mrs. C. Donnelly
Miss Alice Dunlevy
M. B. Donnelly
H. L. Darner
Dr. Chas. Duffy
Mrs. Margaret Deasy
Mrs. Martha Donohoe
Peter J. Donohue
John P. Egan
R. A. Ennis
Hon. W. Y. English
Mrs. Sadie Emmett
Paul J. Friday
J. Rodgers Flannery
P. J. Fahey
Rev. Homer A. Flint
William Fallon
M. W. Flanigan
Charles A. Finney
Elizabeth Freker
Thomas H. Ford
Thomas J. Flynn
Charles F. Fagan
Thomas J. Fritzpatrick
Mrs. J. J. Flannery
Miss Rose Frauenheim
Mrs. L. J. Frauenheim
Mrs. John H. Friday
L. M. Fagan
Mrs. Francis Feehan
Mrs. Margaret Findlay
Mrs. Irene Flinn
Mrs. Mary Fagan
Mrs. Margaret Funk
Mrs. Otillia Geier
Thomas F. Garrahan
Leo G. Griffith
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Goebel
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Gorzynski
Michael J. Gunning
Michael Gavin
Manus Gallagher
M. J. Gaughan
Harry Garland
Robert Gaitens
Chas. Glockler
Leo Gaertner
Joseph J. Groetsch
Hon. Robert Garland
A. C. Gumbert
E. Giles
R. M. Gibson

Mrs. Jos. A. Glesenkamp
Thomas P. Geary
J. P. Gallagher
Albert Gloeckler
Mrs. Margaret Gallagher
Dennis A. Harris
Frank J. Harris
Fred C. Haller
Dr. D. F. Henshaw
Thomas H. Hester
C. J. Hoffmann
Dr. M. A. Hodgson
Col. O. S. Hershman
James J. Harvey
M. J. Halloran
T. W. Hickey
Walter Hart
James Hulahan
Hon. John S. Herron
Dr. A. A. Hammerschlag
Dr. W. J. Holland
J. R. Hermes
Mrs. Mary Horan
Mrs. Cleo Hammill
Mrs. Geo. Huhn
Mrs. T. P. Horan
Mrs. Anna Husack
Edward W. Heyl
Mrs. P. H. Haney
Lieut. J. Hochberg
R. J. Jones
Joseph F. Joyce
Michael Joyce
Hon. Chas. J. Jaegle
Thos. Kenny
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Keane
James J. Kelly
Machael B. Kelly
J. Kelly
Anthony Karabasz
Hon. Chas. H. Kline
P. J. Kiedaisch
Mrs. D. C. Kuhn
K. G. Knaebel
James F. Keenan
G. A. Kim
J. J. Kane
Charles Keally
Anthony Kenny
Mrs. A. F. Keating
Harry J. Keally
Mrs. Gertrude Kappel
Mrs. Catherine Knoor
Leonard Kane
J. D. Larkin
Wm. H. Lacy
Frank J. Lanahan
John H. Lauer
John E. Laughlin
Frank T. Lauinger
Irvin Lehman
Joseph A. Lackner
H. B. Laufman

Mrs. John Lloyd
Margaret Leech
Martin A. Lally
Thomas J. Lewis
P. J. Long
F. J. Larkin
Clinton E. Lloyd
William Loeffler
Albert J. Loeffler
Mrs. Margaret Lauinger
Mrs. Frank Loeffler
Mrs. J. P. Loughney
Mrs. J. C. Lawlor
John Lalor
Mrs. Mary A. Lanahan
Dr. F. J. Madden
Alex. P. Moore
Mrs. M. Maloney
Mrs. M. K. McMullen
Marion H. Murphy
S. V. Morgan
George Y. Meyer
Mrs. T. M. Molamphy
James J. Madden
J. L. Marry
William H. Mueller, Jr.
P. J. Meenan
John M. Mathers
John F. Moore
Stephen Madden
A. M. Molaney
Michael Martin
Patrick J. Moore
Dr. Frank B. Murto
Hon. William A. Magee
Mrs. H. Mackin
Miss H. Maloney
Miss E. Maloney
Mrs. Anna Mackin
Dan Maginn
Mrs. A. I. Mamaux
Mrs. Louisa Mueller
J. P. Mulvihill
Robert F. Maloney
Dr. I. J. Moyer
Mrs. Cecilia Muhuj
Bernard McKenna
J. Linus Moran
P. A. Moran
A. J. Mansmann
Max Mansmann
Miss Eleanor Mulooley
Mrs. Sarah Moffitt
Miss Bertha McEntee
Rev. Wm. J. McMullen
Frank C. McGirr
Rev. J. R. McKaveny
Frank E. McGillick
Miss Margaret McQuade
Wm. McClafferty
Patrick J. McCann
J. Frank McKenna
Patrick J. McManus

Henry McClosky
John J. McCabe
James B. McPoland
A. J. McNulty
Francis McCann
Lawrence McDonald
P. J. McArdle
Hon. Chas. F. McKenna
Mrs. Mary McClusky
Wm. C. McEldowney
Mrs. Catherine McHugh
Thomas A. McCloskey
Mrs. J. McCaffrey
Mrs. Margt. McDonough
Mrs. Nora McDonough
Mrs. Mary McGlade
Joseph Natali
H. Norstrom
John P. Narey
James A. Nugent
Mrs. Theresa Niehaus
Edw. O'Connor
Miss Sarah O'Connell
P. M. O'Donnell
P. F. O'Connor
Rev. L. A. O'Connell
John O'Neil
Mrs. May Ostermeyer
John V. O'Connor
D. J. O'Connor
J. W. O'Donnell
Patrick O'Connor
Thomas Oliffe
John F. O'Toole
Thomas O'Connor
M. J. O'Donnell
P. M. O'Donnell
M. C. O'Donovan
Bart O'Connor
Hon. A. K. Oliver
Charles A. O'Brien
G. G. O'Brien
E. Garrick O'Bryan
Gilbert G. O'Brien
M. J. Powers
William J. Powers
Mrs. M. E. Pollard
James W. Patterson
Mrs. Wm. Phelan
John Quinn
Mrs. J. P. Quinn
Mrs. J. C. Reilly
Joseph H. Reiman
Hon. A. B. Reid
F. Wm. Reis, Jr.
Eugene S. Reilly
Mrs. Enoch Rauh
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Ryan
Mrs. Teresa Robinson
John J. Reilly
Thomas Roundtree
Martin Roone
Patrick Roche
Thomas Roche
Richard S. Rauh
Hon. B. H. Robertson
Mrs. N. Reid
John D. Reilly
Miss Evelyn Rafferty
E. F. Rooney
David J. Ryan
Mrs. M. Reichenberger
Jacob Roser
Mrs. Rose Shirra
Mrs. Margaret Schultz
Mrs. E. Steigerwald
Mrs. Cath. Stockman
Mrs. Emma Staab
Mrs. Catharine Seibel
Mrs. John Studeny
Mrs. Lawrence Setzer
A. A. Schneider
J. J. Scully
Frank Shaughnessy
Mrs. Fannie Sloan
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Suhr
Raymond Sprigle
Harry J. Schmitt
R. A. Siedle
Stephen Steranchak
T. Savage
Mrs. Minnie Stratman
Logan B. Sisson
Joseph S. Szepe
John L. Skarry
John J. Sullivan
William R. Shields
William J. Shields
Michael Sords
Mrs. Hannah Schauming
Harry F. Stambaugh
Hon. John D. Shafer
Frank P. Smith
Charles D. Shanahan
D. F. Shanahan
Harry J. Thomas
P. H. Thornton
J. R. Treacy
Mrs. James Traynor
James J. Toole
H. Terheyden
Mrs. Mary Tool
Mrs. Christine Thoma
N. T. Velar
E. A. Urbaniak
W. H. Walker
Leonard Westling
Sgt. M. J. E. Wajert
William J. Wallace
Peter P. Walsh
Jack L. Wasserman
Robert M. Welsh
Dr. Edward A. Weisser
Mrs. Ida Wieman
William Weise
Hon. William A. Way
Dr. E. R. Walters
Mrs. A. V. D. Watterson
W. A. Worsel
Morris Walsh
James V. Walsh
Dr. A. Walsh
Mrs. Moses Walsh
Jas. P. Wall
Charles Wunderly
August Wunderly
Mrs. Mary Walsh
Mrs. Mary Weixel
Michael J. Yates
Albert F. Yunker

The CAMPAIGN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE comprises forty-eight men and women chosen from the Citizens' Campaign Committee to represent and act for the larger committee in matters of executive detail and official supervision of the campaign work. The meetings of this committee have been held weekly at lunch hour in the Chamber of Commerce Building, and the members have received gratifying reports of the progress of the Campaign and the work of the different sub-committees in preparing the ground for the intensive work of "Greater Duquesne Week" in October. Every move so far taken has had this committee's

hearty endorsement. J. Frank McKenna is Chairman, Joseph S. Szepe is Secretary, and the following are the other members:

Mrs. Barbara Bey	Michael B. Kelly	William McClafferty
Hon. Jas. Francis Burke	J. Kelly	Joseph Natali
John J. Carney	Anthony Karabasz	Rev. L. A. O'Connell
Rev. T. F. Coakley	Hon. Chas. H. Kline	Hon. A. B. Reid
J. D. Callery	Frank J. Lanahan	Joseph H. Reiman
Mrs. Belle N. Doughty	John H. Lauer	F. Wm. Ries, Jr.
Thomas E. Doyle	John E. Laughlin	Eugene S. Reilly
Thomas F. Dunn	Frank T. Lauinger	Mrs. Enoch Rauh
Dr. Homer A. Flint	Irvin Lehman	Rt. Rev. Mgr. Ryan
Paul J. Friday	Mrs. T. M. Molamphy	Frank Shaughnessy
J. Rodgers Flannery	Frank C. McGirr	Mrs. Fannie Sloan
Leo G. Griffith	Rev. Wm. J. McMullen	Rt. Rev. Msgr. Suhr
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Goebel	Rev. J. R. McKaveny	Harry J. Thomas
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Gorzynski	Frank E. McGillick	William H. Walker
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Keane	Miss Bertha C. McEntee	Michael J. Yates
James J. Kelly	Miss Margaret McQuaide	

The ADVISORY BOARD is composed of three hundred priests, one from each parish. This board, at the suggestion of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, is rendering invaluable aid in the way of information, organization and work in their particular parishes toward raising their quota of the Million Dollar Fund.

The TEAMS COMMITTEE is charged with the duty of getting team workers, who will make the ten day drive effective by a thorough canvass. It is estimated that 50,000 calls will be made in ten days, and each team worker is expected to do at least the requisite quota of calls during the intensive period. All indications show that the teams will be fully organized and ready for the canvass ten days prior to the time. During these ten days will be held workers' meetings for instructions as to how most effectively to get the pledges signed. The city and its environs will be divided into five districts, a division consisting of a hundred workers under command of a major being assigned to each district. Teams will consist of six persons, including the captain and his lieutenant. Each evening of the ten-day period, the five hundred workers will dine in the William Penn Hotel and report the progress made. Of this important committee John E. Laughlin is Chairman.

There is a FINANCE COMMITTEE of forty business men, under the leadership of J. Frank McKenna, whose work is to round up a generous sum of subscriptions from the more wealthy donors before the intensive drive is on.

The PRESS COMMITTEE, taking in representatives of the daily and weekly papers, has made valuable suggestions about the best manner of handling the newspaper end of the campaign for the

largest results. These ladies and gentlemen chose Robert W. Egan as their executive officer. Since September 5, not a single issue of any paper has been without some news item of interest connected with the drive; in fact, the attention of the public seems to have been about equally divided between the Presidential campaign and Duquesne's campaign.

An ADVERTISING COMMITTEE of twenty-five live people, skilled in modern methods of securing publicity and familiar with local conditions, is devising many ways and means of keeping the drive before the attention of the public. Nothing that has been used before will be found on the list. About a thousand autos will carry strikingly worded banners, streamers, etc.; about three thousand attractive window cards bearing a variety of slogans will be distributed. In all these the red and blue of the school colors will be conspicuous. Richard S. Rauh heads this committee.

The campaign is to open with a Community Banquet. It is to be a monster affair, held in the Syria Mosque, because there is no enclosure that will seat a larger crowd around the festive board. This old town was searched high and low for a place where five thousand men and women might sit down and have the time of their lives; the Mosque will accommodate not more than two thousand, so we must make the best of it. We make no money out of this banquet, and there will be no soliciting of funds. But the best orator in the United States will be there, the music will be the best ever, the community singing will eclipse anything ever attempted in the city, sociability will be above par, and for a genuine good time it will surpass anything in the whole experience of our citizenry. Hon. James Francis Burke is Chairman of the COMMUNITY BANQUET COMMITTEE, which has secured the use of Syria Mosque, the cooking of Dimlings, and the voluntary services of an adequate corps of ladies belonging to several different societies.

There is a separate LUNCH COMMITTEE that keeps in mind the good old adage, "If you want 'em to work, feed 'em." This committee is charged with engineering the daily suppers for the five hundred workers during the ten day drive as to menu, place and service. Miss Elizabeth Frecker is its capable chairman.

The pleasant duty of getting one hundred owners of automobiles to volunteer the loan of their machines for the use of the team workers during the ten days' drive devolves on the AUTOS

COMMITTEE. The ready response made to their requests manifests plainly the innate generosity of Pittsburghers, and the place our old school has made for itself in their hearts. Thomas A. Dunn is the chairman of this committee.

All the organizations in the city holding regular meetings have been ascertained by the MEETINGS COMMITTEE, whose chairman is Frank A. Shaughnessy, and arrangements have been made to have a campaign speaker address them on the campaign work as a community obligation seeking their intelligent and wholesouled co-operation. The ground has already been fairly well covered, with everywhere the most gratifying results.

The SPEAKERS' COMMITTEE is a group of "Four Minute Men" who have offered their services to go before Clubs, Lodges, Unions, etc., and discourse convincingly on the past services of the University and urgent need of the drive. Several of the present students are making good on this committee, besides acquiring valuable experience. Leo G. Griffith is chairman.

For best results measured by community co-operation, public entertainments have been planned where the people have been meeting and enjoying themselves in social functions held for the purpose of stimulating public sentiment for the success of the campaign. Such arrangements are in the hands of the ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE, of which Miss Margaret McQdade is the efficient chairman. Especially worthy of note to date was the Alumni Smoker, September 15, of which an extended notice is given elsewhere in the MONTHLY.

With an organization so complete, so enthusiastic, and so efficient, there is not the shadow of a doubt that the Million Dollar Campaign will be a splendid success. The University, which through sheer force of merit, has made such giant strides in the past ten years in spite of the lack of funds, will now take on an expansion of which all her alumni and friends may feel justly proud, and will broaden her field of usefulness to an extent more commensurate with the generous aspirations of her faculty.



Life's Rosary.

YOUR history tell, O human life,
That ebbed and flowed adown the years;
Tell us your happiness, your strife,
Your visions faintly seen through tears.

"Unspoken joy marked infant hours;
I whiled them gleefully away,
Nor thorns I found midst childhood flowers,—
My *Joyous Mysteries* were they.

"Then ventured I upon a road
Where dangers knowingly were spread:
Each turn a bitter tear forbode
A *Mystery of Sorrow* read.

"Then came the end of treacherous night;
My weary, road-sore feet were driven
Into a maze of godly light—
The *Glorious Mysteries* of heaven."

MICHAEL F. COLEMAN



Advantages and Disadvantages of Organized Labor.*

THE labor situation throughout the country, and in fact throughout the world at the present date is very acute. Every branch of industry has felt the effects of agitation and restlessness. Labor disturbances are everywhere evident. The long war just concluded, the high cost of living, and lesser causes, have been the impelling forces back of it all. And it has been in witnessing these disturbances and going below the surface of the trouble, that many people directly, indirectly or not at all connected with labor, have seen this organization functioning.

The Organization of Labor has its advantages and its disadvantages. Some of these are obvious. It not only helps to obtain better working conditions but also succeeds in securing a wage scale compatible with the high cost of living. It is a disadvantage, for very often labor, in seeking to change conditions, either of work or of pay, resorts to the strike. This weapon invariably curtails production and often leads to serious crippling of industry. But the strike can also be used as a very good means of obtaining results.

Organization is a wonderful aid to labor in attaining its ends; in fact we can safely affirm that to-day they cannot be compassed without it. Capital is very strongly organized and is ever ready to contest the demands of the working man. It is therefore a real necessity on labor's part to meet capital on the ground of equal organization. Thus only is the working man able to demand a redress of grievances. There are constantly arising difficulties and grievances that must receive attention and the only way of finding a speedy remedy lies within the organization of the complainant. Let us take for example Labor's demand for an increase in wages. Can we reasonably suppose that Capital would deal with every individual concerned? Furthermore, even if it took all the steps necessary to do so, could Capital settle such a complex question without causing more dissatisfaction and sowing the seeds of discontent in the ranks of Labor itself? On the other hand, if we accept the more sensible plan of collective bargaining, all the other difficulties are removed and the way is paved for peaceful settlement.

Collective Bargaining, then, is the peaceful means of settling labor disputes. It is almost wholly an invention made possible

---

* This Essay won the prize offered by the Duquesne University Club for the best essay on the subject offered in competition. The prize was awarded at the recent Commencement.

by the organizing of labor. But it would without doubt become an impotent tool in the hand of either employer or employe unless reenforced by the strength of organization. This is supplied by labor unions on one side and capital on the other. By the great relative strength of the contending parties a middle ground is reached upon which to conduct a conference. It is the threat of the strike on one side and the power of unlimited finance on the other, that forces what may justly be called a "showdown". And the ultimate result of this "showdown" is the collective bargainning already mentioned, or, in extreme cases, the strike.

Here then enters the one big issue that raises the question of advantage or disadvantage of organized labor. That the strike is powerful, thorough and productive of results, is beyond dispute. But whether Organized Labor is always justified in using this effective means is quite a different matter. Certainly there are some strikes that can seldom, if ever, deserve to be called justifiable. Such strikes are those of the coal miners, city policemen, city firemen and railroad men. That men who to such an extent control not only the destinies of the nation but the lives of thousands, should strike, assuredly would not only be unjust but would amount to a criminal offense. Their action would prove very injurious to many who are entirely innocent of any blame. Of such a strike the country has within recent memory had a typical example when, on account of the walkout of the coal miners, misery and want had actually reached the isolated portions of the Middle West, and conditions were becoming alarming throughout the country. Another example was given, when a few months ago the Boston police, acting under orders from their organization, deserted their posts of duty and left the vast city without protection. The period of lawlessness that followed has cast a shadow over the famed city that only time can efface. A labor organization that would urge or even permit a strike like any of these would most certainly be a disadvantage, not only to the community, but to the state and nation.

Another means often unfairly used by labor to attain its ends is the so-called sympathy strike. When applied to this phase of the strike the term "disadvantageous" is by far too weak an epithet. The sympathy strike is a criminal blunder no matter from what angle we view it. In the first place labor loses by it. The men out on sympathy strike have no quarrel with their employer. Yet they leave him without a minute's notice, thus tying up his business and forcing him to cancel

contracts. When the other strike is settled, they want to go back to work, expecting their employer to receive them with open arms. All the time that was lost in strike makes a necessary cut in the pay check. Then too, in cases where a sympathy strike has forced the firm to cancel contracts, the men have to wait until new ones come in. Again valuable time is lost. As already stated, the employer loses. Very often other people must suffer, for production is curtailed. These sympathy strikers by not getting out their share of work, force men of other trades to go unemployed, until the difficulty is adjusted.

These points of advantage and disadvantage have been the theme of speakers for the last decade. From the halls of Congress to the grime of the laborer's bench this question is being threshed out. President Wilson, in an address he delivered in Buffalo, in November, 1917, before the American Federation of Labor, said: "While we are fighting for freedom we must see among other things that labor is free; and that means a number of interesting things. It means that we must do what we have declared it our purpose to do, see that conditions of labor are not rendered onerous by the war but that also the instrumentalities by which conditions of labor are improved are not blocked or checked. That we must do." President Wilson, by this statement, was merely giving voice to the sentiments of many men high in position and influence. In the opposite sense, witness this statement from a speech made in Harrisburg, last November, by Samuel Harden Church: "This criminal leadership of labor is distinctly the greatest danger confronting the American people to-day. The strike is vile and useless and should be destroyed." This view, however, is not held by many. It condemns organized labor and denies it the right to strike. That "the strike is vile and useless" would be a hard point to prove; for what the American working man has accomplished and the influence he wields in industry to-day were all obtained either by the strike or by the threat of it.

In a word the strike, within certain limits, is legitimate and useful. It has often forced hard-fisted employers to yield to the demands of justice. In this way it has not only worked great things in labor circles, but has improved home life as well. On the other hand, when the strike is used for bullying purposes and simply to illustrate the doctrine that might makes right, then it is

being used not as an asset but as a liability by the forces of labor.

Certainly organization has accomplished a great amount of good. It bears out the proverb "in union there is strength." If labor has attained its ideals and purposes by organization,—and it cannot be doubted—then organization is an immense advantage. But when these ideals and purposes are not obtained, or when they are sought by illegitimate means, then the organization using such means is not advantageous and should be discouraged.

Clement M. Strobel, '23.

How Shall the Needy World Be Sated?

THE one word that seems best fitted to characterize the varied history of humanity is *need.*

The wailing of the helpless infant, the hopes of youthful activity, the endeavors of healthy manhood, and the longings of hoary age, are but a striving to fill up a vacancy in life, and are expressed in the word, *need.* The family circle, though a more independent unity, soon stretches forth, and out beyond itself, often in darkness groping and longing for a perfection that it needs. It is wealth, fame, honor, friends—happiness, in a word—but ever and always its history is summed up in the word, need. The State, built of old on the foundation of justice, was no sooner formed than it burst the bonds that reason had set, and why? Because, even in its perfection, it found a lacuna, something missing from its own ideal of happiness; it then waged war, not indeed for the mere love of bloodshed, but, to answer an instinct of its being, which is *need.*

From the debris of ancient civilization are rescued the works of its haughty jurists and self-sufficing philosophers, prying into the secrets of nature, searching the width of heaven, or sounding the depths of their own souls: they sighed and wept, they fought and bled, they sought and longed for life's great complement. Finding it not, they sank low in despair: then, unsated and dissatisfied, they wallowed in the mire of human debasement. As the ocean wave lashing itself against a rock-ribbed and barren

shore spends its fury, breaks and disappears in the foamy depths whence it came, so the culture of antiquity bespent itself on barren godless souls, and sunk into the depths of a cold and heartless oblivion. Thus, the first act in the drama of the world's history closes with a heart-rending scene of decadent humanity in the throes of a death-agony; and as the curtain of events falls upon it, we hear through the sounding corridors of centuries its cry of *need.*

In the fulness of time and in the fulness of the world's misery, Christ came upon earth, to fill up humanity's void. Him, our life's Life and Hope and Love, we have often contemplated, in His lowliness at Bethlehem; we have adored Him healing the sick, calming the waves, binding the errant forces of hell, and forgiving the Magdalene: we have wept with Him in His Passion; and our hearts have been saddened to breaking as we saw Him wending His doleful, weary way along the roads of Jerusalem, and the slopes of Calvary, on to death. But, this is far from being a complete picture of Christianity's Christ. For, it was He also who instilled new powers into humanity, gave it undreamed of strength and activity. It was He, and only He, Who filled up the need in humanity's longings. He came to put order in Chaos, He, the Wisdom of the Father, to give light to ignorance. And, when he said "Peace", there was made a great calm around the raging tempest of the human heart. Man had lost his orientation, and Jesus said: "I am the Way". He was, truly, the Sun of Justice, shining on the firmament of Creation, lighting man along life's treacherous path. Man was steeped in wanton error, and in the blackness of his gloom, the voice of the Christ is heard: "I am the Truth". Just the same as if there was such a thing as whiteness self existing, there could be no whiteness outside of it, so since He is Truth, all truth must be found in Him. Man was struggling on the stage of spiritual death. Jesus rescuing him said: "I am the Life". He avers His mission on earth with the unequivocal terms: "I have come, that you may have life, and that you may have it more abundantly."

As God, Christ could fill up humanity's need; as man, He knew humanity's pressing wants; and as God-man, He could merit and intercede. He is the world's great ideal, the model of all ages: the only name that survives from the maelstrom of the world's history is that of Christ. He in fine is the great need of fallen humanity. Of Him Moses prophesied, for Him Abraham

sighed; and the great prophets, standing on the mountain-tops of vision, shouted down to unborn generations the name of Savior.



It was by his teaching that Christ filled up the needs of mankind. Christ is a teacher or nothing. He imparted all lessons, for all times, for everyone. To teach is to educate; to educate is to impart a way to life and life's development; and Christ is *the Way* and *the Life,* He has come that man may have life more *abundantly.* Hence, because of the universality of His doctrine,—truth—He is the Founder, the foundation and the superstructure of education in its fullest sense. Catholic Education is the same thing as Christian Education; and Christian Education is that which Christ taught.

The word Incarnate is a perpetual teacher. From lhe crib to the Cross, from the Cross to the present time, Jesus instructs humanity, feeds its hungry souls, and fills up its emptiness. He is a teacher in the straw of Bethlehem, among the first worshippers; He is teacher in the flight to Egypt, His exile there and His return; in the Temple He breaks the seal which no one else could touch; He teaches many virtues during His hidden life at Nazareth; He taught the Jews "as one having power." All the roads and valleys and mountains heard His voice, and all the echoes of that wonderful country repeat His doctrine. He is a teacher from the heights of Calvary of the world standing in awe around Him. To beggars and fishermen and shepherds He teaches lessons which resound throughout the ages, and still awaken in myriad hearts echoes from higher worlds. Whether He walks amid the cornfields, or sits by the well; or from a boat or a hillside speaks to the multitude; whether He confronts the elders who bring Him the guilty woman, or stands before Pilate, hangs on the Cross, He is equally fulfilling His mission divine: "I have come that you may have life and that you may have it more abundantly."

On bidding farewell to a world redeemed, and that His mission of teacher should endure Christ founded a Church, that was to last to the consummation of the world, that was to teach the world man's true ideal, its true life and destiny; and the last words that fell from His glorified lips were: "Going, therefore, *teach ye all nations.*"



From that day and for fifteen hundred years, the history of the Church is a history of Catholic Education, a history of needs satisfied; a history oftentimes written in the blood of martyrs who suffered for their divine ideal; a history strengthened by the faith of Confessors; a history made resplendent by the teaching of Doctors; a history, traced on the canvas of medieval art, or chiselled in the lines Gothic Cathedrals; a history sung in Canticles of inspired poets; a history emblazoned on the standards of warrior crusaders: a history taught by missionaries from the rising to the setting sun, in Africa's sandy dunes, in the frigid polar regions, in the virgin forests of America, and in the mountain caves of Japan, in the unxplored provinces of China and in the desolate islands of the Pacific; a history, where the central figure is Jesus, the Teacher of life, its way and its destiny Thus in the noonday splendor of peace, justice, sanctity and learning, the second act of the human drama closes with the scene of heavenly harmony in grandeur unsurpassed.

Sudden and unexpected as a tropical storm the Protestant Reformation came and shook the world to its very foundation. One by one the nations of Europe fell victims to its caprice, and to its belated offspring, the French Revolution; it was then, that mankind throbbing with a bloated vigor hurled its efforts into the vortex of a material prosperity. And so, like an Alpine avalanche that increases in size and momentum as it descends, bringing destruction and death in its wake, the glacier of error increased, until it has brought the world to its present state of distraction and suicide. Why are we the sorry witnesses of senseless wars and barbarous Bolshevism? Because the teachings of Jesus are forgotten, the Church is ignored, and her educational system is set at nought, vigorously opposed or feloniously rejected as "unfit."

Luther, Voltaire, and the scions of modern unbelief told the world that it could do very well without God, and could educate good citizens without prayer or priest. Where are they? Look out from the vantage ground of Faith over the face of the earth, and what do you see? The deep ocean-cave is strewn with the whitened bones of men and women hurled to their watery death by those who had despised the teaching of Christ and His Church; plains filled with the silent graves of heroes fallen by order of those who were too proud to heed the doctrine of Jesus;

anarchy among those who ignore Him, Whom to serve is to reign; a world, degraded and helpless, writhing in a struggle of life and death; and above the din of battle, the disarray of anarchy, the grovelling of sensuality, is heard the time-old cry of *need.*

What the world needed nineteen hundred years ago, it needs to-day, more pitiably and more sorely; it needs its Model, its Wonder, its Ideal, its Truth, its Life, its Way, its Christ, its Teacher. It needs the Church with her Christian manhood and womanhood. It needs what it always needed, what it clung to for fifteen centuries—Christian Education. Religion must enter into the life of a nation, if that nation is to live and prosper; and the only way to make a nation religious, is by religious education, by developing the physical, mental and moral life of the child, the youth, the man.

J. F. Carroll.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



Duquesne.

ALMA MATER, old Duquesne,
Guide and Friend of our youthful days,
We, thy sons, a gallant train,
Our loyal voices raise.
The hours we spent at thy mother-knee
And drank of wisdom's store
Shall e'er in memory treasured be
Tho' we roam the whole world o'er.

REFRAIN:

Then forward ever, dear *Alma Mater!*
O'er our hearts unrivaled reign.
Onward ever, old *Alma Mater;*
All hail to thee, Duquesne!

Monongahela's rugged shore
Firm upholds thy classic halls,
Forge's clang and traffic's roar
Sweep round with noisy calls:
Thy voice, tho' graver, gentler still,
Our sluggish will o'erpowers,
And wakes ambition's eager thrill
In youthful breasts like ours.

REFRAIN

On thy campus' broad expanse
For thine honor we have fought;
For the Red and Blue's advance
Right nobly we have wrought:
And in the glow of life's young morn,
Beneath thy smile of pride,
Enduring friendships we have sworn;
We are brothers true and tried!

REFRAIN

[The new college song, adopted October 5, 1920.
Words by John F. Malloy, '04; music by Joseph Carl Breil, '88.]



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

A Student's Campaign Plea.

FOR almost half a century now, in the face of well-nigh insurmountable obstacles, the Holy Ghost Fathers have maintained one of the foremost educational institutions in the United States. The average person does neither realize nor attempt to realize what a Herculean task confronts the founders of such an institution; the fact must be put before him. It has been put before me, and I, in my turn, feel it my duty to place it before you.

Someone has aptly remarked, "Money makes the world go round." This may not be literally true, and certainly there are greater things than money, but we must at the same time admit that the "filthy lucre" is a potent factor not only in the life of the individual, but most especially in the welfare of a project, the very existence of which depends upon its revenues.

When we begin to understand this, then only do we begin to understand the character of the men who have made Duquesne University what it is to-day; the soul-trying discouragements which must have been theirs at first, the bitter struggle for the means to "carry on" the great work; the pinching, scrimping economy, denying even the ordinary comforts of life; and through it all that unflinching, American, "never-say-die" spirit that has conquered and brushed aside these obstructions and at last placed Duquesne in her rightful niche in the scholastic hall of fame.

Yes, these pioneers have accomplished much; to them is due the glory of having made our school what it is. Duquesne of the present and the future can never pay her debt to them as it should be paid. For deeds like theirs, compensation is not to be thought of. But she can and will continue to do what they began.

With our present facilities we can go forward, but only on a small scale. Duquesne does nothing by halves. She does the best job possible or lets it alone entirely. She wishes to increase and improve these present facilities and do it at once. And now we come back to the subject of money. The "Almighty Dollar" is conspicuously and embarassingly absent. Hence it is obviously incumbent upon us to produce these same "Almighty Dollars," and in quantities sufficient for the purpose of the University. To do this we must depart from all Duquesne precedent and seek outside assistance.

We do not want charity. Duquesne University obligates herself to no man; she accepts nothing which she cannot return penny for penny. I am here to ask you to place money in a sound business investment.

Perhaps you wonder what I mean. Let me make myself clear. Every resident of Pittsburgh depends more or less on the city's prosperity for his own prosperity. From the dawn of history, the wealth of a community has depended on the industry, ability, and skill of its component members. Education has ever increased these three cardinal principles of success. The man of science and knowledge has ever been the man of achievement in his field of endeavor. Such men are the pillars of municipal welfare and they are the sort which Duquesne turns out. By contributing to our campaign, you enable Duquesne to increase this kind of men in the city, and thus further your own financial success.

But let me point out an equally important aspect of the case which particularly concerns the employer. Duquesne, by her system of Christian education, graduates men who are not only thoroughly trained, but, what is more in these days of labor unrest, are also thoroughly conscientious. Your employe from Duquesne is no "clock-watcher," he is no late-comer, he is not one who "plays sick."

I repeat that your contribution to Duquesne's "Million Dollar Fund" is no charity. You further the interest of no official of the school. You line no unprincipled man's pockets with gold. You do not venture, you do not gamble. Yours is money placed in that safest investment in the world—American Manhood.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, H. S., '20.

Terence MacSwiney and the Hunger Strike.

IN TURNING over the pages of history, we find, at every period and among all peoples, national heroes who sacrificed themselves in behalf of some national ideal. Going back to ancient Greece we meet the immortal band of Spartans, who sacrificed themselves at Thermopylae, that Greece might be saved from the tyranny of the Persian invader. Among the Romans, it was considered a dishonor for a general defeated in battle to leave the field of conflict alive. During the Middle Ages, the history of individuals who made the supreme sacrifice in maintaining some ideal, would fill volumes. In the modern period our own nation furnishes one of the strongest examples that may be found in the pages of history, of a nation offering the supreme sacrifice in behalf of an ideal, by her participation in the recent world struggle.

To-day the eyes of the civilized world are centered on Brixton Prison, London. There on the threshold twixt life and death lies a man who is ready to die rather than give up the high ideal which he has pledged himself to uphold. In the person of Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, Ireland is once more demonstrating to the world that her sons are ever willing to face death bravely, in upholding that highest of human ideals, national liberty.

Some persons without careful deliberation on the question are accusing Mayor MacSwiney of suicide. Would they only recall to mind the real definition of suicide they would discover how false their accusations are. Suicide is the voluntary taking of one's own life. Mayor MacSwiney does not wish to end his own life, but is merely making use of the hunger strike as the only means in his power, to declare his innocence and to protest against British injustice. Therefore Mayor MacSwiney's actions cannot justly be said to conflict with the moral law. As the majority of the Irish nation do not recognize the martial law established by England, he is breaking no law of his own country in refusing to submit to English imprisonment.

Whether he lives or dies, Terence MacSwiney will be one of the heroes of history.

VINCENT J. RIELAND, '21.



'Varsity Football Again.

[The following article, from the pen of Harry Keck, Sporting Editor, appeared in the *Gazette-Times* of September 25, and admirably sums up the football situation at the present moment.]

ONE DAY last spring Fathers McGuigan, Hannigan and Rowe, of Duquesne University, got together and debated the advisability of having a 'Varsity football team represent the institution, as in the days of old, instead of being content with merely a high school eleven. They talked the thing up and were enthused with it. Consent was obtained to put it up to a vote of the students and they declared themselves in favor of a big team. Then, with the aid of Graduate Athletic Manager J. J. McCloskey, the ball was started rolling, alumni support was assured and work started on a schedule.

The result is that this afternoon a Duke 'Varsity eleven will take the field for the first time since 1914, when a big team was abandoned. Of the prime movers of the project, only one, Father McGuigan, remains at Duquesne University to enjoy the fruit of their endeavor, Fathers Hannigan and Rowe having since been transferred out of the city.

The Dukes have a brilliant football history that goes far back. They were one of the first colleges to play the game in Western Pennsylvania, and in the olden days took on all the leading professional teams of the district, as well as foes in their class. However, after the 1914 season, when the 'Varsity was dropped, only the Minims, a team of small boys, the Duke High and Duke Junior High teams remained to perpetuate the memory of their larger forerunners. These were all good little teams, well coached, and it is from their ranks that much of the material for the new 'Varsity springs this fall.

Anything but an easy schedule has been arranged for the "comeback" in 'Varsity football of the "school on the Bluff." Six games have been booked thus far, and two open dates will be

filled if opponents can be obtained. Manager McCloskey has experienced considerable difficulty in getting together his card, because of the late start made on it, most of the other colleges having filled their dates before it was assured that the Dukes could go ahead with their plans. The programme as it stands now follows:

To-day—Marietta College at Marietta, O.
October 2—Detroit University at Detroit.
October 9—Open (to be filled).
October 16—Muskingum College at home.
October 23—Mt. St. Mary's College at home.
October 30—Thiel College at Greenville, Pa.
November 6—St. Bonaventure's College at home.
November 13—(Open), game with Allegheny College at Meadville, Pa., pending.
November 20—Open (to be filled).

Considering the five years' hiatus, which leaves no holdover players to bank on as a nucleus for a team, this is a hard schedule and one which will reflect great credit upon the eleven if it makes even a fair showing.

PITT MEN COACHES.

A pair of good young coaches has been lined up in Dr. E. H. (Jake) Stahl, former lineman, and Skip Gougler, former halfback, both of the University of Pittsburgh. Stahl is a practicing dentist in the East End, and is giving over his afternoons to his football work. Originally he was to be sole coach at Duquesne, but the material was slow coming out and the outlook was not as encouraging as was hoped, and it was deemed advisable to get an assistant to help him whip the men into shape. With the opening of the various schools, however, much additional talent has come forth, and Dr. Stahl is wearing a smile of satisfaction. In fact, the material he now has to work with exceeds his early expectations. With Stahl as line and head coach and Gougler taking care of the backs and the kicking department, it is a certainty that the team will play an up-to-date game. Visitors to the Duke campus for the games may well expect to see the Glenn Warner system of play used, inasmuch as two graduates of the Warner school are in charge.

Some ideal of the seasoned material with which the coaches have to work can be gained from the pedigrees of the players who will start to-day's game at Marietta. The lineup follows:

Left end, Olszewski, star on last year's Canonsburg High team; left tackle, Dowling, Braddock High, 1917; left guard, Klinzing, South High, 1918; center, Walter Doyle, who played on the Duke Minims three years, and then with the Duke High team; right guard, McNamara, with the Duke High team four years; right tackle, Vebelunas, East Liberty Academy and West Virginia Wesleyan; right end, Broderick, South High, 1918; quarterback, Dan Rooney, Duke High, four years, and a brother of Art Rooney, of Indiana Normal school fame; left halfback, Horne, Jeannette High, 1918; right halfback, Mike Shortley, star of Catholic University of Washington, D. C., and fullback, Wolak, Duke High, four years.

SHORTLEY TO LEAD TEAM.

No captain has yet been elected. Shortley will be acting captain in to-day's game, and an election will be held next week. Shortley also will call the signals from his halfback position (a system successfully used by Warner), while Rooney will call them from quarter in case anything happens to Shortley.

This team will not only be fast, but heavy as well, a happy combination, indeed, for a college just staging a comeback. The ends will go 165 pounds, the tackles close to 190, one guard 185 and the other 165, with the center 155. Harrison of South Hills High, a first-string substitute center, weighs 185, and there are two good substitute guards. Vitullo, from Johnstown High, and O'Malley, a local player, who go beyond 200 pounds. Vitullo weighs 210 and O'Malley 203. The backs average 180 pounds.

Other good men on the squad are: Ends—John Davies, Duke High veteran and basketball star; Kelly, Scottdale High; Joe Quinn, East Liberty Academy, 1918; Shanahan, Allegheny High, 1918, and Duke High last year, and Tinney and Donoghue, both of the Duke High team of last year. Shanahan, Quinn and Davies appear the best of this bunch.

Tackles—Schneider and Braun, Duke High; Leftridge, Pittsburgh Academy, and McGonigle, South High, 1918. Schneider and Braun have shown the best form so far.

Guards—Wilinski, McSorley and Tipanski, all of Duke High. McSorley is one of the original Minim stars.

Center—Keil, East Liberty Academy, 1917, and Kiski, 1918.

Quarterback—Balcerzak, Duke High, three years.

Halfbacks—Laffey and Pat McGrath, Duke High; Kilday, Greensburg High, 1918, and Cramer, Pittsburgh Academy and Camp Oglethorpe.

DUKES, 0—MARIETTA, 20.

Playing the first game that a Duke 'Varsity football team has played since the fall of 1914—the days of Morrissey, Heisel, Flatley, Kelly, Maloney, Kane, et al., our gridiron battlers went down to defeat at the hands of the greatest team Marietta College has ever had, 20–0. While indicating that the home collegians garnered three touchdowns, the score does not in the least show the wonderful grit and nerve the wearers of the Red and Blue exhibited in this contest. Fighting on a foreign field with an alien crowd pitted against them and with Old Sol hitting the thermometer around the 85 degree mark, our boys gave a wonderful exhibition of clean football. The same cannot be said of their opponents.

The game had hardly gotten under way when Horne fumbled on Duquesne's twenty yard line, and the home club carried the ball over the last chalk mark after three fruitless tries. Another score came in the second quarter when one of the home team running from kick formation carried the ball forty-four yards. In the third period both teams displayed a stellar brand of the gridiron sport. The Dukes had the pigskin in the Marietta territory much of the time and finally carried it as far as the ten yard line, only to lose it on downs. In the final quarter the blue-jerseyed men of Marietta, by a series of forward passes, brought the ball to midfield, where one of their number got off for a long run which seemed like a certain touchdown. Wolak, however, by some wonderful sprinting caught him and brought him to earth one foot behind our goal. The Dukes fought with grim determination as but one minute remained to play. But the Ohio collegians succeeded in pushing the oval across the line for their final touchdown. The game ended a few seconds later.

DUKES, 0—DETROIT UNIVERSITY, 34.

The Detroit game during the first two periods gave promise of developing into a nip and tuck affair, as the Dukes, although outweighed and pitted against more experienced football men, held the collegians of the Automobile City to but one touchdown. In the third quarter things began to hum, with Detroit doing most of the humming. Aided and abetted by five Notre Dame players of last year—one of whom was Bahan, N. D. captain—they succeeded in amassing four more touchdowns. The Dukes took the field in the final half with the same line-up as they

began with—men who were well-nigh exhausted, but who had to play as there were no available substitutes. They never quit fighting. They tackled one of the greatest teams in the country—a team that defeated Georgetown and Holy Cross last year; and whoever saw the battle can have only words of praise for the men from Pittsburgh. Large as the score seems, it would have been much larger had not our men fought every inch of the ground.

UNIVERSITY HIGH.

Just a day after the reopening of school, in response to the call for candidates for the University High, thirty stalwart youths handed in their names. As a result of daily tests on the practice field, the squad was reduced to nearly half this number after ten days. Those who secured permanent berths are nearly all members of last year's undefeated Juniors.

The regular line-up is as follows: Young, left end; Schaming, left tackle; Gilday, left gnard; C. Curran, centre; Burns, right guard; J. Curran, right tackle; Cingolani, right end; Farwick, quarterback; Leonard Snyder, left half; O'Neil, fullback; McGarry, right half. The following are the reserve forces of the U-Hi: Krepley, Dolan, Mullen, Gallagher, Good, O'Shea, Curran, Davis, De Corps.

In a practice game with Pittsburgh Academy, in which all the Dukelets got a "try-out," the High boys rolled up the satisfactory score of 46–7. O'Neil and McGarry were the individual stars. The line held like so much reinforced concrete against all the onslaughts of the Academy team.

The University High took a crowd of rooters to Carnegie and by a series of trick plays overcame the strong High School squad of that town by the score of 19 to 0. Snyder's fast running and Cingolani's superior tackling figured in the scoring.

Father Mack continues the coaching traditions that have for so many years back resulted in notable seasons on the gridiron. His clever trick plays never fail to baffle opposing teams, and his determined spirit is communicated in large doses to his followers.

THE D. U. JUNIORS.

In answer to the call for candidates for the D. U. Juniors about sixty enthusiastic footballers appeared on the field. Each one was given an opportunity of showing his wares and Father Dodwell, the coach, was in a quandary to decide whom to accept and whom reject. But with the passing of time the task became easier and now the squad has been definitely chosen.

The team that will usually start games is as follows: Backfield: Hoffman, F. B.; Fleck and Shiring, H. B.; and Schaub, Q. B.; Line: Kichta, and Viragh, Ends; McCarthy and Briggs, Tackles; Kirby and Klaser, Guards; Carrick, Centre. For each of these positions there are very promising substitutes in Foley, Deasy, Boyle, Goff, Wilson, Flannery, C. Shiring, Loughren and Bradley.

We are not going to make any rash predictions, but we feel sure that these boys are due for a very successful season. The games already arranged are rather difficult, but from the showing in the first three played it looks as if we have little to fear. To date the boys have met and defeated the following teams: St. John's, 50 to 0; Squirrel Hill Scholastics, 36 to 0; Pleasant Valley, 12 to 0.

The old fighting spirit of Duquesne is the thing back of all the teams; this is especially the case with the Juniors. They are not a heavy team, but you can believe us when we say that teams who meet the Juniors will be satisfied that they have been playing real football from the first whistle to the last. Here's wishing the Juniors of 1920 all kinds of good luck and success. Let's get behind all the teams, boys, and by enthusiastic rooting let us urge them on from victory to victory.

CHRONICLE

College and High Schools.

As everyone predicted, the Bluff Street building is "crowded to the last inch," and the downtown school is similarly taxed.

Reopening

The week of August 30–September 6 was devoted to registrations in the College and High Schools. Six hundred and twenty-one students enrolled for courses in these departments. Though the Law School, the School of Oratory and the School of Accounts have not yet resumed their sessions, banner enrollments are indicated by the registrations made to date; over eight hundred have signed up for work in the School of Accounts, one hundred-odd in the School of Law and a like number in the School of Oratory.

The students of the High Schools and College convened for

the first time on September 7th to meet their professors and secure books and lockers. On the following day a Solemn High Mass was offered up to beg the Spirit of Light for guidance through the coming year. Rev. Edward A. Malloy, C. S. Sp., was celebrant, Rev. Michael S. Retka, C. S. Sp., deacon, and Rev. James Carroll, C. S. Sp., subdeacon. With this guarantee of Heaven's blessing, the students entered at once upon earnest work in the class-rooms. A serious, orderly spirit is everywhere manifested.

Faculty

More changes than usual are noticed among the members of the Faculty. FATHER HANNIGAN has gone to Holy Ghost Apostolic College at Cornwells, Pa.; FATHER ROSSENBACH has become assistant to the National Director of the Holy Childhood Association; FATHER ROWE has been transferred to mission work at Alexandria, La., and FATHER WOLFFER has taken up his duties as assistant at St. Anthony's, Millvale, Pa.

REV. JAMES CARROLL, C. S. Sp., D. D., assumes charge of the classes of Logic, Scripture, Latin and History of Philosophy in the Senior and Junior College classes, and of those of Ethics and Psychology in the Sophomore Pre-Medical class. Father Carroll is a graduate of the College (class of '08) and received his doctorate at the University of Fribourg, Switzerland, in 1914. Until recently he was on the staff of St. Mary's Seminary, Ferndale, Connecticut.

REV. JOHN DODWELL, C. S. Sp., A. B., comes to D. U. from Cornwells, where he has been teaching for the past five years. Besides instructing the First Commercials in English, Bookkeeping and Rapid Calculation, he is performing the duties of assistant treasurer.

REV. EDWARD A. MALLOY, C. S. Sp., has charge of the College Bookstore and is training the boys of I D and I Sc. in the use of their mother tongue. He is a brother of Rev. John F. Malloy, and after leaving Ferndale, where he was ordained last October, was stationed at St. Joachim's, Detroit, until his appointment to the University faculty.

MR. CHARLES G. BROPHY, A. B., a graduate of St. Joseph's High School and St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, is English instructor in II C and Latin instructor in I B.

MR. LEWIS C. CASSIDY is training the Second Scientific in the correct use of English, and furthering the progress of II B in the acquisition of a knowledge of Latin and History. Mr. Cassidy is

a Philadelphian, an A. B. of Mt. St. Mary's College, and was a Cadet Captain in the R. O. T. C. at Camp Lee, Va., and an instructor in Military Science and Tactics in the R. O. T. C. Being the son of a Judge and the grandson of an Attorney-General, it is not surprising that the law has attractions for him. He has done a year of law at Harvard, and is taking second year law at Duquesne University Law School.

MR. BERNARD M. DRASS, A. B., hails from Hollidaysburg, Pa., and received his education in his home town, at St. Francis College, Loretto, and at the University of Pittsburgh. From the latter institution he holds a Bachelor's degree in Education. He has had experience as a teacher in the High School at Carnegie, Pa. The III A and III B English classes and the I D Latin class have been confided to him.

The teacher's rostrum has proven its attractions for one of our own college graduates of the class of '20, MR. FRANCIS LIGDAY, A. B. I B Mathematics, I C Latin, and I German, constitute his programme. He will also study law in the evenings.

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, a law classmate of Mr. Ligday, who passed the state board examinations after spending some time in our Prep. Law class, will initiate the I Scientific and the I C into the mysteries of higher mathematics.

MR. C. EDWARD PRESHO has been given charge of Commercial subjects, as well as English and Mathematics, in the Third Commercial. He comes to us after a long and varied scholastic experience. He is a graduate of the Military School and the State Normal School, both located at Mansfield, Pa., and holds a Pennsylvania State teacher's diploma. He has taught Commercial subjects in Cumberland, Md., Charleroi, Pa., and Pittsburgh High Schools; has held the position of principal in Pennsylvania, Illinois and West Virginia, and that of commandant at the Military School, Wilson, N. C.

MR. GEORGE A. SEUBERT, B. Sc., a graduate of Latrobe High School and of the University of Pittsburgh, held at the latter institution the position of instructor in Mathematics before coming to Duquesne. The same subject has been assigned to him in IV B, II Sc., and I A.

MR. EDWARD TYPANSKI, who studied at Holy Ghost College, Cornwells, Pa., is teaching English and Mathematics in I D.

Rev. Fathers Henry J. McDermott, Michael S. Retka, Albert B. Mehler, John F. Malloy, Engene N. McGuigan, John J. Fitzpatrick, F. X. Williams, and William J. Keaney; Messrs. James E. Campbell, Michael J. Connolly, Patrick Cronin, Robert A.

Liehr, Clinton E. Lloyd, James J. McCloskey, Wilfrid J. Mathewson, John A. Moran, Theodore L. Moritz, Dennis J. O'Connor, Joseph T. Quinlan, S. A. Schiffgens, Ralph F. Smith, John P. Stanton, Charles B. Weis and D. D. Zuver, constitute the remainder of the faculty, and for the most part retain the classes which they taught last year.

The November MONTHLY will give details regarding the faculties of the downtown schools.

Improvements

The physics room has been rearranged in such a way as to accommodate a larger number of students. One hundred and thirty-six new steel lockers have been installed on the fourth floor, for the use of the ever-increasing number of first year students. For the first time, those in the academic department must be divided into five sections. The mechanical drawing classes have been obliged to move into a little-used portion of the third corridor, where the house electrician has provided ample light for their work. It is evident that we shall have to build.

On the football field, grand-stands large enough to seat 3600 people have been erected. They are in portable sections, which can be rearranged at the opening of the baseball season. The football field runs from north to south, while the home plate is best located at the eastern end of the campus.

In Washington

The Very Rev. President attended the laying of the corner-stone of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception on the grounds of the Catholic University at Washington, and also took part in the National Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence League, both of which occurred in mid-September.

The New University Hymn

The University at last has a song that will live. Its formal adoption by students and alumni is one of the important events of the school year just opening.

It was in 1912 that Father Malloy, just returned to his *Alma Mater* as a member of the staff, wrote the words. They were set to a stately air that proved popular for awhile, but was discarded at the outbreak of the war on account of some strains that recalled a certain national hymn which at that epoch fell into disrepute.

But Duquesne men and Duquesne alumni were not content to be without a song of their own. In 1915 a man from the School of Economics composed a new melody with verses to fit it; in

1917 a college man wrote some words to be sung to the tune of an old English hunting song; but both these attempts, while meritorious, lacked something or other that would give a song enduring popularity among the old grads and underclass men. Some telepathic message about this state of affairs must have crossed the Allegheny mountains in the direction of New York, for just before the school year opened Joseph Breil, whom Pittsburgh and the world knows as the composer of the music for "Intolerance", "The Birth of a Nation", "Cabiria", and other big motion-picture plays, and as the author of a successful grand opera, "The Legend", was inspired to write as follows to the President of the University:

"Back in the middle eighties, in the days of Fathers Power, Griffin, McCabe, Gross, Dangelzer and others, I used to trudge up the Bluff every day to the Pittsburgh College, to get my 'education.' Since then I have developed into a composer of some distinction and am known practically over the world, wherever better music is cultivated.

"I am sending you a song of mine; perhaps one of your poets could arrange a text to it, and it could be adopted as the Duquesne University Hymn. I would be pleased to learn that such a thing has been done.

"Sincerely yours,

"JOSEPH CARL BREIL."

It so happens that the new music fits the text sung before the war, without submitting the latter to any fundamental remodeling, and the University will have its wish. The new hymn is the result of the combination.

Mr. Briel's music will have its first hearing at the big Community Banquet that opens the Duquesne University Million Dollar Campaign, Saturday, October 9th, at Syria Mosque. Thus the "old grads" will be given opportunity to hear the song which thousands of Duquesne students of the future will sing in praise of their *Alma Mater.*

Pittsburgh musicians have commented with favor upon Mr. Briel's music, and the way it has been taken up by the students is indication sufficient of its permanent place among the student songs of the University.

Alumni.

DUQUESNE has the unique distinction amongst American institutions of having one of its graduates elected to the Presidency of a recently organized European republic. Gregory I. Zsatkovich graduated in the college department in 1907 and received his M. A. in 1912.

When only six years of age, he came with the other members of his family from his native Rusinia, little thinking that, in later years, he was to return with honors thick upon him. He received his high school education in New York City. After his father had settled in Homestead as editor of the *Americansky-Russky Vistnik,* Gregory entered our college department and graduated in 1907 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Even in his college days he gave evidence of the magnetic speaker he was afterwards to prove, carrying off a gold medal for oratory in an open contest. In 1912 the M. A. was conferred upon him. His practice of law brought him distinction, and inspired his clients with confidence. He first sprang into prominence and earned the respect of the 175,000 Rusins in the Pittsburgh district when, about six years ago, he brought to a successful conclusion for the Russian Greek Catholic Church litigation that had been fought through the courts to the Court of Appeal and finally to the Supreme Court of the United States. The lawsuit arose out of conflicting claims to a piece of church property located at Monessen. The Russian Greek Catholic Church claimed it as theirs. So did the Rusins. Zatkovich, who then practiced law in offices in the St. Nicholas Building, was retained to fight the case. In the county courts a verdict was given in favor of the Rusins, but on appeal the opinion was reversed. He applied to the Supreme Court for an appeal. The case, hotly contested, resulted in a final decision being given in favor of his clients. Since that time and up until his election as representative of the American National Council of Rusins, in August of 1918, Attorney Zsatkovich handled all the legal matters of his church and was also counsel for the two big societies here, the Greek Catholic Union of Homestead, and the United Societies of the Greek Catholic Religion of McKeesport.

Rusinia, with an area of about 20,000 square miles, is situated just south of the rich oil fields of Galicia and in the eastern part of the Czecho-Slovak republic. The capital, Uzhorod, lies on the River Ung and in the center of the country. Its greatest length is about 280 miles. In religion the inhabitants are of the Greek Catholic Church in communion with the Holy Roman See. There are two bishoprics, one at the capital and another at Prasov in the county of Saris in the northern part of Rusinia. The

country has rich material resources, which, however, are as yet undeveloped. It has salt mines, said to be among the largest in the world. The mountainous nature of the country has made of the people a sturdy race. Sheep-raising is their main pursuit and the heavily timbered slopes are a valuable national asset.

The Rusins have been independent since November 18, 1919. Under an agreement arrived at in the Versailles peace conference, the little country with its 1,000,000 inhabitants became an autonomous State in the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia. By general acclaim of the half million Rusins in the U. S., Gregory was elected as their representative to the mid-European Union Convention held in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, in October, 1918. On October 26th he was one of the signatories to the Declaration of Aims of the Oppressed Nationalities of Europe. His genius was recognized, his credentials from Versailles were honored, and his countrymen gave him the highest office in their gift. Under his direction a government has been organized, and appropriate steps have been taken to awaken the public conscience and to disseminate education among the masses.

Myron Zsatkovich, a brother of Gregory, and also an alumnus, is favorably known as an actor with the stage name of Miron Paulson. A short time ago he appeared in Pittsburgh in the "Master Thief".

Daniel S. Fisher is in his senior year in the Maryland Medical College, Baltimore. In the June examinations he averaged 94½ per cent.

Richard J. Fitzgerald, who in 1904 made a hit in the Duquesne Theatre as Hermione, wife of Damon, in *Damon and Pythias,* and formerly Secretary of the Jury Commission in Cleveland, has been admitted to the practice of law in the State of Ohio, and is now associated with Judge P. L. A. Leighley with offices in the Garfield Bank Building, 322 Euclid Avenue.

John McCook recently came home unscathed after nine months of thrilling experiences at the front with the 101st Artillery.

Edward J. Sullivan of Dubois, Pa., graduated at West Point last June.

Owen E. Kelly was eleven months in the war zone with the 29th Engineers.

Arthur McFarland figured in four battles and came through without a scratch. His brother, less fortunate, was gassed and wounded by machine-gun fire as he lay helpless on the battlefield. Both belonged to the same Company of the 319th Regiment.

Marcus V. Brennan is proud of his Croix de Guerre. Many of the old boys will remember him for his prowess in athletics.

The De Lowry family achieved distinction in the Mexican trouble and the World War. George was gassed and had his left jaw smashed with shrapnel at Metz the day before the armistice was signed. He has applied to the Vocational Educational Board to finance his further education.

Swindler & Scott Company
OF PITTSBURGH
DISTRIBUTORS OF THE FAMOUS "TROCO NUT BUTTER"

Fall Sports

A. G. SPALDING & BROS. TRADE SPALDING MARK EST. A. D. 1876 REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A. G. Spalding & Bros. carry a complete line of the season's athletic paraphernalia.

When using an implement bearing the Spalding trade mark, you cannot question the judgment of those who win with them. The Spalding trade mark is a guarantee of quality and satisfaction. Catalogue mailed free on request.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
608 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

DRINK
Breakfast Cheer
COFFEE

The Coffee that starts you out in the morning with a
BIG BROAD SMILE

Sold by all first-class Grocers

Imported, Roasted and Packed by
THE
CAMPBELL & WOODS CO

Duquesne Monthly



Vol. 28 NOVEMBER, 1920 No. 2

Duquesne Monthly

NOVEMBER, 1920

CONTENTS

Sagenae	Michael F. Coleman	37
How Shall the Needy World Be Sated?	J. F. Carroll	38
Cold Steel and Thermos	Joseph S. Nee	43
Drive For a Greater Duquesne		45
The New Half-Back	Thomas Lynch	54
A Thought For November	F. W. Faber	57
Editorial: —		
Pittsburgh's Composers		58
School Spirit in Practice	Marion Bostaph	59
Athletics		60
Alumni		66

D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York.

Courses leading to degrees in *Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Literature and Music*
Special preparation for High School Teaching.
Design and Painting, under Male Instructor.

RIGHT REV. WM. TURNER, D. D., Chancellor.

FACULTY :

Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy, and Men and Women Lay Specialists.

Holy Angels' Academy

In Connection with D'Youville College

College Preparatory and General Culture Courses. Music, Languages, Design and Painting. New York State Regents' Diplomas.

BOLD'S HOME-MADE BREAD

BAKED FRESH EVERY DAY.

It is so manifestly good and fresh that it produces a light, flaky crust that melts deliciously in the mouth, and there is no soaking in of the filling, nor sogginess, no indigestion. Every Loaf is of Uniform Excellence, the Standard by which others are judged.

AUGUST BOLD, 821-29 Industry St., Pittsburgh

Hallen

Photographer

Bell Phones: Hemlock 569
Hill 1327 R

Commercial Photography

Portraits in Crayon, Oil and Water Color Paintings

1405 Carson Street and Post Office Building, Mt. Oliver

WAGNER BROS. SHOE CO.

WHOLESALE SHOES

429 LIBERTY AVENUE PITTSBURGH

Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXVIII. NOVEMBER, 1920 No. 2

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Address: Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh
Postoffice, April 30, 1911

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103,
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 22, 1918

VINCENT J. RIELAND, '21, Editor-in-Chief

PATRICK L. MCGRATH, '23 . . . Business Manager

Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVIII. NOVEMBER, 1920 Number 2.

Sagenae.

THOU art, O life, an ocean's broad expanse.
Four fishers network ever o'er thee draw;
They trail thy deep, or at thy surface glance,
To snare thy goodness, sinfulness or flaw.

The *foe* will ply his fickle trade and toil,
Will drag thy deepest depth, with passion blind,
For paltry catch, which all his efforts foil,
Whilst teeming shoals of good, he fails to find,

The *friend,* who in thy darkest hour was true,
Will peer into thy fretful, heaving breast,
And through his nets, glide faults, and they but few;
His draught is goodness, virtue, fairest, best.

The *Mother's* love is deeper than thy deep;
Her days are happier spent upon thy wave:
Love's meshes tightened, every good will keep,
And faults she loses in oblivion's grave.

A fourth forever rides upon that sea,
Takes good and bad (recall His Gospel voice).
When, soul of mine, His net encircles thee
May thou be judged as worthy of His choice!

MICHAEL F. COLEMAN.



How Shall the Needy World Be Sated?

(Continued).

Catholic education, for the periods of childhood, youth and manhood, is the ideal of the Church: and this ideal is not one of arbitrary choosing; it is the commission of her Founder, Who came, that mankind may have "Life more abundantly." The questions now might well be asked: What is meant by Catholic Education? How does the Church attempt to realize her ideal?

Education, in general, is a furtherance of life, life's development, an unfolding of man's endowments. It has reference to the entire man, but is commonly restricted to the development of the faculties of the soul, the intellect and will. Now, if education is the furtherance of life, it follows that the nature of education will depend on the meaning we assign to life. The confusion of Babel is harmony in comparison with the various outlooks men have and have had on existence. Ever alive to the pressing idea of need they ever need happiness: and they are ever striving, often in vain, to better their conditions. Those who have rejected a proffered aid, are groping in sepulchral darkness for the great principles on which civilization rests. Out of the blackest gloom, millions of hands are reaching in vain for something that is secure. Out of the jargon of myriad voices, each shouting to the world its own panacea, comes the discord of a purposeless philosophy. Children in need are begging for bread, and a godless veneer of education reaches them only a stone.

What matters it to me if Mars be peopled and teeming with busy life, if this earth sends out no ray of hope, affords no consolation for me in my distress? What matters it if my message is carried across the furthest sea by wireless, if I in my frail bark of life must toss unguided without sight or hope of a port where I may safely enter at last? In a word, take from me my idea and possibility of eternal happiness, what recks it if I have free access to all the kingdoms of earth?

Show me my life's destiny, and I will show you true education. Tell the young man or woman that the final goal of all life's endeavors is pleasure and enjoyment: schools will then, in place of giving education, produce monsters of bodily prowess, with neither mind to think aright nor will to choose between good and evil. If, again, life's concept is that certain acts are to be performed because they are useful—the utilitarian standpoint—the schools will develop money machines. If the scope of life is narrowed down to mental accomplishment only, schools will turn loose clever, ingenious robbers. The true philosophy of life, the truest the world has ever known, has always knelt at the feet of Religion for the final answer to the question: What is life? Religion alone places man in close communion with the primordial source of all things. It shows him, how the great ideal of life is not that which refers him to visible and transitory things, but that which brings him and binds him to God. Hence religion is the profoundest and most quickening educational influence; it gives the impulse from which civilization starts; it is the school where mankind learns to understand the worth and sacredness of human life.

Although all Religions differ in their definiteness of response, they all agree that man is not destined for this world alone; that life is more than thought, that there is a soul at the basis of every human being. There is one Religion, however, and only one in all the world, that has taught humanity what life really is, whence it comes and what is its destiny. It is a Religion founded on supernatural faith which tells us that man is made to know, love and serve God always and in all things. This is the answer given to questioning humanity by the Teacher of centuries, an answer which His Church has heralded throughout the world during nineteen hundred years.

In the mind of the Church, man must be taught his true origin, the path he is to follow and the destiny of life's earthly journey. He must, consequently, be placed in relation to God, and his life must receive its orientation from religion; but, from a Religion, founded on God's own word, taught by the world's greatest Teacher, Christ.

With such a programme in view the Church of Christ takes up the gigantic work: with it she goes forth to battle, with it she returns victorious; and her voice, as it rings in echoes an

reechoes down the hollow corridors of materialistic centuries, is heard above the inane brawl. That same firm voice is constantly sending its message of beneficence to the world, that it must "have life more abundantly," that the Religion of Christ is the only remedy for the inherent weakness and the crying need of fallen humanity.

Religion must not only be a factor in education, it must be the most important factor in a system that professes to be Christian. Man must be taught to direct his thoughts above the passing world, to introduce them into that higher spiritual life which he must begin to live here below, if he is to have the hope of continuing it for all eternity with God. Man must contend with the constant promptings of pride and selfishness, and the evil forces that war upon him from without; and in the absence of religious training, there is nothing to quicken the conscience or move the will along the path of divine law.

There is no primrose path to the formation of character; and it is by arduous efforts, by great sacrifice and self-denial that man must acquire the power of emancipating himself from the dominion of the senses and win his way to moral freedom. Religion for the Christian is inseparable from sacrifice. It alone can console man in his sorrows; it alone can bridge over the gulf which one day he must pass on his road from life to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." Religion, to effect this, must be something vital, something that seizes the whole nature of man; his soul, the image of God, and his body, the temple of the Holy Ghost. It is no Sunday morning luxury, but must accompany him everywhere; it must follow him from the sanctum of his home to the public office, mill, factory or farm. It must mingle its healthy influence with his daily transactions and his daily toil. It must speak to the heart and to the head; continually control the affections; keep strict watch over the imagination; permit the mind only useful and innocent thoughts; guide the conscience, inspiring it with a love of virtue and a hatred of vice, because the one directs him towards, the other turns him from, his final destiny, God.

The Church's ideal is that her Religion should work its way into the very fabric of the human being, to be his fixed and immutable standard of values; to buoy him up in adversity, suffering and temptation; to enlighten him in his doubts; to be a lamp to his feet along the dangerous pathway of modern society;

to teach him, even in falls, that he has within him the incentive and encouragement to repentance and recovery.



How does the Church put her theories in practice? What means does she take to acquire her end, which is the perfection of moral and intellectual life, sanctity? She adopts, as a means, a fundamental principle in pedagogy, namely the formation of habits. Indeed Christian education may be said to consist in the formation of good habits. Now, habits are best formed in childhood; when the memory, like warm wax, is so impressionable; when the imagination is open to images of every kind; when the waking intelligence is eager, in its conscious curiosity, to know; when the will, unblighted and untouched by stain of evil, goes directly to the good which alone it knows. The sensations and perceptions, cutting their most direct passage-way to the brain, leave something of themselves behind, something that makes action easier with each successive impression. Habit, that second nature, of which pilosophers like to speak, is thus formed; and, once formed, is difficult to be removed. If the habits are good when the mind is young and the imagination active and the senses sensitive to the exterior world, the foundation is laid for a virtuous, religious and saintly life.

Awake to the great necessity of early habit formation, the Church takes the child at an age when the young mind is about to blossom forth into the flowers of reason and the will is ready to produce the fruit of volition. She permeates the school life with an atmosphere of religion as the garden is permeated with the fragrance of the rose. She takes the child ere yet the mystery of sin is known, and tells it of the mysteries of heaven. School work is begun and ended by prayer: the catechism, containing the fundamentals of our Faith, is carefully taught and zealously explained. The child is initiated into the secrets of the love of God, and the knowledge of His Church, His grace, His mercy, His sacraments. The images of Mary and Jesus, silently influencing the daily moil, teach of the beauty of heaven, our home. For every lesson that is taught of human knowledge, there is also a lesson in divine knowledge. Every new idea is accompanied by new forms of grace falling upon the heart and will. The soul of the child in the Catholic school is sheltered from sin at the first moment of its conscious life. Religion throws around it a hundred outposts to protect it against the first insinuations of evil. It is schooled in the habits of delicacy; its

sense of shame is faithfully developed; its affections are purified and ennobled by the knowledge and love of Him who, down the dying ages, cries from the undying pages of the Gospel: "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come to me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Whom does the Church choose as the instrumental cause of her educational system? The teachers in our primary schools are men and women who have given up the world for God, in the instruction of youth: and the very sight of their religious habit serves as a constant example of self renunciation, which is at the root of true character training. When such teachers demand obedience and respect of their young charges, their demands are enforced by the fact, that they themselves are living in a state of constant obedience to superiors. Thus, submission to authority, the great lacuna of our age, is insisted on as a religious duty, and that, not by word only, but by the immeasurably more eloquent voice of example. "Education," says Ruskin, "does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know. It teaches them to behave. It is a painful, continuous, and difficult work, to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, by praise; but, above all, by example." "Only believing, hoping, loving hearts," says Bishop Spalding, "can propagate religion; only luminous, eager and growing minds can promote culture. Little depends on what is taught, everything on who teaches."

Such is, in brief, the principle of Catholic education; such, its practice in the parochial school. It rests on the firm foundation of Christ's command, which the Church has ever striven to fulfill. She, by her vast and varied experience of nineteen hundred years, knows human nature, its capacities and limitations. She knows too that the only way to educate good citizens is through the teaching of the "faith once delivered by the saints." The process of moulding useful and God-fearing men, can only be had in a system sanctioned and authorized by Religion. "Quarry the granite rock with razors," says Cardinal Newman, "or moor the vessel with a thread of silk; then you may hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge, and human reason, to contend against those giants: the passion and the pride of man."

J. F. CARROLL.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

Cold Steel and Thermos.

GREAT is the power of suggestion, and much can it accomplish, either for good or ill. If you are inclined to be skeptical, dear reader, listen to this veracious narrative.

Al Stevens was known to all the students at Westford Academy as an unbearable bully, always ready to play a mean or low trick on some unsuspecting student. Being a fourth year man he took fiendish delight in lording it over the rest of the school and never neglected an opportunity to have other students serve him in some way. He had became so unbearable that three bold "Sophs", Harry Clark, "Tubby" Malone, and Bob Ray, finally banded themselves together, under the name of Lictors, with the avowed intention of "trimming" the roughneck.

On a certain foggy fall morning Stevens had succeeded in working up a beautiful grouch. Coming down from the dormi tory he had cowardly kicked a diminutive Freshman who had committed the unpardonable offense of bumping into him.

Harry Clark, coming upon the scene, cried, "Say, Steve, why pick on a shrimp like him?"

"Shut up," snapped the bully, "or you might feel the impression of a seven and a half shoe too."

"I've always told you I'm ready for you any time you say," replied Harry.

But for once Stevens let better judgment direct him, and continued on his way to class.

At noon that day Steve happened to see "Tubby" Malone, the youngest of the Lictors, running across the campus.

"Say, I'm here," he bawled.

"What for?" asked Tubby. "I want you to get me some cigarettes," said Steve.

"Nothin' doin'," returned Tubby. "I'm not your servant."

Steve, not used to this kind of talk from so small a lad, ran after him. Being much taller he soon overtook him, and with a quick move of his foot, tripped him. Poor Tubby went sprawling headlong into a puddle of mud.

When Tubby's two chums, Harry and Bob, heard of this, they held a conference. "I think it's time for action," said Harry.

"Violent action," emphasized Bob.

"Oh, I'll get even, all right," said Tubby revengefully. And they decided that that night was the time for the showdown.

After supper the three chums gathered some rope, a sack, a dull razor and a thermos bottle, and wearing false-faces left over from Halloween, stole around the back of the dormitory where they knew the bully would be smoking. They crept around the building and there, sure enough, was their victim.

"You slip the sack over his head," whispered Harry, "and I'll make sure that he doesn't get away." With one leap they were upon him and soon had him bound tightly.

"What will we do with him?" asked Bob, disguising his voice. "We don't want to kill him yet." "Say," proposed Tubby, "he was very fond of teasing that kid with a scar on his cheek. Let's give him a scar."

"Good idea," said Bob. This caused considerable moaning from the sack.

"To the tool house!" ordered Harry. So the bully was dragged to the tool house, where he was divested of the bag, and blindfolded. Meanwhile Tubby was unscrewing the cap of the thermos bottle.

"Give me the razor," said Harry gruffly. Steve howled, and prayed for mercy.

"No quarter for a bully," said Harry. "We are giving you a reminder that will be with you for the rest of your days."

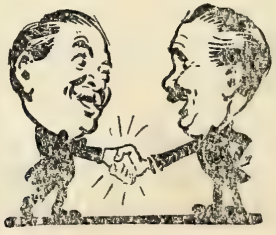
Then taking the razor he pressed the cold blade against the the bully's cheek, while from the thermos bottle Tubby accurately poured warm milk beside the "wound."

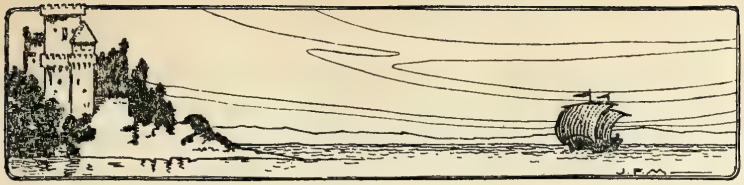
Steve howled, "Oh, help! I'm murdered. Get a doctor!"

They then loosened his bonds and let him, still blindfolded, run madly around the campus. The Lictors, their work well done, quietly stole up to bed.

I suppose Steve was mighty glad when he found that the wound was mere camouflage, but at any rate his days of tyranny were ended. He was "trimmed" right!

JOSEPH S. NEE, '24.





Drive For a Greater Duquesne.

COMMUNITY BANQUET.

ENTHUSIASM and good-fellowship marked the community banquet held in Syria Mosque Saturday night, October 9, to inaugurate Duquesne University's million dollar campaign. Fully a thousand people attended. The menu was of the choicest, and the value of the good things served was enhanced by the charm of the ladies who served, drawn from the Daughters of Isabella and the Ladies' Auxiliary A. O. H. Throughout the banquet the diners sang old favorite songs, accompanied by the University Orchestra, ensconced in a bower of palms. The most impressive moment was when the ladies alone sang the chorus of "My Old Kentucky Home". The new college song—words by Rev. John F. Malloy, and music by Joseph Carl Breil—was heard for the first time in public. Mr. Breil, by the way, is a famous musician, composer of "The Legend", an American grand opera recently produced by the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York.

The toasts were all of a high order of excellence. Hon. Ambrose B. Reid was chairman, and in a most felicitous manner introduced the toastmaster, Hon. James Francis Burke, whose speech we here reproduce in full.

Address of Hon. James Francis Burke.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

You have met to inaugurate a movement that will furnish the ways and means by which the usefulness of a notable institution of learning may be enlarged. You will appeal to the public, and as the public mind has developed a keenly analytical attitude toward all enterprises asking its aid, it will be well for you to fortify yourselves with fundamental reasons for your appeal. And in this you need not be timid, for reasons exist in abundance to justify your great undertaking.

Yours is not to be the plea of a single sect or of an institution with a narrow purpose, but your cause is one involving in its broadest aspects the welfare of the great community of which

we all are a part; and that community, in turn, is part of a great world that for the time being is in the process of many changes.

Social, political and economic problems are crowding each other for consideration and solution. Everywhere there is evidence of the changed and changing spirit of the world. Heresies are abroad and in many places in the old and new world they have temporarily routed the forces of reason and order, and entrenched themselves in positions of power and far-reaching influence. These heresies are manifesting themselves in many different ways; in impatience against old restraints, in the restlessness and in the extravagance of modern life; in the hunger for untried formulas; in the trifles as well as the great fundamentals of individual and national tendencies.

The war curbed the unlicensed reign of brute force, but it left in its wake another equally important battle to be fought against the rising tide of uncertainty and the desire for the unbridled sway of social and political heresies in the presence of which a free and orderly development of civilization and the attainment of the higher purposes of humanity are at least retarded if not rendered impossible.

Nothing can do more to multiply these menaces or develop these dangers than the encouragement of ignorance among the masses, and on the other hand nothing can more efficiently combat them than the holy light of God's wisdom radiating from the minds and hearts of His children. The school, the college and the university are recruiting stations and armories from which must go forth from day to day the ever-conquering forces upon which the world must rely for the attainment of its highest purposes.

Nor is this a mere struggle of the moment. It is the great contest of the centuries. It is the undertaking in which patience and philosophy must play their part; in which the obligations of the near and distant future must assert themselves in the affairs of the present hour.

It is in this field of human endeavor that institutions such as Duquesne University are assets and object lessons whose value cannot be measured in terms of money. Never, in fact, was the service of this institution more vital to this community and this great commonwealth since the hour on that memorable summer day when I had the pleasure of reporting word for word the dedicatory address of Monsignor Capel on that great mound above the great city that nestled in the valley below. The

manner in which from its very inception it has impressed its army of graduates with the enduring theories of law and order; the sacred relation of God to man; the binding obligation between government and people; the relation of science to nature; of capital to labor—all these furnish a thousand robust reasons why the great community it has done so much to enrich and stabilize can well afford to aid in extending its field of usefulness and sphere of influence at this timely period in its history.

With all the impending evils that confront us, however, there are brilliant signs of better days, and one of the most inspiring of them all was the fact that a few days ago the enrollment in the colleges and universities of America far outrivaled the increase that ever marked a given period in the history of any nation in the world.

The war left us a new world—a world disturbed and disorganized in many ways. To reorganize it, to bring it back to normal, to rid it of its political diseases and save it from the hordes of ignorance and fanaticism is the task of to-day, and the task of many years to come, in which our institutions of learning must furnish the great mass of our leaders. I am safe in saying that in all the thousands of graduates whom Duquesne University has sent out to take their places in this community, there never was a socialist, an anarchist, a bolshevist or an enemy of government—but, on the contrary, every one of them was a God-fearing, liberty-loving, law-abiding American citizen.

May God give us more of them in the days to come, for the greater their number the wider and more enduring will be the influence of the American Republic in shaping the destinies of mankind.

Rt. Rev. Regis Canevin had for his toast "The Joy of Giving", and showed in his own lucid style how gratifying the desire to get, never brings the satisfaction which comes from the effort to give. Classifying men and women as getters and givers, he dwelt on the thought that the teachers in schools like Duquesne University make life's business the giving of their spiritual stores for the benefit of others. Those who in their turn generously contribute to the maintenance of such a beneficent work, will likewise experience the "more blessed" joy of giving.

The Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, president, thanked all present for their interest in the campaign, especially the Rt. Rev. Bishop his honor the mayor, and other distinguished speakers, and the

ladies who volunteered their services on the occasion. He reviewed the history of the institution from its foundation in 1878 to its present enrollment of 2,100 students. Since the obtaining of a new charter in 1911, departments have been opened for instruction in law, finance, accounts and commerce, social science, oratory and educational methods. The institution has greatly developed during the past twenty years, but new departments must be opened to satisfy the needs of our growing and varied demands. As West Point and Annapolis train officers for our army and navy, so institutions must train men for the several professions and managerial positions. To do this, further accommodations are needed, and an endowment fund is imperative to pay professors living salaries. The country needs leaders in this period of reconstruction, and it is educational institutions alone that can supply them. It is, therefore, a patriotic duty, as well as a commercial asset, to make the campaign a success.

His Honor, Mayor Babcock, declared himself heartily in favor of the University and its drive, and with quip and story, brought home to the banqueters the necessity of active participation. He pleased his hearers mightily by insisting on his determination to act henceforth as a trustee of Duquesne University, as he already is of the University of Pittsburgh and of Carnegie Institute of Technology.

"The Ladies—Now in Everything" gave the Rev. Homer A. Flint an opportunity to touch the humorous side of his subject and to sound a sympathetic note as well. "Angels of light in the school are they," he said, "angels of sympathy in the hospital, angels of comfort in the home."

A very sincere supporter of the building fund campaign has been found in Dr. A. A. Hammerschlag, head of Carnegie Institute of Technology, who, in his response to the Toast, "Pittsburgh's Need of Higher Education", pointed out that the city and county are preparing to spend $100,000,000 for good roads, new bridges, boulevards, traffic tunnels, and improvements in mills and factories; there can be no question that one per cent. of this sum ought to be given to an institution whose work is more vital to the well-being of our population than all the roads, mills and banks combined.

Paul J. Friday, president of the Alumni Association, made a fervid appeal to the past students to show their love for their *Alma Mater* by contributing generously themselves, and influencing others in promoting the interests of higher education.

Campaign Manager Frank A. Converse, and Campaign Organizer W. J. Clifford, expressed their confidence that, with the enthusiastic co-operation of the team workers, the sum desired would be secured and even oversubscribed.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

The inauguration of the campaign brought forth expressions of interest and sympathy from all sides. The *Pittsburgh Dispatch* of October 15th had this to say editorially:

DESERVING OF SUPPORT.

The campaign under way to raise a million dollars for Duquesne University is deserving of the generous support, not alone of Pittsburgh, but of the great tributary territory in the three States to which this famous institution offers educational opportunities. More and more it is coming to be realized that these institutions for higher education are a fundamental necessity, not only to the individual benefited, but to the community at large. The point is well made in a letter from a reader that nowadays "organization is largely the secret of industrial and commercial success," and that the best organization material comes from young men who have had special educational training, such as obtainable in the classes at Duquesne University and like institutions.

It is to the interest of those who have the task of building and maintaining organizations, commercial, industrial and financial, not less than to the students fitting themselves for responsible positions, that every possible facility be provided for efficient training and preparation for the work of life. In that sense the campaign on behalf of Duquesne University to provide funds for the erection of a modern educational plant which will assure much needed room for growth and at the same time be a handsome addition to our institutional architecture at a special point of vantage when the new high level bridge connecting with the Liberty Tunnel and the Bovlevard of the Allies are completed, should make a double appeal to personal and civic interest.

In the *Duquesne Light Co. News,* issued monthly for the use of the employes of the Duquesne Light Co., appeared the following editorial:

The attention of our readers has, no doubt, been called through the newspapers, to the plans of one of our universities —Duquesne—to raise an endowment fund of one million dollars.

This step, an unusual one for a staid old university like Duquesne, is being taken upon the advice of its board of directors. The board is composed of some of the leading men in this district —men successful in all walks of life and esteemed by the people —because of a recognition of some of the problems facing the people in their desire to give higher learning to their sons and daughters. The problems recognized by the board of directors are represented by the overcrowded condition of all Pittsburgh's universities; the desire, no, the necessity of educating more young men and women to the higher grades than was ever before attempted, and to provide means whereby ambitious youths may acquire the foundation necessary to pursue the profession or occupation best suited to their talents or ability.

The three largest educational institutions in this district, the University of Pittsburgh, Carnegie Institute of Technology and Duquesne University, have a total registration in students of 15,000. Each one of these institutions is turning away students from different classes through lack of facilities. Every effort is being made to relieve the congestion but its real solution lies in the erection of more buildings. The University of Pittsburgh unable to secure from the State sufficient funds for building purposes, recently endeavored to secure the amount necessary through its large alumni. The Carnegie Institute of Technology, richly endowed by Andrew Carnegie, is adding to its floor area each year, but the autumnal influx of students quickly make the new quarters congested. Duquesne University, hampered always by lack of funds for building, equipment and proper salary inducements for instructors has not until recent years made the same favorable impression on Pittsburgh that its more favored sister schools have. Duquesne has not been richly endowed financially, but it has plenty of the spirit of education which is to give the proper training to those who seek its advantages.

A recognition of the problem facing this district and its solution has resulted in campaign plans to raise a million dollars for Duquesne University. One-half of the fund will be used in the erection of new buildings and to purchase equipment, and the balance used as an endowment fund for instructors' salaries; in meeting maintenance expenses, and to provide means for the education of many ambitious youths unable to meet tuition fees while in school.

The campaign merits approval because in educating sons and daughters the people are but doing their duty by them. Edu-

cation does not benefit the student alone, but his or her training oftentimes goes a long way in helping solve the problems of industry as well as of municipal affairs. The higher the standard attained by its citizens the greater the benefits that will accrue to the community. Giving higher educational opportunities to sons and daughters is but one method of showing an appreciation of what education does for those benefited—the student, arts, science, industry and the community.

Here are some samples of letters received by the Very Rev. President:

"In consideration of the high personal esteem in which I hold you, as well as of the services of your noble order to the community of Pittsburgh, I take pleasure in sending a contribution towards the fund now being collected, only wishing I could make it a great deal more. I trust the fund will be oversubscribed.

"Yours respectfully,

"J. C. F."

"I was very much pleased and delighted last Saturday evening with the fine enthusiastic crowd you had, the grand supper, worth $5.00 or more a plate at most big banquets, and the splendid booster speeches. I was very much impressed, and I am going to increase my contribution by $150. I will also sign a card for my son F. Mrs. McC. says she will give $100 more. Sincerely hoping that your campaign will be a grand success and that Duquesne University will raise more than a million, I am

"Very sincerely yours,

"T. McC."

A SETBACK.

With these and many similar signs of general sympathy with our cause on the part of the public, the campaign was launched. A large number of prospective workers had assembled in the cafeteria of the William Penn Hotel on Thursday, October 7th, to receive instructions. Whatever may have been the cause, when the first meeting was held in the same place on the evening of Monday, October 11th, to make reports, only a small percentage of the five hundred promised team workers presented themselves, and the result of their canvassing was far below what one had a right to expect. They were encouraged to continue, and to stir up their absent co-workers; but after two more days it was evident to all that to continue on the present basis was to invite

failure. The executive committee therefore decided to discontinue canvassing until a later date, and meanwhile to make every effort to perfect a working organization. The Right Rev. Bishop, who was present when this decision was taken, sent out on October 15th the following letter to the priests of the diocese:

The cause of Christian education, and the honor of our Catholic people, urge me to appeal to you in behalf of Duquesne University. The Faculty and Trustees of the University, relying on the good will and friendship of the public, set out to raise one million dollars, in order that the buildings of the school might be enlarged and its departments increased so that a greater number of young men might complete their university training under the guidance of religion and surrounded by safeguards of Christian faith and morality.

The organization formed one month ago has proven unable to accomplish the great undertaking. A much larger and much stronger body of men and women must rally to the cause so that a hundred thousand persons may be reached and solicited to contribute to the fund. It has been decided to pause for a few days to recruit the campaign forces, and to go forward on November 6th, under new leadership.

I send this letter to you, dear Father, to ask you to help. In this crisis your help is needed and will count for much. Please present the appeal to your congregation on next Sunday, October 17th, and on Sunday, October 24th. Please organize a committee of the most active and influential men and women of your parish and exhort them to work, and work hard, from Novem- 6th to November 15th, under the directions which will be issued by the Executive Committee.

The desire that the cause of higher Christian education should not be ignored, and doomed to failure before the public, by any supineness or apathy on our part, induces me to write this letter. If this campaign succeeds it will be a victory for Christian education, and its success will mean a more generous support in the future for all worthy institutions of higher learning.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

† REGIS CANEVIN.

REORGANIZATION.

Reorganization was begun October 18th, under the direction of Messrs. Robert W. Egan and George McSwigan, both Pittsburghers, familiar with the ground and with the work, whose services the University had been unable to secure when the cam-

paign was first launched. Working with them, Rev. Lawrence O'Connell and Rev. L. A. Carroll have been voluntarily devoting their time to the work of organization day after day. The right kind of publicity is now being given to the movement. On October 21st, the front pages of the *Pittsburgh Catholic* and the *Pittsburgh Observer* were devoted almost entirely to a vigorous and lucid presentation of our cause, and a full page display "ad" was inserted. Twenty thousand copies of the *Catholic* were distributed at the churches on October 24th. It is impossible to suppose that this publicity will not have its effect. It is to be followed up with more of the same kind of appeal. By personal visits the Fathers obtained the signed promise of seventy-five prominent Pittsburgh Catholic men to "make the drive a credit to the Catholic Church in the diocese of Pittsburgh." These men held a splendid meeting in the headquarters on Monday evening, October 25th. J. Frank McKenna, chairman of the executive committee, introduced the new general chairman, Willis F. McCook, lawyer and financier, who is conceded to be at the present moment Pittsburgh's most prominent Catholic. Mr. McCook, in his own happy, somewhat epigrammatic style, stressed the importance of an educational campaign, and the certainty of success it only we are determined to succeed; he outlined a simple plan of organization like the famous "block-of-five" system once used to carry an Indiana election; and he emphasized the belief that, though the whole community is to be canvassed, the Catholic population must assume the responsibility. Rev. Father Carroll outlined the very considerable work done during the first week under the new management, and Rev. Father O'Connell explained what was to be done in the next few days, notably the selecting of teams in every parish of the diocese, their registration and instruction. Mr. J. Rogers Flannery, Mr. O'Neil of St. Peter's, Northside, Mr. Slattery of Emsworth, and others, made short addresses. Finally, volunteers offered their services to canvass the downtown business section and the lawyers.

A dinner of forty Alumni priests was held in the William Penn Hotel at noon of the same day. After much discussion, in which Rev. L. O'Connell, Rev. M. A. McGarey and Rev. George Bullion took a prominent part, the proposal of Rev. R. L. Hayes, D. D., seconded by Rev. Patrick Maher, to raise $250,000 for an alumni hall, was unanimously approved

Meanwhile, the Fathers of the University, accompanied by alumni priests, had been visiting the pastors of the city and surrounding districts, with a view to organizing teams. Everywhere they were most cordially received. On successive evenings, meetings are to be held of priests and team workers from the various sections, and by the time the eve of the reopening is reached, everything will be in readiness for a thoroughly successful campaign.

The New Half-Back.

IT WAS 2 A. M., and Johnny Mack was still sitting at his desk in the office of the *Clarion,* plugging away at some extra work for the Sunday edition, which went to press at three. The tightly closed windows kept out the thick autumnal fog; but the yellow electric light revealed the fact that a deeper gloom had settled on the soul of the reporter. Here's why:

Mack had formerly held down the position of Sporting Editor on the staff of this Buckeye daily. Four months ago, through a blunder on the part of a correspondent, he had printed an exciting article about the fixing of baseball games between some of the teams in the Universal League. The story proved to be false and the League sued the paper for $200,000. When the court awarded this staggering sum, Mack and everyone connected in any way with the story were discharged.

Not being directly responsible for this costly error, he had succeeded in getting back on the paper, but was now only a copy writer.

It was close to three o'clock when Mack rose from his chair, closed his desk with a slam, placed the freshly printed morning paper in his overcoat pocket and went out on the foggy street.

As he walked briskly along the wide waste of Garfield Avenue, he ran into his old college chum Perry, likewise a newspaper man.

"Well, Mack, old boy," chirped Perry, as he shot forth his hand, "how's things going anyway? You want to brace up and forget that reverse. They can't hold a good man down. Remember how you used to show them at college when we met the big southern teams. They were the good old days, weren't they?"

"Yep, they sure were, Paul. That's when I was going a clip."

"By the way, Johnny, have you looked over the West Penn news? Old St. John's boys have some game on their hands Saturday when they meet Western University. Their star halfback, 'Wolf' Larson, broke his ankle Monday in a scrub game and they are going to use a greenie, named Mack, in his place. I suppose he's no relation of yours?"

Johnny said nothing, and only walked along till he came to the street car stop where he bade Perry good-night—although it was nearer morning—and was soon speeding homewards.

On entering his home he quickly looked over the paper stared at the headlines and saw the name Harry Mack in the list of St. John's players. He had a son going to the college, but this couldn't be he. The boy had never played football, as far as

his father's knowledge went, and he dismissed the idea as preposterous.

It was now Saturday, the day of the big game. While Mack was looking over some extra work at home, a messenger came rushing to the door with a note.

He quickly read it. Then his face flushed up with pleasure. It was an order from the editorial office stating that all the correspondents were out, and that he should take the ten o'clock train for a point just across the state line, and write up the game that was to be played there. It was a long time since Mack had seen a game at his *Alma Mater.*

After an hour's ride he arrived, and, luncheon over, he made his way to the ball park where the struggle was to take place.

"I'll see that boy of mine after the game—business before pleasure," he said to himself as he climbed to the reporter's box, away up over the crowd, and looked down on the field. It was neatly raked and newly marked with whitewash lines. The crowd was enormous—the largest that ever packed the stadium. On one side flamed the scarlet and white streamers of St. John's; on the opposite stands waved the olive-green pennants of Western University. Brightly clad cheer-leaders vied with one another in their crazy antics, and called forth the echoes with the queer jargon of the college cheers.

Some of the friends that Johnny Mack picked up, spoke about the coming game as a sure defeat for St. John's, others figured on a tie game, but all talked about the green half-back that was to replace "Wolf" Larson, and the pity of it that the home team should not have better substitutes.

Soon the two squads were out on the field for a little preliminary practice.

You know how difficult it is for the average spectator to identify the players in their padding, headgear and uniforms. A local man pointed out young Henry Mack, the new half-back, to the *Clarion* sport writer.

"What!" cried Johnny Mack, "why, that's surely my boy Henry. Bully for you, Hen!" Yes, it was Henry Mack—the only one Johnny was interested in. The sight of his own son, whom everyone looked down upon as the weak link in St. John's team, brought back memories of his own college days when he too used to defend St. John's. How would his boy prove himself? Would he play a star game or would he be the weakling on St. John's team, as the crowd expected?

The two elevens spread themselves out over the field and the game started.

Young, the powerful center of the Western eleven kicked off to Mack on the seven-yard line, and he carried it like a veteran back up the field to the 30-yard line before being stopped.

Burley, St. John's full-back, on the first play made first down around left end, bringing the ball to the 45-yard line.

In the next play, the reporter had to grit his teeth, as he saw the scarlet jerseys lose the ball on a fumble by Henry Mack. The olive-green combination began plowing the line, but lost the ball on downs before the first quarter was over.

In the second quarter the game was nearly all straight football, but just before the half ended, Graham, the Western star drop-kicker, dropped back to the 40-yard line and sent a beautiful field goal over the bar. Like the rest of the St. John's fans, Mack groaned with disappointment.

The teams lined up again, but before anything could be done the half ended.

A roar of cheers and yells went up from both sides of the field as the student bodies now tried to drown each other with noise, Western University students exulting over the lead, slight as it was, which their team had secured over their bitter opponents.

In the second half both elevens played like demons. Western tried with all its might to hold St. John's boys down.

In this half, the only one that could be depended on for gains was Henry Mack. His huge figure smashed the opponents' line time after time. He followed his interference through holes in the Western line for long gains. Once when the scrimmage was over he had to be dragged to his feet and given medical attention. Through it all, the feelings of the *Clarion* reporter can better be imagined than described.

At last the infuriated Western crowd were driven against their own goal line, but the "scarlet" attack now failed, and the ball passed into the hands of their olive-clad opponents.

Their first move was to punt down the field. Mack safely caught the kick and rushed up the field, his interference sweeping the Western boys out of his path till he was within fifteen yards of the goal. Suddenly as if he had sprung out of the earth, the opponents' full-back started towards him with out-stretched arms, but the ground was being covered all this time. The full-back made a sudden lunge towards him, but with a quick leap into the

air Mack cleared his oncoming body, and the olive-green giant measured his length on the field.

There was pandemonium in the stands—but through it all rang in shrill tones the name, "Mack—Mack—go to it, Mack!" And in the reporters' box one fan had forgotten to use his pad and pencil.

Then two more of the enemy broke from the mix-up in the line and darted for Henry Mack, but he was not to be stopped now, with the goal within reach. They sprang at him and pulled him down, but he lay on the ball just over the fateful chalk-line, and the game was won—just in the nick of time.

The new full-back was carried shoulder-high to the dressing-room, while the air rang with a newly-improvised yell, "'Ray for Mack, the new half-back."

Making his way as best he could through the "scarlet" throng, Johnny Mack rushed into the club house to congratulate his son.

"Henry," he said, puffing and beaming, "I didn't believe you would do it, nor did anyone else, but you certainly made a splendid showing, especially when the score was against you. You've taught your own father a lesson worth while, one that I shall not soon forget—one that I can apply to my business—that a Mack, even though down, is never whipped."

THOMAS LYNCH, H. S., '22.



A Thought For November.

OH! IT IS sweet to think of those that are departed,
While murmured Aves sink to silence tender-hearted,
While tears that have no pain are tranquilly distilling
And the dead live again in hearts that love is filling.

Yet not as in the days of earthly ties we love them,
For they are touched with rays from light that is above them:
Another sweetness shines around their well-known features;
God with His glory signs His dearly ransomed creatures.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Pittsburgh's Composers.

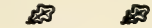
COMMENTING on the remark that life nowadays is prosaic because of the absorption of the people in commercial affairs, a philosopher observes that if this is so there is need for more music. And he quotes Carlyle: "Music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for moments gaze into it." And Plato: "Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything. It is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful, of which it is the invisible, but nevertheless dazzling, passionate and eternal form."

It should be a matter of considerable satisfaction to the people of Pittsburgh, that while this is predominantly a commercial city, it is also notable for its contributions to music. It can be said that Pittsburghers are not excessively devoted to commerce, and that if commerce tends to make life dull, the city is doing its part to provide the antidote, music, in the distinguished composers it has given the world.

The subject is brought to mind by news items concerning two of them. One story tells of the prospective acquisition by the people of Kentucky of the original "Old Kentucky Home" where Stephen Collins Foster of Pittsburgh wrote the immortal song of that name. It will be preserved as a memorial to him. The other item tells of the good fortune of Duquesne University in being furnished the music for an "Alma Mater" song by a former student, Joseph Carl Breil, composer of the grand opera, "The Legend", which was produced with success by the Metropolitan Company of New York, and of other noteworthy works.

Half a dozen other Pittsburghers could be named whose compositions are of the highest order and are known and loved wherever music is cultivated. The riches that pour out of the city are not all to be measured in terms of the counting house. Our art gifts to the world are not less remarkable. Pittsburgh is a generous donor of poetry as well as prose to modern life.

[Courtesy of the *Pittsburgh Sun*].



School Spirit in Practice.

"HO! HO! What are you trying to hand me," sneered Bull Sykes, "who do ya' think's gonna' waste a million dollars for that tumbledown shanty on the hill that you call Duquesne University? That's rich! Take this tip from me—walk around the block and get some fresh air. You're fermenting."

"Say, Bull," cried Ken, the lad from Duquesne, clinching his fists till the knuckles whitened, but kept back; for he knew he didn't have a chance with the young Hercules before him

"Duquesne's the best school in the city—if it's only a shanty why does it have almost 3,000 students?"

Just then a brilliant idea dawned upon Ken O'Reilly.

Bull noticed Ken eyeing him critically. "Didn't you ever see me before?" he queried, with growing anger.

"I was just thinking what a splendid full-back you'd make. You're built like a Greek champion," said Ken slowly.

"Oh, that's different," answered Bull, puffing up at the compliment. "What were you going to say?"

"You know Duquesne's going to have a 'Varsity this year? All the big universities are on her schedule. And say, Bull, I believe you're just the fellow we need. You'd make a star in one season."

"You're not kidding, are you?" queried Bull anxiously. "Do you really believe I could make the team?"

"There's no doubt, because I know you have lots of experience and real ability," answered Ken, bringing his Irish into play.

"Ken, you're a good friend of mine. Can't you come up to our place this evening? We'll talk it over with dad."

Ken assented gladly, and they parted.

That evening Mr. Sykes, Bull and Ken were sitting on the porch.

"I intended to send William (as Bull was known to his parents) to Duquesne, but he put up such a racket that I let him go where he wanted."

"Yes, I always had heard that it was a one-horse school, and didn't have any teams," broke in Bull.

Ken told Mr. Sykes about the drive, and how much good it would do.

"Let me see," said Mr. Sykes, thoughtfully. "Oh, I might as well. William, bring me my cheque book from the desk."

That night Ken went home with a new student and a $1,000 cheque for the fund.

Bull made the team and found the school all Ken had told him, and Duquesne has no stauncher upholder. Just let anyone say anything about Duquesne when Bull's around—I don't know what he'd do, but the other day a fellow called the school "Dixmont sub one." Bull just naturally picked him up, and made some changes in his physiognomy.

Yes, this *is* an editorial.

MARION BOSTAPH, H. S., '21.



'VARSITY.

OUR confidence in the ultimate success of our 'Varsity has not been misplaced. At the present writing the Dukes have completed half of their schedule. The remaining games should find the team in good condition. From a mediocre squad of untried players, Coach Stahl has molded a good team, full of pep and spirit, and fighting every inch of the ground.

The splendid backing received from the student body at the home games has also had its influence on the showing made by the 'Varsity. Cheer-leaders Schroth and Sieber had the rooters going throughout these contests, and the singing of the "Alma Mater" song in the stands was a real feature of the games.

Never before have the 'Varsity contests attracted so large a following from the ranks of the Alumni. This very gratifying state of affairs is no doubt due to the smoker held at the opening of the season under the auspices of the Commercial Club.

DUQUESNE, 35—MUSKINGUM, 0.

'Varsity football on the Bluff was resumed very successfully on October 15th. The Dukes gave the event an especial flavor by defeating the gritty eleven from Muskingum College, New Concord, O.

The Bluff boys struggled desperately to get their scoring machine going in the opening period without avail. Their play lacked co-ordination, but as each succeeding signal was called, a gradual improvement was noted. In the second period the Shortley-Broderick combination executed a beautiful forward pass and Broderick fell across the line with the first score of the fight.

Leading by the scant margin of one touchdown and the relative goal, the Dukes came out for the second half with a determination to start something. Before the half was over they had made a fine impression on their backers by scoring four more touchdowns, despite the stubborn offense of the boys from the Ohio town.

Stellar plays predominated, but none of the spectacular flashes counted for more efficiency than the all-round work of Art Rooney, the resourceful little athlete who played quarter-back for the victorious eleven. Art was almost a will-o'-the-wisp for the sturdy Muskingum tacklers. He also gave the game a distinct feature by an exhibition of exceptional kicking. He was called upon for five attempts at goals from touchdown and in every instance he sent the ball whirling over the bar and between the posts. In the fourth period he ran the team in place of Captain Mike Shortley, who retired after the third quarter.

McGrath broke away for two thrilling runs of 30 yards each in the early moments of the third quarter, and the Duke scoring machine registered its second touchdown before the foe could check the sustained onslaught.

Broderick, on end for the home eleven, was the receiver of two of the prettiest forward passes one would wish to see as both of them were caught behind the Muskingum lines for touchdowns. Captain Shortley threw the ball in both instances, Broderick getting his sure clutch around the pigskin after it had skidded off the arms and hands of the rival eleven.

Full-back Wolak made a number of consistent runs for his eleven, while Center Keil played with dashing zest, and encouraged his mates by his peppery action. In fact, the whole Duke line-up starred after the second half got under way.

The Shortley-Broderick forward pass stunt of the second period was duplicated in the third quarter for the second touchdown. Mike Shortley ran the ball over for the third touchdown in the same period by going through right tackle after he and McGrath had taken the ball down the field on consistent runs. Shortley also pushed the fourth counter across, this touchdown being an early happening in the fourth quarter. The ending of the third period found the ball in the Dukes' possession on the foe's four-yard line. After the play had been transferred to the opposite end of the gridiron, Shortley plunged over on the first attempt.

Art Rooney made a pretty run of 25 yards for the fifth touchdown in the middle of the fourth period. By straight football and forward passes, together with the interception of a Muskingum forward pass, the Dukes had brought the ball to the 25-yard line and Rooney, by one of his clever end runs, did the rest.

Muskingum played well in defeat. Little Pollock, at quarter, gave a nervy exhibition, and he had a pair of good half-backs near him in Cochard and McDonald. Bell played a good game at full. Line-up:

Duquesne		Muskingum
Tenney	L. E.	Hutson
O'Malley	L. T.	Bell
Klinzing	L. G.	Crimm
Keil	C.	Cleland
McNamara	R. G.	Brown
Vebelunas	R. T.	Hussey
Broderick	R. E.	R. Pollack
Rooney	Q.	H. Pollack
Quinn	L. H.	McDonald
Shortley	R. H.	Cochard
Wolak	F.	Shane

Score by periods:

Duquesne	0	7	14	14—35

Referee, Wymard, of Georgetown; Umpire, McKinney, of Pitt; Head Linesman, Brady, of Holy Cross. Time of quarters, 12 minutes.

DUQUESNE, 0—MOUNT SAINT MARY'S, 0.

A much-improved 'Varsity faced a worthy foe when, on October 23rd, the Mount Saint Mary's eleven of that fine old college at Emmitsburg, Md., ascended the Bluff and held the Dukes to a scoreless tie. During the first half the Red and Blue were held even by their Maryland brethren, although the visitors' attack consisted solely of line plunges and off-tackle plays. Even when the ball was close to their goal line this sort of offensive was used by the Marylanders, and to this fact can likely be ascribed their inability to cross the Duke goal line in the first half.

The Dukes received the opening kick-off and were promptly held, whereupon Vebelunas punted, and the Marylander receiving was downed on his own 20-yard line. Here Quarter-back Canniss started to call his men through the line entirely. Several first downs were made by this plan, but by the time the Saint Mary's eleven got to the Duke 30-yard line the men were so used up that further advance was impossible. Neither side was successful in even threatening the other's goal line during the first half, but the Mountaineers made the majority of the first downs.

During the second half the locals played a much better brand of football. They seemed to have solved to some extent the line attack of the visitors, for the Duke line certainly met it with much more success than in the first two periods. Their offense was more varied, and twice they were held when within scoring distance of the Maryland goal line, and field goals were attempted by Klinzing, both of which were unsuccessful. The visitors, by a lucky break, obtained the ball on the Duquesne 20-yard line during the last quarter, and, when held, also made an unsuccessful attempt to score by the aerial route.

Jim Chapman was the outstanding star of the contest. On various occasions he tore through the Duke line, going to the secondary defense before being stopped. Barrett also showed ability to get through the line. Brown and Lomond were Mount Saint Mary's stars on the defense.

Mike Shortley ran the Duke team well and starred in running the ball. On several occasions he passed as many as three men by use of the stiff arm when returning punts. Wolak also starred for the Dukes, and Vebelunas' punting was remarkable, his boots averaging 45 yards. Broderick's end play was a pretty exhibition. He got down under punts well and rarely missed the man receiving the ball. McNamara and Keil also starred in the line for the Dukes. Line-up:

Duquesne		Mount Saint Mary's
Tenny	L. E.	Carrigan
O'Malley	L. T.	Lomond
McNamara	L. G.	Duffy
Keil	C.	Gable
Klinzing	R. G.	Campion
Vebelunas	R. T.	P. Chapman
Broderick	R. E.	Brown
Shortley	Q.	Canniss
Horne	L. H.	Barrett
McGrath	R. H.	Downey
Wolak	F.	J. Chapman

Substitutions—Harrison for Tenny, Schneider for McNamara, Rooney for Horne, Costello for Downey. Referee—Eyeman (Carnegie Tech). Umpire—McKinney (Pitt). Head linesman—Sorce (Waynesburg). Time of quarters—15 minutes.

THE JUNIOR TEAM.

Since our last issue, the Juniors were able to play but two games. The Drive interfered with one game that was scheduled, and the game with St. Anselm's was postponed on account of rain.

In the two games played, the youngsters lived up to the great reputation they have established for themselves. The Sacred Heart High School defeated them, but it was through no fault of the Juniors. The final score of this game was 13 to 0, but the Dukelings were completely outweighed, and were forced to play under the most trying conditions. The crowd of spectators continually swarmed onto the field, the referee was, by his own admission, incapable, and none of the breaks of the game where theirs.

The game with the Muriel Club of Millvale resulted in another victory for the Juniors. The score was 13 to 7. The men from Millvale were big enough to be seniors on a high school team. The lads from the Bluff played a forward-passing game that the visitors could not fathom and it was surprising to see how little Schaub and L. Shiring got away from that husky crowd and made the touchdowns which spelled victory for the Juniors.

On the showing made thus far, the stars of the team are Fleck, L. Shiring, Schaub, Loughran and Boyle. We do not mean by this that the rest of the regulars are not playing a great

game. They all deserve credit for the wins made so far, and the Coach is highly pleased with everyone of his regulars.

UNIVERSITY HIGH.

DUKES, 7—WESTINGHOUSE TECH, 0.

In the face of the stiffest opposition yet encountered the Duke High came out a 7–0 victor over the heavy Westinghouse Tech team. The Dukes started out with a rush, but were stopped near the Tech goal line. The East Pittsburgh line was holding well, but their backfield was woefully slow. The half ended in a 0–0 deadlock. The Bluffites took a brace in the third quarter, but were finally forced to kick. It was looking pretty dark for a victory for either side, when in the final period, Captain Cingolani, the fleet Duke end grabbed a forward and raced sixty yards for the only touchdown of the game. He kicked goal. The light Duke line held perfectly against the heavy Tech forwards.

ALUMNI.

THE SMOKER.

THE Commercial Club showed themselves tip-top entertainers in the Smoker which they planned and carried through to inaugurate 'Varsity football at the old school after a long interregnum. They were present in large numbers. As their guests, the Alumni of the other departments helped them to fill the gym, and to enjoy the good things provided, both in the line of smokables and eatables, and in the line of entertainment and oratory. Any excess of dignity that might have detracted from the "get-together" spirit so essential to a gathering of this kind was nipped in the bud by the donning of "picture-hats" and the free use of noise-producers from the very start. Even the Reverend clergy who formed a large percentage of the old College men in the crrwd, joined in the general hilarity. The spirit of those unavoidably absent is well exemplified in these lines which Major James I. Brennan wrote from Chicago:

"Much as I would enjoy the privilege of meeting you all again on 'the Bluff,' it will probably be impossible to change my schedule in time to permit me this pleasure. Be assured, how-

ever, that I will be there in spirit; may this, and all the gatherings of the future be fruitful and rich in the spirit which is DUQUESNE,—unselfish and intelligent service, loyalty to the ideals by which we may accomplish so much for God and our beloved country at *this* time above all others."

In the whole evening there was not an idle moment. The students' orchestra, capably led by Professor Charles B. Weis, discoursed popular airs, in which their audience joined; Reuben, the comedian, with his three partners, joked and sang as only this troupe can. Stirring speeches from Paul Friday, president of the General Alumni, from Father McGuigan, Coach Stahl and Manager McCloskey, aroused enthusiasm for football to a very high pitch—whose result, by the way, was evident in the attendance at the first home game. The nearness of the Million-Dollar Drive called for remarks on it by the Very Rev. President and the campaign managers, and everyone present signed a pledge to work in one way or another for its success.

This Smoker was unique in many ways. It was capably engineered by an active committee of the Commercial Club, headed by Michael Yates and Owen McManus. They have issued a challenge to the Old Grads of the other departments to duplicate their success *if they can.*

MICHAEL J. YATES, president of our Commercial Club, is proud of his Croix de Guerre, conferred for distinguished service in action.

DR. MICHAEL A. HODGSON was awarded a gold medal in the Jefferson Medical College for obtaining the highest percentages in the final examinations.

DAN O'BRIEN, of last year's Pre-Medical, has entered Loyola School of Medicine, Chicago; FRANCIS BIELSKI, MILTON CARSON and GEORGE HUDOCK have selected Jefferson School of Medicine, Philadelphia, for the pursuit of their studies.

DR. KENNETH A. BECK announces his discharge from the United States service, and the resumption of his practice of dentistry at 622 Penn Avenue.

REV. M. J. BRANNIGAN, C. S. Sp., B. A., 1919, writes from the French Seminary in Rome:

"You will be pleased to hear that I received deacon's orders in St. John Lateran's from the hands of the Cardinal Vicar on Holy Saturday. The Ordination coupled with the Holy Saturday ceremonies was splendid. The music for the occasion was rendered by Casimiri's Choir, the same that visited the U. S. The rendition of the *Sicut Cervus* for the blessing of the Font was beyond description. Fifty candidates were raised to the Priesthood and seven to the Diaconate. In all we spent seven hours in getting through."

During the course of the year our distinguished Alumnus was honored with the degrees of Bachelor and Licentiate in Theology. He was raised to the holy priesthood on May 29th, by Cardinal Pompili, Vicar of His Holiness. On the completion of his course with the S. T. D. degree, we hope to have him back with us.

Seldom have the Church's laws regarding the age required for ordination been brought to our notice as they have been in the case of three members of the class of 1916. They are deacons since June; and, whilst waiting to be old enough to be ordained priests, DR. JEROME HANNON is pursuing a course of Social Service in the Catholic University, REV. EDWARD NEMMER is reviewing his theology in St. Vincent Seminary, and REV. LAWRENCE O'CONNELL is teaching in Sioux City, Iowa.

REV. MICHAEL HINNEBUSCH, ordained last June, has a congenial field for the exercise of his ministry in McKeesport as the assistant of FATHER BOELL.

REV. THOMAS A. DRENGACZ, one of the most popular of our students in the recent past, has a busy and useful life in the Sacred Heart parish, Munising, Mich. Every day he teaches three hours in the school; three afternoons in the week he has physical culture; he coaches the town's football team, delivers two sermons on Sunday, and presides at the Holy Hour every Thursday evening. From *The Munising News* we have culled the following extract from a notice on the Choral Society just organized:

"Rev. T. A. Drengacz, assistant pastor of Sacred Heart

Church, who is better known to his many friends as Father "Tom" is responsible for the successful organization of a male choral society here which, so far as is known, is the only one in the upper peninsula. The organization was completed at a meeting held Tuesday night at Sacred Heart parsonage which was largely attended. Father "Tom" was elected president. Thirty members were signed up to begin practice at the first meeting, more were added later. Rehearsals are to begin at once and the choir is to be enlarged to 75. Besides providing music for the church for all occasions the choral society offers a most interesting, elevating and pleasurable pastime for all those who have a fondness for music."

Since the last issue of our MONTHLY, the newly-married HAROLD B. LAWSON and JOSEPH HEIDENKAMP, Jr., have settled down in their respective homes at 6904 Thomas Boulevard and 6719 McPherson Boulevard.

HENRY C. BESCHEL and STEPHEN STERANCHAK, of the 1920 Law class, were admitted to the practice of the law at the beginning of September. On October 9th six more members of the class were sworn in as full-fledged lawyers, viz.: J. LAWRENCE ABER, LEONARD M. BOEHM, RUBEN A. HARRIS, JOHN P. MADDEN, THOMAS P. NEE and JOHN J. O'DONNELL. We have not yet heard from the remaining four.

Of the Bachelors of Arts, 1920, PATRICK A. DIRANNA has gone to St. Vincent Seminary, Beatty, Pa., to study for the diocese of Pittsburgh; CYRIL J. KRONZ, M. NOON GLYNN and JOSEPH A. O'DONNELL have been adopted by the Bishop of Erie, and have entered St. Bonaventure's Seminary, Allegany, N. Y.; FRANCIS J. LIGDAY has enrolled in Duquesne University School of Law. Regarding the remainder of the class we have as yet no definite information.

The graduates of the High School Academic have shown the proper ambition by their decision to continue their education. Twenty of them returned to their *Alma Mater* as freshmen in college. Of these, THOMAS L. CONLEY, ANTHONY M. CONNELLY, JOHN A. DEASY, JAMES D. DOYLE, JOHN J. GARRITY, CHRISTIAN J. HOFFMANN, BERNARD J. KELLY, VINCENT B. KUKLEWSKI, JOSEPH A. NEE, LAWRENCE J. QUINN, JOSEPH M. ROZENAS and NORBERT J. SCHRAMM, are taking the Arts and Letters course; RICHARD H. ACKERMAN is taking Dramatic Art; JOHN W. CAIN and J. BRILEY

WALSH are pre-medical students; FRANCIS E. DOWNEY, JOSEPH E. DOWNEY, EUGENE F. HAGGERTY, JOHN F. O'CONNOR and HAROLD F. PATTERSON are enrolled in the School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce. THOMAS J. DEMPSEY and THOMAS J. MCGRATH are taking up engineering courses at the Carnegie Institute of Technology; NORMAN BUISKER is preparing for dentistry, GEORGE IHRIG for mineralogy and FLORIAN STARZYNSKI for medicine, all three at the University of Pittsburgh; FRANCIS V. BIELSKI has gone to Jefferson Medical School, Philadelphia, RAYMOND L. FOERSTER to Georgetown University, D. C., and OLIVER D. KEEFER to Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.

The graduates of the High School Commercial have also given a good account of themselves. ALBERT E. BLANK has entered D. U. School of Accounts; FRANCIS R. BOYLE, THOMAS J. BURCH, FRANCIS E. HAMILL and JOHN E. YOUNG are following courses in the High School Academic; JOHN B. MOCHARY is going to school in Wheeling. The majority, however, have stepped into good positions. ERNEST L. BAIER is with his father, PAUL C. DEMASCH is in the office of the Train Despatcher of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Southside; ROBERT C. EBITZ is with the Crucible Steel Co.; ARTHUR J. GLASER is doing clerical work for the Hermes Milk Co,; JOSEPH F. JOYCE is in the accounting department of the Dodd Manufacturing Co.; VINCENT J. MCARDLE has a responsible position with the Westmoreland Coal Co., at Aronna, Pa.; WILLIAM A. SCHWAB is employed in the office of the Gulf Refining Co.; JOSEPH T. SIEBEN, in that of JESSE STUART, Hay and Feed, E. E.; TERENCE TAMBURINI is clerking in his father's store, at Bayard, W. Va.; JAMES O. WELSH is in a Northside office of the P. R. R.; EDWIN WRIGHT is "learning the business" of the Pittsburgh Drygoods Company "from the bottom up."

MR. WILLIAM TITZ, father of three of our last year's students, died suddenly on August 13th, and was buried from St. George's Church. Father Rowe represented the Faculty at the funeral services. *R. I. P.*

In the death of JUDGE JAMES C. MCNALLY, we mourn the loss of a distinguished alumnus. He resigned as Judge of Probate of Salt Lake City, Utah, during the Presidency of Grover Cleveland, to enter the Consular Service. He spent twenty-two years of his active life in China, Germany and Switzerland. His health broke

down as a result of overwork during the war. He received the personal thanks of President Wilson and General Pershing for his services. He died in Atlantic City whither he had gone in the hope of recuperating. He was buried from St. Mary's Church, Lawrenceville. The Very Rev. President, Father Hehir, Father McDermott and Father Fitzpatrick were present as a token of sympathy for the bereaved members of the family. *R. I. P.*

We regret also to chronicle the death of REV. JOHN CONSTANTINE SIMON, C. S. Sp., '05, which took plnce in Sierra Leone, West Africa, where he had spent the nine years of his priestly life as a zealous missionary. FATHER SIMON was born in Philadelphia, and made his high school and college course at the University, graduating with high honors in 1905. After completing his philosophy at Ferndale, Connecticut, he followed the course ef theology at Chevilly, Paris, and at Santa Chiara, Rome, where he was ordained on September 24th, 1910. In July of the following year he made the Consecration to the Apostolate in company with five other Americans, and to his great delight was assigned to the mission of Sierra Leone, over which presides the Right Rev. John O'Gorman, C. S. Sp., Vicar Apostolic. Here he had labored ever since with untiring zeal for the salvation of souls. His vocation was great: he truly followed it until the end, and God will as truly reward His loyal servant. May He also inspire others to follow in the steps of the dear departed—generous souls who will strive as FATHER SIMON did to spread the knowledge and the love of God among the souls that are most abandoned and for whose salvation Christ suffered and died.

[Excerpts in the foregoing article from *The Paraclete*, Cornwells, Pa.]

Duquesnicula.

IN THESE dry days it is no wonder so many dry jokes are cracked. Someone in the Junior Class gave Great Salt Lake as an illustration of a point brought up in discussion, and Watterson, soliloquizing rather than asking the class for enlightenment, "wondered why the lake was so salty." As no one ventured an explanation, he made this brilliant answer to his own query, "I suppose on account of the salty fish in it."

No, this narrative is not to be taken *cum grano salis.*

Mike Cusick has a student manager job, and though he doesn't advertise himself he is getting through a lot of work. An admirer who pauses to choose his words was praising this quiet activity the other day when a wag gave a queer twist to the remark.

"Cusick has nothing to say, and he's always—"

"Saying it," supplemented his friend Schroth.

Most of our Seniors have reached the voting age. Here's how McIntyre commented on something he heard at the polls:

The women voters ain't like men,
And when the fairer sex
Spout politics it's funny when
They mention Article X.

"They call that flower exhibition out in Schenley Park the *mum* show," explained young O'Connor, of the Sophomores, "because so many illiterary people can't say *chrysanthum.*"

SCIENCE PROF. (speaking of sound): What would happen if our ears were not wrinkled?

THORNTON (in undertone): Wouldn't be so much to wash.

YOUNG THEOLOGIAN: A hangman or a headsman cannot receive holy orders.

"SUNSHINE" GRUNDER: How about a footman?

A certain professor, entering the Actual Business Department, beheld a high school boy in the attitude of an equilibrist, steadying a large leather-bound volume endways on his toe.

"You should be studying now, young man," he admonished the performer.

"I am, sir," was the cheerful reply. "I'm balancing the ledger."

RILEY–KELLY.

School of Dramatic Art and Public Speaking.

PROBABLY no item in a man's education is so important as that which is furnished by the University's Department of Speech Arts. However deeply versed in ancient lore or modern science a person may be, unless he is able to *express* the views he has formed, *expound* them clearly to the attentive ear of an audience, large or small, his scholarship counts for little This ability to gain attention, to speak with ease and charm, to impress one's personality upon others, our Public Speaking

Department is cultivating in its numerous pupils. This year, under the capable direction of the Dean, Dr. Clinton E. Lloyd, five hundred and twenty students, arranged in various class-groups, are receiving training that will be invaluable to them in the future. Numerous graduates from this department have already received recognition, many among them being at the present moment members of noteworthy theatrical companies, or featured on the platform as readers or lecturers. Month after month the reader will find the activities of this department chronicled in the MONTHLY, and will see therein the justification of a remark, made recently by a noted actor and producer, "D. U. School of Dramatic Art is one of the best in the country."

RICHARD H. ACKERMAN, D. A., '21.

Swindler & Scott Company
OF PITTSBURGH
DISTRIBUTORS OF THE FAMOUS "TROCO NUT BUTTER"

Fall Sports

A. G. SPALDING & BROS. TRADE SPALDING MARK EST. A. D. 1876 REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A. G. Spalding & Bros. carry a complete line of the season's athletic paraphernalia.

When using an implement bearing the Spalding trade mark, you cannot question the judgment of those who win with them. The Spalding trade mark is a guarantee of quality and satisfaction. Catalogue mailed free on request.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
608 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

DRINK
Breakfast Cheer
COFFEE

The Coffee that starts you out in the morning with a
BIG BROAD SMILE

Sold by all first-class Grocers

Imported, Roasted and Packed by
THE
CAMPBELL & WOODS CO.

Duquesne Monthly



Vol. 28 DECEMBER, 1920 No. 3

Duquesne Monthly

DECEMBER, 1920

CONTENTS

God's Mother and Ours 73
G. L.

How Shall The Needy World Be Sated? . . . 74
J. F. Carroll

O Child Divine! 79
Michael F. Coleman

Amateurs Abroad 79
Joseph Cameron

Drive For a Greater Duquesne 84

EDITORIAL:—

Christmas Wishes 102
The Students, per V. J. R.

The Significance of the Victory . . . 102
Rev. M. A. McGarey

The Students' Part in the Campaign . . 105
V. J. Rieland

An Unpopular Venture Into Economy . 106
Regis E. Wehrheim

Chronicle 107
V. J. R.

D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York.

Courses leading to degrees in *Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Literature and Music*
Special preparation for High School Teaching.
Design and Painting, under Male Instructor.

RIGHT REV. WM. TURNER, D. D., Chancellor.

FACULTY :

Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy, and Men and Women Lay Specialists.

Holy Angels' Academy

In Connection with D'Youville College

College Preparatory and General Culture Courses. Music, Languages, Design and Painting. New York State Regents' Diplomas.

BOLD'S HOME-MADE BREAD

BAKED FRESH EVERY DAY.

It is so manifestly good and fresh that it produces a light, flaky crust that melts deliciously in the mouth, and there is no soaking in of the filling, nor sogginess, no indigestion.

Every Loaf is of Uniform Excellence, the Standard by which others are judged.

AUGUST BOLD, 821-29 Industry St , Pittsburgh

Hallen

Bell Phones: Hemlock 569
Hill 1327 R

Commercial Photography

Photographer Portraits in Crayon, Oil and Water Color Paintings

1405 Carson Street and Post Office Building, Mt. Oliver

WAGNER BROS. SHOE CO.

WHOLESALE SHOES

429 LIBERTY AVENUE PITTSBURGH

Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXVIII. DECEMBER, 1920 No. 3

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Address: Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh
Postoffice, April 30, 1911

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103,
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 22, 1918

VINCENT J. RIELAND, A. B., '21, Editor-in-Chief

Associate Editors

REGIS C. WEHRHEIM, A. B., '21 GERALD A. SCHROTH, A. B., '22

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, A. B., '23 . . . . Exchanges

LEO J. MCINTYRE, A. B., '21 . . . . . Alumni

ROBERT G. REILLY, A. B., '23 . . . . College Notes

JOHN F. O'CONNOR, B. C. S., '23 . . . . Finance Notes

FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, LL. B., '23 . . . . Law Notes

RICHARD H. ACKERMAN, D. A., '21 . . Public Speaking Notes

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, H. S., '21 . . . . Athletics

FRANCIS A. RILEY, H. S., '21 . . . . Duquesnicula

Business Managers

PATRICK L. MCGRATH, A. B., '23 REGIS O'BRIEN, H. S., '22

Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVIII. DECEMBER, 1920 Number 3.

God's Mother and Ours.

A MOTHER'S love is past compare
In loves of creaturekind,
So full its strength, so nice its care,
So deep its fire enshrined;
Our loving God, Creator, Father, Friend,
Did liken it to His that knows no end.

He formed the mother-heart, and spun
Its finely breakless strings,
Because He meant His only Son,
By whom He made all things,
To take a Mother, human, virgin, blest,
On whose pure heart His Holy One could rest.

He comes! . . The queenly Maid adores
Her new born God, her Child!
But motherlike she instant pours
On Majesty most mild
Her seas of love, With inmost being's embrace
She clasps the Lord, ecstatic, kisses Hands and Face.

But love, though hers, can scarce suffice,
Since *God* her Infant's name;
And she must love not once but twice,
To meet His brethren's claim.
Oh happy we, of kinship so divine!
Both us and Him His Mother's arms entwine.

G. L

How Shall the Needy World Be Sated?

(Continued).

From the day when our Lord said to His Apostles, "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come to Me," to the present time, the Catholic Church, having first impressed the seal of Faith on the soul of the child, has taken him and schooled him in the school of Christ. She has brought him into the atmosphere of Christian ideals; and, as the sunshine opens the fragrant petals of the rose, she has unfolded the youthful mind, and made it a flower with an odor of sweetness in the garden of God's love. Does she say then, that her work is accomplished? Having surrounded the child with her holy influence, shall she send him forth now to battle with the gigantic adversary, the world, with the weapons that a child can wield? No. The Church is perennial in her life, perennial in her doctrine too: she must safeguard her interests in souls throughout the period of their existence. She must follow the youth from the hallowed walls, from the sacred precincts, from the profoundly Catholic *milieu* of the parochial school, follow him, through the winding pathways of human endeavor, to success or failure. At that juncture, at that parting of the ways, the Church stands to occupy herself henceforth with the problem of his secondary education. What is the nature of this problem? How does the Church offer a satisfactory solution?

The problem is as far-reaching as its psychology is intricate. In the parochial school where the seeds of eternal truths are carefully sown, the atmosphere is, assuredly, one of faith and love. The prayers, the pious ejaculations, the Christian lessons learned at the mother's knee, are repeated. The class-room, with its Crucifix, its Virgin's statue and holy images, forcibly reminds the child of that little room at home, where his fond mother prayed, where she learned the lessons of loyalty, fidelity and devotedness, where he, too, learned the first and lasting lessons of the Christ Ideal. Now, home, even with its poverty, its struggles and trials, is always a home, and affords, it will be admitted, the nearest approach to happiness on earth; and happiness is man's eternal destiny. So the primary school falls into the lap of the home training: it continues home influences; and just as the child thinks and acts in the terms of a firm conviction that home is the world, so in the primary school, his village or town is his

world's horizon. His early training is shaped by the axiom *"ignoti nulla cupido."* In the school as at home, religion is the mainstay of his life, keeps the blush of innocence on his cheek, illumines his mind and warms his heart.

But life is not to be spent at home; and the period of adolescence comes with its profound changes, its indomitable energies, its incessant activities and hazardous curiosities. How will the youth carry the seeds of happiness to these new fields? How will they fare against the onrushing current of life? How will they be protected against the inroads of ravaging hordes? Well, indeed, may the fond mother tremble at the thought of college for her son, as he bids her farewell at the threshold of a new life! Now, for the first time, he is to be actually conscious that there are other places on earth, other people to meet, other towns to see, other lessons to learn, than those to which he had been accustomed. Scarcely has he reached his college or university than the circle of his vision is widened: learned professors tell him of the infinite possibilities of the human mind; how the forces of nature can be screened, and how the earth may be forced to open her storehouse of mysteries, locked up for centuries; how the heavens can be read like an open book. Flippant ignorance may even taunt him with the absurdity of the belief in such an unseen thing as the soul, such a mythical unreality as God, such a baseless ethics as that which professes the objectivity of the moral law. Materialism, pantheism, agnosticism, scepticism and atheism may vie with each other in displaying their cheap but attractive wares, and may put forth a concerted effort th destroy all vestiges of Faith.

Evil influence romping unbridled will play upon his will, whilst impassioned adolescence will aid not a little in the furious attacks upon body and mind.

A keen desire for scientific knowledge is the aim and purpose of all secondary education. The astounding discoveries and inventions of brilliant minds are impelling the ambitions to constant and deeper research. Investigations and experiments follow upon each other; and the student is true to his innate desire to make nature give up her secrets. As each corridor of science is opened by his endeavor he marvels at nature, and gives unstinted honor to human intelligence. As a necessary consequence his area of knowledge is limited to the things he sees, experiences, to the facts and data on which he can lay his

fingers. Scientific research leads no further; and it is with the material at hand that a student builds up his philosophy of life. Often, oftener perhaps than we are inclined to believe, he sits at the feet of a teacher whose principles of life and conduct are irreligious. It is not necessary to mention the preponderant influence that masters have on the character formation of their pupils.

The deep, lasting truths upon which all knowledge is built, enter but remotely, if at all, into the modern scientific researches. They are too distant to assert themselves before a superficial mind, too profound to occupy moments that are apparently so precious. Playing no part in the futherance of life, they allow puny reason to go unaided in its moil. The sphere of mental activity thus limited, its growth is stunted, and the sensible world, opened up by new ideals, new countries, new inventions, new friends, soon becomes too vast for complete investigation. The result is that such an education is not thorough; it is only a veneer. Soon God, and the things of God—the source and end of all happiness—vanish and the final outcome spells unhappiness.

This is the problem which the Church faces to-day, it is a problem that confronts all educators. Our so-called education has made the world unhappy, profoundly unhappy; and unless it has lost all sense of self-preservation, it must recognize, and that in our own day, its fatal mistake. The manhood of to-day—the parents of its future—will either adopt the plan of universal suicide, or their sense of *natural* affection for their offspring will compel them to bring up their children in an atmosphere more pure. They, the unhappy ones of to-day, with a spark of sense surviving, they with blighted lives and shattered hopes, with ruined bodies and arid souls, will not consent to an educational system of athestic materialism, irreligious agnosticism and pagan sensualism for their children, their own flesh and blood; because these make man painfully unhappy, and man *needs* happiness.



The Catholic Church, and she alone, can solve the problem: filled with perennial truth, she will administer to the needs, not only of the child, but also of the man. She follows him into his college and university course with the unchangeable truths of Faith. She will by her representatives, explain the Commandments in keeping with his mind's developments. She dispenses her Sacraments, those channels of grace, life, strength, protection

and rescue: they will permeate his daily life, keeping him in God's way, or leading him back, if perchance he should wander far afield. Religion, and the reasonable homage of Faith, will be the healthy atmosphere in the trying years of his life, they will be the determining factor in making him walk with head, heart and soul directed towards heaven. The so-called asperities of Catholic training will anneal him to the trials of the dark days in his existence. The Church will teach him, in addition to the triumphs of profane knowledge, that there is a God above, Who is perfect, just, wise, eternal, merciful and provident; that thither he must tend, for, thence he came; that God's law is written, not only on tables of stone, but also on the fleshy tablets of his heart. She will teach him too, to heed the silent voice of conscience, to respect its dictates, since it is the mirror of the eternal law of God. Thus he wiil develop a salutary fear, making nature do violence to itself in obedience to a moral law. She will teach him the only true philosophy of life; whence he came, whither he goes, by what road he must travel, the dangers that beset him, and the aids he can find along the steep and dangerous mountain-path to God. Thus, the lonesomeness of being good shall be less lonesome, and the happiness of being better shall be attended with more joy.

If the student, in the course of his mental training, stops, as he must, to consider the masterpieces of pagan antiquity, he will be prevented from making these the principles of his life and activity; for, he will find in his Catholic surroundings, side by side with these, the great achievements of the heroes and heroines of God. Faith will lead him from pagan Rome and heathen Athens to Christian Calvary, where a God-man offered Himself a victim for humanity's sin. There he finds the one perfect man, Christ, the one true Ideal, of perfect personal holiness, service, devotion and loyalty to God. There he finds the brilliant standard that gives life its true value; that holds out hope and consolation in his bitter struggle; that assures him of freedom and health and home and happiness.

As youth grows up into ambitious manhood, and grapples on the one hand with the difficulty of social unrest, or fights on the other for religious tolerance and the freedom of arts and sciences, his Catholic teachers will quickly unfold to him the divinely beautiful history of the Church, giving, in ages that were once

ignorantly styled dark, the only solution to socialism, by her system of gilds and co-operation; they will convince him by facts that do not lie, that the Church is the defender of toleration, and the chiefest patroness of arts and sciences; that she has aided and encouraged, not burdened and discountenanced, whatever was good, beautiful and true; that this is her mission from God. The Church's motto is that all study should be visualized with a sentiment of religion; that branches should be taught by those who embody and personify Christ, the world's greatest Educator; that religion itself should be a living thing, growing, developing and blossoming into the flowers of virtue and truth, that it should take hold of the entire man, shape his ends, form his habits, fit him to be a leader and teacher of his fellowmen, to make for the greater progress and peace of humanity.

Catholic education is the world's only panacea. Poor world, if you could but realize it! If you would look up to the Church who is and lives for you! If you would only hear her easy, suave, all-pervading, comforting, strengthening, ennobling, life-giving teaching! Come, ere yet it is too late, grasp the helping hand she stretches forth, receive her proffered aid. Quaff from her limpid waters, draw from her bounteous store. Hark, as she bids you forth from your fetid tomb: then you will have life more abundantly, supply more lastingly, draught more copiously. By the education, born of God, taught by Christ, and perpetuated by the Catholic Church, O needy world, thou shalt be sated.

J. F. CARROLL.



O Child Divine!

O Child Divine,
You speak in wailing love but one desire:
To warm my frozen heart with God-lit fire,
To raise me from earth's sordid, sinful mire:

O Savior mine,
With Thee away, my life is but a toy
Of folly's fancy, a reflected joy,
Like frost flowers all, true sanctity's decoy.

O Heart, entwine
A heart that loved, alas, how long ago!
And now, far colder than the fallen snow,
Is loath to rise, and fain would lie below.

My cause is Thine
And yet how other from my Spouse and King!
My wayward soul, I pray, to Bethlehem bring:
But give love's tune; its melody will ring
In heaven's shrine.

MICHAEL F. COLEMAN.

Amateurs Abroad.

THE Pittsburgh Millionaire sat in his library, comfortably established in his favorite chair among his favorite books and tobaccos. A cheerful fire roared jovially up his chimney, his reading lamp glowed at his elbow, and the pleasant odor of fir mixed with the blue haze from his havanas. The room was permeated by a feeling of languid comfort. To enter this, the Millionaire's favorite haunt, was to eat of the lotus. This room alone could have realized the dreams of many a tired, comfort-seeking business man. The Millionaire had it all: comfort, money, name; what more could mortal man desire? But the answer to that is this story.

The Millionaire referred to was a middle-aged person with a decided convexity about the region of his waistcoat. He was a law-abiding citizen of the Steel City and was of the self-made variety. According to the Sunday supplements, his admiring and enthusiastic biographers, he had gone through all the stages of

the self-made man. He was born in a small village—in a log cabin no doubt; he worked on his father's modest little farm and gathered his small store of knowledge from the village schoolmaster. College halls had never echoed to the tread of his youthful feet. Then he left his home town and started out to conquer the business world with his bundle of newspapers under his arm. Finally, with the kiss of Fortune damp upon his downy young cheek, he paid the usual visit to the place of his birth, and after dazzling it with his brief presence, he went away to the haunts of the capitalist, there to remain.

Those who knew the Millionaire intimately considered this an excellent bit of fiction, and so it is. He did come from a small town and he did pay it a visit once, I believe, but that is all. The rest is the work of some enterprising reporter. The Millionaire did not mind it for it gave him prestige, of which he was fond.

The evening of which I am writing happened to be Christmas Eve. Christmas, you know, is that joyous season of the year when men have a day or so of pleasure as a relief from the daily grind. It is sort of an oasis in a desert of ice. It is the time when young men hang mistletoe in every suitable corner for the express benefit of young ladies who feign ignorance of its presence. It is the time when children search out their largest hosiery and don their most expansive smiles. It is the time when the amateur Caliph walks abroad, preying upon his fellow-men in the name of Charity. The innocent tramp is waylaid in the highways and byways of the city and burdened with advice, food, or perhaps money, while his life story is dragged from him. Sometimes he tells the truth, more often he does not. He knows that his benefactor is but a seeker of Romance and he is prone to oblige. Often the tramp's diagnosis is correct; the Caliph is merely in search of adventure, and truth matters not. After the weary one's story is told, the Caliph goes away full of sympathy and satisfaction and the incident is quickly forgotten.

Once in a while, however, a Caliph may be sincere in his desire to help others help themselves. This class of men form the first division of Caliphs. They are conscious-stricken millionaires who yearn to rid themselves of superfluous currency. The rest are merely adventurers or, once in a while, enthusiastic authors desiring to see "how the other half lives."

Now we must return to the Millionaire who sat in his library one cold and windy Christmas Eve. The book he had selected was not to his liking, so he laid it aside intending to find another.

His eye fell upon a piece of holly above the mantel-piece, and he neglected his search for a book and sank back into his chair.

The little sprig of holly aroused him to a reminiscent mood He remembered how often he had rejoiced at its presence in the house of his father. He began to recall all those pleasant memories of his childhood. He remembered the fictitious article about himself which had appeared in the paper a few years before. It had something to do with Christmas, but he couldn't quite remember. What was it now? Oh yes, it recounted his imaginary struggles with life and his benevolence toward others engaged in that same struggle. He chuckled. Benevolence indeed! These fool uplift societies made him laugh. As if they of all things could help these fools who had wasted their lives! Suddenly he caught himself. Who was he, that he should judge the deeds of others? It behooved him more, he reflected, to get into the spirit of Christmas and help some of these men better themselves.

Slowly but surely, something descended on to the Millionaire's shoulders. It engulfed him. In it, he lost his identity as a millionaire. It was the cloak of the first of the generous Caliphs, the good Haroun Al Raschid. He was now a member of the great Order of Caliph of the First Type, which type, you may recall, I have already described.

He rang for his man John.

"Have the limousine at the door in fiteen minutes, John, and get me the oldest clothes you can find in my wardrobe."

If John was surprised he did not show it.

"Yes sir," he said.

A half hour later the Caliph's car was threading its way through the congested downtown streets. It was the hour of six, and the tired shoppers were hurrying homeward with their Christmas bundles. The Caliph inside his car toyed with a white envelope containing a note which he had written before he left his house. He thought of all the good he might have done had this project occurred to him sooner. A lump rose in his throat and he put his hand up to it. In reality, he was only drawing the Caliph's cape more closely about him.

James, with a precision acquired only after years of practice, picked his parking place and brought the machine into it. The Caliph stepped out on the pavement.

"Be back in a short time, James. Wait here."

The intense cold of the evening bothered the Caliph not at

all, but the chauffeur drew his collar higher about his neck. You see, he had no cape to keep him warm.

The Caliph navigated the human stream as far as Fifth and Sixth Avenues where the crowd began to thin. He turned down Sixth and walked to Forbes where he stopped. Few people pass here at this time, but those that do are worthy of a Caliph's attention. Most of the city's derelicts are found in this section. It is the vicinity of the jail which looms gray and cold above the dirty streets. Its inmates, when released, have not the ambition to move away to better parts. They just stick, and hence the place is clogged with the scum of the city.

The Caliph leaned himself gratefully against the iron picket fence and waited. It was a foggy, stormy night. The snow whirled madly before the howling wind, and reduced the light of the street lamps to a dull blue. The occasional passersby were blots, hardly distinguishable through the cloud of snowflakes.

After a few minutes' waiting, a shapeless blot which had been ambling along the opposite side of the street hesitated, and then came toward the Caliph. The blot gradually assumed the form and proportions of a man, and a ragged one too.

He accosted the Caliph thus:

"Merry Christmas, friend. I—"

The Caliph jumped at the opportunity to offer his helping hand.

"The same to you, my friend. You seem to be in need. Is there anything I can do to help?"

A look of surprise drifted across the tramp's countenance, and he gave an imperceptible start. The Caliph, misreading his hesitation, continued his encouragement.

"Come, tell me all about it. I'm always ready to help."

The tramp smiled, and then he answered:

"Oh, it's the same old story. You look like you're on the level, though, so I guess I'll tell you. A few years ago I used to write stories. I was a journalist and a good one, too. Then along came Ruth, y'know, just like she always does. Met her one evening and we got real chummy. Then I told her the old, old stuff, and all that, y'know, and she just laughed at me. Well, you know the rest. I tried to drown my sorrows in the bottle, and I played cards some, and lost all I had. I couldn't write stories any more. My ambition was gone along with my purse, and here I am."

The Caliph patted him on the shoulder.

"Buck up, old scout, and forget the girl. She wasn't worth your time. Take this, and try again. Good-bye, and good luck to you. Merry Christmas!"

The Caliph slipped the envelope into the hand of the astonished tramp and melted into the mist. He made his way as quickly as he could to where his car was waiting.

"Hurry home, James," he said. "Dinner's at seven, and I have guests."

"Yes, sir," said James.

As the Caliph climbed into the car the cape fell from his shoulders. Its work was done. He was the Millionaire once more.

* * *

The tramp stood where the Caliph had left him, staring at the thing in his hand. Slowly he walked along Forbes Street to where a limousine stood parked. The tramp moved up to it and in the dull glow of its sidelamps opened the envelope and read its contents. The first was a sheet of note paper which he unfolded and read:

"Don't forget what I told you. Maybe this will help you try again. Merry Christmas, and remember me.

"J—— R——"

The tramp smiled as he noted the signature. He again searched the depths of the envelope and drew out a bill. It was a crisp, new one hundred dollar bill. He looked again at the signature and then turned to the chauffeur who sat half dozing in the car.

"Some story!" he chuckled.

"Merry Christmas, George," he said, handing the bill to the chauffeur. "Now hurry home. Dinner's at seven, and I have guests."

"Yes, sir,—thank you, sir," said George, and the car slid away into the mist.

JOSEPH CAMERON, Third High B.



Drive For a Greater Duquesne.

NEVER in the history of campaigns was seen the thing which we have seen. Out of the failure of the mid-October drive, through gigantic efforts and unparalled enthusiasm, we came forth triumphant with more than our million-dollar quota in mid-November.

Rallying to the call of their spiritual father, the good Bishop of this diocese, the faithful in almost every parish of the ten Western Pennsylvania counties began organizing their teams about October 21st. Between that date and November 6th, the forces of the campaign were reformed and rejuvenated. Leading and wealthy men and women signed a pledge to undertake the work and be responsible for its success. Realizing the disgrace connected with failure in the first campaign for higher education in this diocese, the vast body of our Catholic people determined to put their shoulders to the wheel and work as part of the big unit which would stretch to all points in Western Pennsylvania. The father who has not received the advantages of higher education fully realizes his handicap. He will not ask the younger generation to travel his thorny path. Practical experience compels him to realize that, in this generation, brains, education, and refinement are essential for success. All looked upon this as one of the rare opportunities that come their way to perform some act that will broaden their own lives and expand the lives of others. The thought was brought home to many that he who builds a university can breathe his last in peace and security, knowing that his usefulness will live with the future generations.

What Gave Us the New Start.

Thoughts like these were brought to the attention of our people week after week in the churches and in the columns of the Pittsburgh *Catholic* and the Pittsburgh *Observer.* We subjoin one such appeal, appearing in the *Catholic* of October 21st.

Will you join the new army?

Every Catholic, man, woman and child, in Western Pennsylvania, should be on the honor roll of contributors to be blessed with the corner stone of this greater Catholic University. Their names will be remembered in Heaven with all the good and all the benefits accruing to humanity in the years to come resulting from the work of priests, doctors, lawyers, and educated men who will develop their brains and talents in this higher school for learning.

The Executive Committee knowing the status of the situation at this time and realizing how necessary it is for every man and woman and working boy or girl to take an interest in the cause of their church, urgently request full co-operation.

We shall be compelled to work morning, noon and night for the formation of teams and planning for the general canvass between November 6th and November 15th. We are giving up our time besides our money because we realize that the entire Catholic family of the diocese will be humiliated if we fail.

If we win the credit will belong to all of us. And we can win if you will spare a small part of your time to work and boost. If you find any Catholic who is not in favor of this drive ask him or her to remember the lessons of charity and if they cannot boost ask them to kindly silence their tongues for the sake of the good fathers of the Holy Ghost who are spending their lives for the material and spiritual welfare of you and all of us.

The Catholic people of the entire diocese are all interested and should all be united in this effort. If you do not want to work please do not discourage others by your pessimism.

This campaign can be made a success. In every drive and every effort there are always the few who fail to understand or cannot see the final result. They are always in conspicuous places when success rewards the efforts of the faithful.

In this money-raising effort, with the help of God, answering the prayers of the priests, the good sisters and the children of our schools, we will celebrate another victory and great achievement for the diocese on the evening of November 15th.

You who read this statement are requested to appear at campaign headquarters. Come as a lay apostolate. Be a volunteer. If you make a sacrifice offer it up. Make up your mind to do your part. What the other Catholic does not do will make no material difference. In all these campaigns the same names, the same workers, the same contributors are found. They are the salt of the earth. They are the sort of Catholics who build churches, schools, universities and are responsible for the growth and development of the Catholic Church in Western Pennsylvania.

Remember the dates—November 6th with an opening dinner in the evening—then the closing dinner on November 15th.

Call at campaign headquarters, Union Arcade, Grant Street. Office hours morning, noon and night.

In the same issue appeared a "Heart to Heart Talk of Vital Interest to Your Family—Why the University Drive Must Succeed.

HELP THE BOYS TO CLIMB.

There is every evidence that the philanthropic people of this city who have climbed the ladder and who value education as the essential cause of success to-day more than in former years, are ready to assist this higher educational institution which is crowded to the doors with students working all day and studying all night to equip themselves for leadership in the affairs of life. These students are representative of every creed. They come from every walk of life and are inspired by ambition to burn the midnight oil in their youthful preparedness for the future.

No single individual can reach down and give to all these ambitious boys the friendly grip of helpfulness, but all together we can place ourselves at their back by extending the service of this great University and by erecting additional buildings, and make it possible for every ambitious boy to surmount the obstacles of environment and rise to the heights only gained by systematic and higher education.

Money could not be given in a better cause where so many results will accrue to the benefit of a community. The generation of youth in this day will be the manhood of to-morrow. Their training to-day will mould their opinions in the days to come.

Duquesne University is doing a great work for the future manhood of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and America. Its output is cultivated human minds trained to seize and solve problems. Boys and young men are being qualified for special work and their efficiency and knowledge will make them factors in every corporation, business establishment and profession of this great district.

Hundreds are taking advantage of the special night courses.

Boys with the example of Abe Lincoln at their back begin a new day's work after their regular office hours in their studious efforts to climb higher.

REAL PHILANTHROPY.

The man who has helped some human being to help himself, possesses that brand of benevolence which spells philanthropy. He helps the individual, the family, the state and the nation. His money is preparing an army of generals for the days to come

when brains trained with the consciousness of God must combat the anarchist forces striving to stifle initiative, and destroy our country's constitution baptized in the blood of our fathers and confirmed by the supreme sacrifice of thousands of sons in the fields of France and Flanders. Having your name in the corner-stone of the Duquesne University will perpetuate your memory as a big broad-gauged man or woman of this particular time who never believed that "What is good enough for the father is good enough for the son." Your name in that record of givers to be honored when the stone is laid and when the buildings are consecrated, will represent you in every class of students sent forth into the world to preach the gospel as ministers of God; to defend the poor, weak and helpless before the bar of justice as attorneys; to attend to the sick and dying as physicians. You will have some great part in all the energy, effort and success accomplished by trained efficient minds educated as a result of your philanthropy.

That is the big idea back of the Duquesne University campaign for a million dollars. You are helping young men to help themselves. You are moulding cultivated minds and rearing ideal Christian manhood. You are doing a work for God Almighty and your country when you train men to be loyal to Our Father and Our Flag.

This can be done by doing as the Hebrews did last week in the Y. M. H. A. campaign. They wanted half a million dollars and they all got together and they raised the money. The rich and the poor were in the army of workers. In no other way could the money have been raised. Duquesne University will have the will and efforts of the students and the alumni, but that organization is not sufficient to cope with conditions. We want the mother and father of every student. We need the stalwart Catholics of every congregation under the leadership of their priests to enter into the spirit of the campaign, to be represented at the dinners and to make reports from day to day. The workers will be asked to accompany the pastors to the dinners. There will be real rejoicing on that last day when the drive succeeds.

These are only some samples of the sort of publicity given to the new campaign. In addition letters went out from headquarters to all the pastors, with instructions regarding the formation of teams; to sisters, requesting their prayers and the prayers of the children under their charge; to alumni, demanding

their whole-hearted support. The Knights of Columbus and the Daughters of Isabella aided materially in the work of reorganization. By the time Saturday, November 6th was reached, about one nundred and fifty teams had been organized, and before the end of the drive this number had risen to over two hundred, making an aggregate of more than 5,000 workers.

DINNERS AND REPORTS.

The formal reopening of the Drive took place Saturday, November 6th, at a largely attended dinner and rally in Kaufmann's, at which Willis F. McCook, the general chairman, presided. To all who can "read the signs," it was evident that now at last the old reliable Catholic family of half a million under their Bishop's leadership would register a victory for Catholic prestige and honor. Mr. McCook's reference to the enormous wealth resulting from the wonderful endowment by Almighty God of so many natural resources along the three rivers of this great industrial empire; his emphasis on the development which trained brains from the universities can bring, and on the harvest which the youth of to-day can prepare to gather to-morrow—all this was inspirational for every father and mother who listened. The talk of State Deputy F. W. Ries, Jr., showing how few of the millions have risen to places of distinction in the affairs of the world, and an overwhelming percentage of these were trained in universities, was proof positive that the Church and her members can never successfully accomplish the big work for unity, according to the broad, comprehensive plan of her founder, until men are reared to represent her as leaders in every walk of life. They can never lead unless they are equipped to lead. Bishop Canevin's address told of his great interest in this campaign for higher education, and indicated the pleasure he enjoyed when he reached the great auditorium, packed with people, workers indeed from every parish, members of the faithful "old guard" who realize the merit of self-sacrifice for every good cause. Their noble spirit and the good they will accomplish for the Church and for humanity were repeatedly referred to by the Bishop, who expressed appreciation of their whole-hearted response to his appeal.

In front of the speakers' table sat a group of fifty well-known business men, headed by John J. O'Connor. At a dinner on November 4th, they and thirty others had raised among themselves $55,000.00, and pledged themselves to secure contributions

to the amount of one-tenth of the million among the corporations and business people. The story of how they raised the $55,000.00 is worth recording.

They happened to be real Catholics—the 80 staunch men from different parts of the diocese who are never in the limelight, but who are ever ready with money and effort to assume their personal responsibility for any important work of the Church. When the invitations were issued these 80 did not send "regrets." They knew the conference related to the Duquesne University drive, and they understood thoroughly that the success of that drive will mean that every man must put his shoulder to the wheel and put his hand deep down into his pocket. They fully realized that Catholic prestige and honor was at stake unless they made possible an organization willing to give and to get between that date and November 15th.

Remarkable speeches were made by Chairman Willis F. McCook, James Francis Burke, Judge Ambrose Reid, Alexander P. Moore and M. J. Slattery. But the short statement of a well-known parish priest appealed to the heart and conscience of all present and when the suggestion was made "Let's do it now," money was valued for the good it can do hereafter and not to-day.

When Rev. George J. Bullion, of Holy Rosary Parish, stood up and addressed Chairman McCook, an ordinary appeal for funds was anticipated. But it proved to be otherwise. He told a simple story. It related to a young man, robbed of a bread-winner in the death of a father who had as a heritage grit and muscle and a sense of duty. He was the sole support of a mother and five children. He had but little education and in those days labor was not valued as it is to-day. He struggled and sacrificed for the sake of the dependent family until his brothers and sisters were self-supporting, and then this dutiful son married. The union was blessed with children, and among them a son. A little better off than he was formerly, but still working before the heat of a furnace on the South Side, he saved to give his children all that he never could get as a boy. He studied and struggled to elevate himself that his family could enjoy the comforts a greater earning power would bestow.

Often during the hot nights standing before the white heat of the furnaces he would pray that this boy would be spared the labor and anxiety of his own youth ahd manhood.

One summer night, sitting on the Monongahela river bank with the cool air from the valley drying up the beads of perspiration rolling from his brow, his eyes detected a brilliant light

on a bluff across the river. He was told that the light came from the college conducted by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost; that it was the new Catholic school for higher education. The mill worker thought of the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy back home and when he made the resolution he offered up a prayer that his boy could some day enter that institution, develop his brains and take his place as an educated man among the men of his day.

"Now," said Father Bullion, "I want to make a confession. That good man's prayer has been answered by Almighty God. His boy entered that University. He spent several years of his life there. Within those walls he discovered his vocation. To-day he is a priest of God. *That man who saw the light on the Bluff was my good father and I am his son.*"

No applause followed this remarkable story. Each of the eighty business men present was absorbed in self-communion. What better example for the need of University training could have been given than this solemn, tender tribute of an appreciative son for the nobility of character and the sacrifice of a father? Standing there as a product of Duquesne University, pledging himself to give $1,000.00 for the success of the campaign in the cause of higher education and for the prestige and honor of the Catholic people, Father Bullion was as a living proof of the product of his *Alma Mater.*

There have been a hundred or more young priests ordained for the service of Almighty God as a result of Duquesne University. They nearly all represent supreme sacrifices. Their life's work to-day represents an achievement on the part of the Holy Ghost Fathers during bygone years. If so much good was done in the past without your help, do you not feel that you should enlarge the University and assure for this diocese a training school for young men with a vocation for the priesthood? What part of your wealth would you give if your own son could stand in the place of Father Bullion, confessing with tears in his eyes that noble tribute to you in sincere gratitude?

The 80 men who heard the story turned the matter over in something of the foregoing manner and gave according to their means. May God bless them. We know them all.

MONDAY'S REPORT.

The first formal reports of the progress of the drive were made Monday, November 8th, at a luncheon of team captains at Kaufmann's. Although fewer than thirty teams from the whole

diocese reported, the total for the day was $26,308.00. Frank T. Lauinger, captain of St. Paul's Cathedral teams, presided. Referring to the wonderful opportunities Pittsburgh holds out not only as an industrial centre but as an educational centre, he predicted that the time would come when the universities of this city would rival those of Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard and Yale. Rev. Ralph L. Hayes, D. D., in urging support of the building fund, cited statistics showing that the 40,000 teachers employed in this country represent an annual salary investment of $700.00 each, or $30,000,000.00, the equivalent, exclusive of maintenance of the schools, of a permanent endowment of $600,000,000.00. In this university, he continued, the Order of the Holy Ghost supports twenty teachers, representing an annual salary valuation of $50,000.00, or the equivalent of a $1,000,000.00 endowment. M. J. Slattery, who had been conducting meetings in rural parishes, told of scores of young men and women who contributed from $20.00 to $250.00 each. In some families, he said, several children had given, with a view to furnishing higher education for younger brothers.

The event of Monday, November 8th, was, however, the launching of the Canevin Club, which would enroll all contributors of $1,000.00 or more. We here reproduce some of the display ads which the papers carried regarding this Club, whose inauguration was one of the factors contributing most vitally to the success of the drive.

The daily papers of November 11th carried this display advertisement:

A TRIBUTE TO BISHOP CANEVIN.

THE CANEVIN CLUB.

That was a happy thought of Rev. Ralph L. Hayes, D. D., Superintendent of Parochial Schools, to suggest a Canevin Limit Club, making all eligible who subscribe $1,000.00 in payments over a period of two years. He started the list at a small meeting of priests and within ten minutes as many names were enrolled. The first subscribers were the clergymen who have so willingly abandoned their parish activities when their spiritual leader issued a call, who are anxious that he shall succeed in the ambition of his life to erect, in this great industrial district where his works and efforts have helped to lift up humanity, a Duquesne University which will be the pride of all people in Western Pennsylvania. The Canevin Limit Club will

be popular among priests of the Catholic Church, the laymen, and all big, broad-minded non-Catholics who know this man of God who is spending his life for the good of mankind.

As Bishop of the Pittsburgh diocese his guiding hand and judgment is the inspiration for all activities in 290 parishes. He is the spiritual director of 600,000 worshipers, including one-time aliens who within a few years have amalgamated the spirit of America with their knowledge of God. Only those who know the deep-seated passion of Bishop Canevin for his flag can appreciate his faith and hope in the future of America, made up of men educated to love and defend their country. Higher education, according to Bishop Canevin, will never ignore the great truths which restrain the passions of men, overcome avarice and vice and which compel obedience to authority. It is the mission of Duquesne University to develop for the family and for the State the highest type of American citizenship.

That is why the big generous heart and thoughtful mind of Bishop Canevin is in the drive for a million dollars. That is why he has launched a campaign trusting to every priest and layman in the diocese to make it a success. They believe that every corporation and business firm will realize the importance of this great school; that the work of Duquesne in past years is shown in the men of law, of medicine and in business who were among Duquesne graduates.

The campaign is lagging. That is to be expected in the first few days of any campaign. But when the big loyal family of Bishop Canevin in the ten counties of Western Pennsylvania enter into this campaign and make their final reports on Monday evening, November 15th, at Kaufmann's dining room, the faith of their leader will have been justified.

That is why Rev. Ralph L. Hayes and a dozen priests started the Canevin Limit Club. If all the priests and all the friends of Bishop Canevin in the ten counties of Western Pennsylvania join the club, over half a million dollars will be available before Friday night and there will be surprising results before Monday evening. Those who have given more than $1,000.00 will be entitled to memberships for their wives and children. Two or three can join together and give $1,000.00 and will be part of the great tribute to the fountain head of the Catholic Church in this great manufacturing district. They will appreciate that this man, who is an inspiration for law and order, patriotism and civic pride among over 600,000 workers in mills, mines

and factories, should witness a triumph in this great plan for higher education

The part the Canevin Club will take in raising the million can be judged by the spontaneous response one day after its introduction. The list of names in the club are all men who love and appreciate the Bishop of Pittsburgh. They are men who have seen his quiet, unostentatious work for humanity in the hospitals, homes for the poor, the aged, and the Magdalene. They can see him now, in the winter of his life, endeavoring to accomplish what has been the dream of his life.

The name of every priest and layman who realize the importance of this great work will be part of this magnificent tribute before next Monday. Each day the list will be published Watch it grow. The names of individuals, firms or manufacturers can be included.

Make all checks payable to B. F. Lewis, Treasurer, Duquesne University Campaign, 521 Grant Street.

Executive Committee.

Fifty-two names accompanied the following text in Friday's papers:

Priests and Laymen Join in Public Tribute to Bishop Canevin.

The Canevin $1,000.00 Limit Club will have at least 500 members before next Monday night. The anxiety of every priest to make a sacrifice in order to pay some sincere tribute to this whole-souled citizen and churchman was shown yesterday by the inquiries from pastors and assistants throughout the diocese seeking information regarding the payment plan over a period of two years.

Bishop Canevin is loved by every Catholic man, woman, boy and girl in the diocese. The contribution of Edmund G. O'Connor representing the desire of his family to join the testimonial explains a family friendship of many years. It was Bishop Canevin who eulogized the elder O'Connor a few years ago, recalling how that name was identified with the early progress of the Church and her Pittsburgh institutions. The gift of James Francis Burke recalls the days when he sat at the feet of the then Father Canevin where he received the inspiration for further study and higher ambitions. The $1,000.00 contribution of every man on the list represents some sacrifice, and recalls friendships

and affections associated with the families of the givers and the Bishop which has not been forgotten. The co-operation of priests and their haste to join the Canevin Club indicates the veneration for the spiritual leader of the diocesan flock.

A new development occurred yesterday in the accumulation of these $1,000.00 offerings for the Canevin Club. Parishioners who love their pastors and who have received the call of the Bishop in this Campaign are banding together to subscribe, independently of what they have given or intend to give, for a $1,000.00 pledge bearing the name of their priests. They did not want the list to be read out at the closing meeting next Monday night without their priests' part of this their first and only public tribute ever made for their Bishop. Between now and Monday night parishioners, knowing the financial ability or inability of their pastors and their assistants, will get together and underwrite subscriptions for 1,000.00. By this method they can honor their priests and at the same time all will be part of the effort to honor the Bishop. One man who has placed the name of his wife in the Canevin $1,000.00 Club intends to give $1,000.00 for each of his four children. "I want the entire family represented on the list to be part of the tablet commemorating the great work of our Bishop. He has been a wonderful friend of our family. He is a wonderful Bishop. I am pleased that so many priests have taken the leadership in this special testimonial, and every layman should join the club and make it a success. Two, three or four could write for a $1,000.00 membership."

The Daughters of Isabella, Pittsburgh Court No. 253, was the first organization to join the club as a body. These hard working girls who aim to do their quota of charitable work each year will struggle for twelve months to make good their subscription. Councils of Knights of Columbus which have given smaller amounts will increase their subscriptions to get into the Canevin Club. The Knights of St. George, Knights of St. John, Ancient Order of Hibernians and other organizations will undoubtedly help to insure success of this effort to honor the Bishop.

The Committee of Priests in charge of the Canevin Limit Club desire all who intend to join to get their pledges in to-day. The dinner at noon to-day (Friday) will be the last until Monday night, when the roll call of all churches in the ten counties of the diocese will be read. At that time the work of each parish priest in response to the call of the Bishop will be shown. It will

be interesting to watch the result and many surprises can be anticipated. The fund should reach the $200,000.00 mark to-day, providing the team captains call at the luncheons and turn in their reports.

The papers of Saturday, November 13th, bore a greatly increased list of names, with the Bishop's picture, and the following appeal, set in display type:

500 WILL JOIN CANEVIN LIMIT CLUB AS TRIBUTE TO BISHOP.

Priests Being Honored by Parishioners Working in Duquesne University Campaign.

Laymen, pledging themselves to raise $1,000.00 in two years and honoring their clergy with membership in the Bishop Canevin $1,000.00 Limit Club, resulted in the largest total subscription of the week yesterday at the noon luncheon for workers in the Duquesne University million dollar campaign. Over 50 new members in the $1,000.00 Canevin Club were enrolled. The announcements came with reports from team captains and Rt. Rev. Regis Canevin, who was present, remarked the liberality of priests in many of the poorer parishes and the generosity of men and women whose names have never before appeared in public print. The new subscribers are from parish priests who are always foremost in the work of the diocese, all of whom are earnestly striving to assist Bishop Canevin in his first effort to establish in Pittsburgh a university which will add fame to Western Pennsylvania.

Next Monday night will witness the greatest assemblage of Catholic workers ever called together in Western Pennsylvania. They will include the progressive Catholics who are foremost in all social, civic, patriotic and religious work. They are the men and women who can surmount difficulties, who have parish pride and who are determined that a quota shall be reached which will represent the generosity and co-operation of their membership. The big dinner for all workers on Monday night will be a victory for the 5,000 workers who will have made good after an eleventh hour rally and who will make every minute of the time count between now and 7 P. M. Monday, the hour for last reports.

The list of Canevin Club members will be published each day as the reports are received at headquarters, 521 Grant Street, where the committee of priests and laymen will be on duty morning, noon and night until the Monday evening finish in Kaufmann's auditorium.

On Monday, November 15th, accompanying the following text, were 155 contributors' names:

MANY CONTRIBUTORS HAVE INCREASED FORMER SUBSCRIPTIONS TO JOIN TESTIMONIAL HONORING BISHOP CANEVIN.

Members of Colored Catholic Congregation Sign $1,000.00 Pledge to Have Name of Pastor on the Honor Roll of Priests.

All the families who can afford to join will be listed in the Canevin $1,000.00 Limit Club before the close of the campaign to-night. Their names will be included in the parish reports at the closing dinner in Kaufmann's Auditorium. Rev. M. H. Ward of Bridgeville yesterday reported that he had secured 10 members for the Canevin Club, There will be a large number from St. Paul's Cathedral and the Sacred Heart parish. The surprise of yesterday came with the pledge for $1,000.00 from St. Benedict's colored congregation. They had previously given $300.00 and increased the amount so as to honor their pastor, Rev. William F. Stadelman.

Hundreds of the 1,000.00 members of the Canevin Club include men and women who have already given from $100.00 to $500.00, who have added enough to become $1,000.00 subscribers, which entitles them to full membership. Many well-known Catholic women, who can afford to do so, called up yesterday to state that they would join. Others, whose names are not included, who cannot afford to go the $1,000.00 limit, are giving from $100.00 to 500.00. The popularity of parish priests among their congregations is indicated by the anxiety of the members to have their names included in the Bishop Canevin Club. St. William's congregation, East Pittsburgh, was an example of this yesterday. Not only did the members sign up for Rev. L. A. Carroll, the pastor, but they added another card for Rev. B. P. O'Boyle, the assistant pastor, who has been one of the hard workers in the campaign.

A conference was held yesterday by the priests and laymen who are forming the permanent Canevin Club. They anticipated last night that the name of every priest in the diocese will be represented on the list, providing the members of their congregations show sufficient interest in their pastors and subscribe in their names.

Arrangements can be made for joining the Canevin $1,000.00 Limit Clnb by making payments over a period of from two to three years. Congregations honoring their pastors with member-

ship can make payments by holding euchres or some entertainment at different periods during two years.

The full list of membership will be known after the records have been compiled, following tonight's reports. It was decided by the Executive Committee to publish the full and revised list in the daily newspapers next Sunday. At that time it is believed that the list of Canevin Club members will include the names of every man and woman who can afford to join throughout the diocese.

Two weeks from now a testimonial dinner will be given in honor of the Bishop, at which the members of the club will be the hosts. At that time Bishop Canevin will be handed the list of names to be cut in bronze on the tablet over the memorial building, which will represent the affection of appreciative Catholics for their spiritual leader.

TUESDAY'S REPORTS.

We have interrupted the historique of the drive to give our readers some samples of the sort of publicity given the Canevin Club. The reports made by sixteen teams on Tuesday, November 9th, brought the total receipts up to $49,008.77. Eugene S. Reilly presided at the luncheon of team captains. He emphasized the fact that the University has been a force for Christian education and Americanization in Western Pennsylvania, and said the appeal was one that could rightly expect a response from every man and every interest in the district. Attorney John E. Laughlin, the principal speaker of the day, told of the great number of boys and girls of poor families who are being helped by the institution in their effort to better themselves. Of 1,500 students enrolled in the law and economic schools, 1,450, he said, are working their way through college in positions provided for them, in a great number of cases, by the college faculty. The same is true in great measure of the young men in the college of arts and letters.

WEDNESDAY'S REPORTS.

Joseph Weldon presided at the team captains' luncheon in Kaufmann's on November 10th, and P. J. McArdle was the principal speaker. Mr. McArdle particularly urged support of the Canevin Club and suggested that members of the 290 parishes in the Pittsburgh diocese of the Catholic Church underwrite memberships for their priests. Immediately the suggestion was taken up by captains in five parishes. The Daughters of Isabella,

through their chaplain, Rev. L. A. Carroll, also announced they would take a membership. Reports were made by 24 teams for a total of $21,330.20, making the grand total formally reported $70,335.37. The highest total for the day was $6,980.50 from the Holy Ghost fathers who conduct Duquesne University. This represented, in addition to their personal subscriptions, money received from students and others interested in the university. The second highest total on November 10th was $3,856.00 from the workers in St. Paul's Cathedral.

THURSDAY'S REPORTS.

The campaign went over the $100,000.00 mark November 11th, with total contributions of $39,922,25 for the day, bringing the grand total to $110,305,54. This represents what had been formally reported at the team captains' luncheons in Kaufmann's. Armistice Day celebrations interfered somewhat with the solicitation. Hundreds of the young men participating in the drive were in the parade of war veterans, and the teams were further handicapped by the great number of "prospects" who were either marching or watching the parade.

Paul C. Dunlevy presided at the luncheon November 11th, and Attorney Frank P. Patterson spoke, both calling attention to the work Duquesne University is doing in providing higher education at nominal cost for boys and girls who otherwise would end their schooling in the elementary or high schools.

Following the plan of the Canevin Club, workers in Wilkinsburg, have organized the Lambing $250.00 Club, named in honor of the late Rt. Rev. Mgr. A. A. Lambing.

FRIDAY'S REPORTS.

Subscriptions reported Friday totaled $107,390.91, bringing the grand total reported to $217,534.87. This represents the work of less than one-third of the teams organized in the 290 parishes of the diocese of Pittsburgh; what the other teams had collected would not be generally known until the final reports were made Monday night at the closing banquet in Kaufmann's. There was to be no luncheon meeting of the team captains either Saturday or Monday, the management considering it best that there be no further interruption to the canvass.

One of the outstanding features of the reports turned in November 12, was that of the Alumni Association, which reported $44,300.00 for the day. Thirty thousand dollars of this repre-

sented contributions made by the students of the arts and sciences school of the university, as a tribute to the Holy Ghost Fathers, who conduct the institution, and as a memorial to members of the faculty who have died. The action of the students followed an address by Rev. George J. Bullion, one of the Alumni Committee, and earned them a half-holiday, the school being dismissed in a burst of enthusiasm when the $30,000.00 total was announced.

This contribution pays for 30 memberships in the Canevin $1,000.00 Club, named in honor of Bishop J. F. Regis Canevin.

The name of the late Rev. John McCarthy was enrolled in the Canevin Club by the Sacred Heart Church workers. He was assistant pastor there when this country declared war, and went out as an army chaplain, dying while in service. When this announcement was made workers from several other parishes announced that special contributions would be taken up to honor in a similar way members of their congregations who had died in the service of the country.

The largest single subscription thus far recorded is that given yesterday by the W. W. Vilsack estate, through Joseph H. Bialas and Terrence J. Sweeney, executors. They gave $8,000.00 to found four permanent scholarships at Duquesne and to be distributed one each to the boroughs of Braddock, North Braddock, East Pittsburgh and Rankin.

Closing Dinner—The Goal Is Reached.

The $1,000,000.00 drive went over the top with a bang at the final meeting on the evening of Monday, November 15th, the end coming with the banquet at Kaufman's. The last day's subscriptions amounted to the amazing sum of $783,316.17.

A total of $960,000.00 subscriptions was announced at 10:30 o'clock amid a whirlwind of applause. The Executive Committee promptly pledged the remaining $40,000.00. At that time pledges from out-of-town teams were coming in, so that it was expected that the total would probably run far above the million mark.

Enthusiasm expressed in deafening cheers and applause greeted the announcement of $255,087.00 pledged by team No. 100, Alumni priests and laymen, at 10 o'clock. The large hall, filled with team workers and friends, resounded for five minutes with yells by the students. Then Father George W. Bullion, of Homewood, announced that the largest single sub-

scription had been given by F. E. McGillick of Pittsburgh. Another burst of applause lasted several minutes.

Telling of the $50,000.00 contribution by Mr. McGillick, Father Bullion said to the audience:

"One day a man walked into headquarters. I knew him and began to talk to him. He seemed bashful and I put him at his ease. Then I put him through the third degree for $1,000.00 contribution, and failed. I passed him along to another worker, when the newcomer said: 'I'm well up in years and I've had a successful life. I began without money, but God had been good to me and I want to repay what He has done for me in some measure. Whatever good I can do I am going to do while I live. I want to see the results of my labor. What I have has been given me as a steward and I want to help this campaign over the top. I now give you $50,000.00'. He nearly paralyzed us."

Soon after, Willis F. McCook, chairman of the Campaign Committee, announced he would match the $50,000.00 gift of Mr. McGillick as promised when the campaign was begun. The audience leaped to chairs, tossed hats into air, waved arms, and cheered itself hoarse.

The roll call of teams begun soon after the banquet was ended, was continued up to team No. 165, each report being received with cheers and applause. Then Mr. McCook declared $912,592.15 had been pledged in all. There was a long silence. Then pandemonium. Father L. A. Carroll mounted a platform and began calling for $1,000.00 pledges to reach the million mark.

"We can't leave this hall till we get that $1,000,000.00," he shouted, and the great crowd applauded wildly. The first contributor, Frank T. Lauinger, started it off with $1,000.00. "I'll raise $3,000.00," cried the leader of the "flying squadron." Epiphany team promptly pledged $1,000.00. Someone asked: "What's the matter with Bridgeville?" Bridgeville had the best record of all so far. Bridgeville promptly cried: "We'll give another $1,000.00." Cheers were deafening. And so it went until $960,000.00 mark was reached, when Father Carroll declared the Executive Committee would raise the rest. Then the Holy Ghost Fathers pledged 20,000.00 and a man in the audience cried "I'm going to Philadelphia to-morrow to bring back $5,000.00 from my uncle." Father Carroll announced "I'll raise $1,000.00 myself," and was cheered to the echo.

Then Bishop Regis Canevin was asked to speak.

The Bishop said it was a great achievement to raise $1,000,000.00 in about a week's campaign for the cause of education. He said the cause was high and noble and the people back of it "represented the best manhood and womanhood of the diocese, earnest, sincere, zealous priests and people." He praised the leaders' generosity and uprightness. He paid a tribute to Mr. Gillick for his $50,000.00 subscription and to Mr. McCook for matching it.

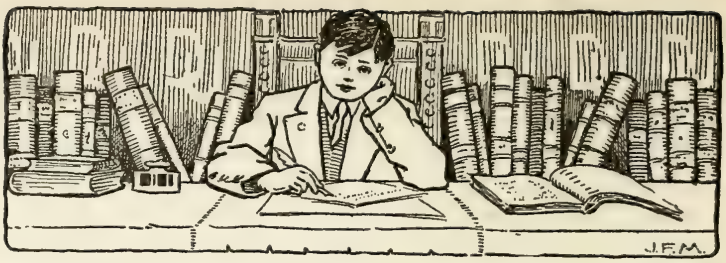
"It means a great deal to us," he said. "It means the opening of a better day for the Catholic people of the diocese of Pittsburgh. It is the first time in the history of the Pittsburgh diocese that such a large amount as $50,000.00 has been given for the cause of Christian education. It lifts us up to greater work and greater ideals. In days to come we will have other contributions of $50,000.00, and no doubt $100,000.00, because of the fine example set by these noble gentlemen. Many persons subscribed beyond their means and these made a real sacrifice, I am glad they have done this. I have a greater love and affection for them, for the clergy and the men and women of the laity who gave so generously. We owe them a great debt of gratitude. And Duquesne University owes them a great debt of gratitude, which it will repay by sending out into the world better men and women and by increasing its usefulness a hundredfold. And now it is absolutely necessary that the educators themselves shall be given generous support in the way of renumeration.

"Many of the largest contributions have been given through the influence of our noble women. They have encouraged the men to be large hearted and generous in this splendid cause of education. We owe them a great debt of gratitude."

Bishop Canevin received an ovation when he finished by thanking the leader of the campaign and the cheer leaders again broke loose.

Short addresses were made by Rev. R. L. Hayes, V. Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., and General Chairman Willis F. McCook, and this most eventful meeting in the history of the Pittsburgh diocese came to a close with the anthem "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name," sung from full hearts by the entire assemblage.





SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Christmas Wishes.

THE Star that shone on Bethlehem's hillsides was a star of hope. The Angels' song was a song of Peace to Men. At this season, when we have been made to feel how big is the heart of the diocese of Pittsburgh toward us, who at this moment constitute Duquesne University, our wish and our prayer for all our friends is that the Star and the Song of the first Christmas may fill their hearts to the full with their hope, their gladness and their peace.

THE STUDENTS, per V. J. R.

The Significance of the Victory.

"HOLY GOD, We Praise Thy Name." Standing next to Bishop Canevin, and looking down the crowded aisles of the big Kaufmann restaurant, the sight of so many men and women singing from their hearts their love for God, brought tears to the eyes of Willis F. McCook. It was the Amen of the diocese of Pittsburgh at the close of the greatest event in the history of the diocese, and marked the beginning of a new spirit in a new era, made possible by victory in a drive for $1,000,000.00. The song was as a prayer of thankfulness, because the tired, heroic workers, fighting under the banner of their Bishop, had successfully fought a noble fight for diocesan honor, and with the help of God, they won it. The campaign strengthened the faith of each participant. It united in a strong bond of Catholic Union the men and women brave enough to defy precedents and attempt what appeared an impossible task. How every worker

was affected by the final result was summed up in the statement of Mr. McCook in these words:

"The enthusiasm of this gathering is not due to mob psychology. It springs from a spirit of inspiration akin to that of Pentecost, when, after the coming of the Holy Spirit, the zeal of the Apostles knew no bounds in the work of Christianizing the world. The work has been super-human and almost divine."

In his talk, the Right Reverend Bishop manifested his deep appreciation and affection for the clergy, especially the younger members, who sacrificed the savings of many years in order to assure the success of the campaign. He said: "The $50,000.00 donations of Mr. McCook and Mr. McGillick will mark an epoch in the affairs of the Pittsburgh diocese. It foretells a better day for the Catholic people of Pittsburgh, because it was the first time such amounts were given for the cause of higher Christian education. Remarkable sacrifices were made to insure the success of the campaign, when we consider the contributions of the laboring men and the large contribdtions of the younger clergy who gave $1,000.00. The prestige of the Holy Ghost Fathers has been increased one hundred fold by the success of the campaign. Never were such inspiring appeals made in the newspapers for a similar cause. The Catholic press responded nobly and a great measure of the success is due to it."

Rev. Ralph L. Hayes, D. D., told of the value of the campaign, independent of the money contributions. The good seeds sown will give to Western Pennsylvania educated men, and the desire for higher education will be in the minds of all young men.

During the roll call of parishes on Monday night, the climax of the evening came with the reading of a report by Rev. George J. Bullion, representing the priests and laymen who are identified with the alumni, he announced $255,087.00. Large reports had been made previously from the Bridgeville team under Casper Mayer, Jr., the Cathedral, the Flying Squadron under J. J. O'Connor, but the audience gasped when this big morsel of glorious news was announced. Father Bullion held up his hand, but the excitement could not be abated. Students joined in college yells, song, and the audience used every noise-making device on the table to add to the excitement and din. It was a million dollar crowd after this incident. Then hope permeated the scene. The audience could feel the way up the long, crooked, rocky road toward victory. Father Bullion held up his

hand. He made a statement. He merely recited an incident regarding a man who lives in the East End, who wants to do some big act for the good of his soul and for the love of God. He had reached those years in life when his time aad talents should be dedicated to his Creator, and he wanted to accomplish some real service to humanity. He had accepted this drive as an opportunity and he proposed giving $50,000.00 in order to enjoy the pleasures others will receive through his beneficence.

Father Bullion could get no further.

"Who is this man? Name him!" came from all parts of the hall.

The young priest dramatically raised his hand and an nounced:

"I am now at liberty to mention the name of this $50,000.00 contributor."

Father Bullion stopped. At the same time the audience became silent. Not a breath stirred, and men and women leaned forward, straining their ears to catch the words of the speaker.

The priest held them in suspense for a few seconds, which seemed longer than two minutes, and then gave the name of Frank E. McGillick.

It was worth $50,000.00 to any rich man in Pittsburgh to receive the ovation announcement of this name produced. The scene resembled the final ballot, giving a majority vote to the Democratic nominee in National Convention assembled. McGillick was in the mind and the heart of every person present. McGillick was the man of the hour. McGillick was the Napoleon of the campaign. McGillick was the man of vision of the type who made it possible for the Bishop of Detroit to raise $8,000,000.00. Too bad so many of the wealthy men of the Pittsburgh diocese found it inconvenient to attend this greatest rally in the history of their Church. Too bad they could not witness this scene of public gratitude. Too bad that every rich Catholic in the ten counties of Western Pennsylvania who failed to understand the important purpose of the Bishop could not have witnessed the glorification of Mr. McGillick. In a minute he stepped into fame. He won public esteem. No money in the bank will ever bear so much interest or command for him so much public esteem. Those who understand his motives and his sacrifice see him as a different man.

This incident was succeeded by another momentous event- Mr. McCook, standing beside the Bishop, commanded the atten.

tion of the crowd. He came to the meeting against the advice of his physician. All knew he was suffering from a severe cold, and he stated:

"My personal contribution to the campaign will be $50,000.00." Songs, shouts, applause, cheers and every form of joyous exuberance produced another of the great features of the big Catholic family party.

The figures commenced to climb, and they reached over $908,000.00, and immediately every team in the hall was pledged for the million dollar victory.

The campaign was a success. Mr. Willis F. McCook deserves a great part of the credit. Had it failed he would have suffered the humiliation of defeat. When it went over the top, he was standing next to the Bishop, with tears in his eyes, and singing with the other good souls assembled: "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name."

REV. M. A. MCGAREY, '97.

The Students' Part in the Campaign.

MUCH has been said with regard to the success of the drive just completed. The efforts expended, and the splendid results achieved by the various teams have been appropriately lauded; the generosity of individuals has been duly recognized, and the Catholic laity of the Pittsburgh diocese have received the heartfelt thanks both of our beloved Bishop and of the faculty of the University. In according credit to those to whom credit is due we must not, however, overlook the part played by the students in making the drive the wonderful success that it was.

During the first part of the campaign even with the handicap of poor organization and publicity the students of the uptown school succeeded in raising over $15,000.00. Even this sum does not do justice to their labors, for only he who was one of them, and handicapped as they were, can fully realize the tremendous efforts and perseverance required to raise this amount of money. With the reopening of the drive during November, many students joined their parish teams and performed valuable service as members of these teams. On the closing day of the drive a number of them made a complete canvass of one of the surrounding

boroughs, and their efforts were greatly instrumental in the fine showing made by the team from that district.

The crowning feature of the students' part in the drive was not their services, however, but their personal contributions. When, on the morning of the sixth day of the drive, one of the members of the Alumni team, Father Bullion, asked them to enroll the Holy Ghost Fathers as members of the Canevin Club, without a moment's hesitation they pledged themselves to raise thirty thousand dollars, which represents a personal subscription of fifty dollars from every student in the departments on the Bluff. This noble act shall ever stand as a monument exhibiting their loyalty to their *Alma Mater* and their esteem for the noble Fathers who are laboring in their behalf.

V. J. RIELAND, '21.

An Unpopular Venture Into Economy.

SOME Pittsburghers can and do carry their own lunches, and eat them in their offices or in some subterranean seclusion, into which the public is not likely to peer; but these some are few. Of the vast number of others, a very small proportion are waiting for a word of encouragement to break away from the costly mid-day restaurant meal.

Strange as it may seem, yet as the overalls and old clothes propaganda failed, so also will the carry-your-own-lunch idea fail in Pittsburgh, as it has already done in other large cities. People will not stick together in such a cause. The man who wore overalls was laughed at; the one who carries his own lunch is looked upon as a queer, stingy person; as less kind-hearted and benevolent at any rate than the careless spendthrift whom everyone considers a good fellow. It has been stated in the New York *Globe* that not until the children are in rags, and the flour barrel is empty, and the fire is out in the kitchen range, will the New Yorker give up his one little adventure, his solitary minor extravagance in the middle of the day. And such also is the case in Pittsburgh. The mill-workers and foreign element are the only persons not ashamed to carry a lunch. All the others wish to appear high-class, although it sickens their pocketbook and hinders them from other enjoyments.

REGIS E. WEHRHEIM, '21.

CHRONICLE

Examination Results

Examinations on the work of the first quarter were conducted from November 2 to 5. The results attest that the year's work was excellently well begun. Two hundred and ninety honor certificates were awarded. Robert G. Reilly, of the Sopho- Class, secured the highest average in the school, 95½ per cent. W. L. Hasset, of the First Commercial, with 94 5-6, M. J. Reisdorf, of the First Scientific, with 94⅛, John L. Imhof, of the Sophomore, with 93 3-5, Thomas J. Quigley, with 93⅜, J. W. Lawler and E. B. Ross, with 92⅜, also deserve mention, as well as the following, all above 90: Regis E. Wehrheim, E. K. Brogan, W. E. Boggs, R. J. Slusarski, P. G. Sullivan, and R. B. Malloy.

The following students obtained first place in their respective classes: COLLEGE OF ARTS: Senior, Regis E. Wehrheim; Junior, Herman J. Heilman; Sophomore, Robert G. Reilly; Freshman, Joseph M. Rozenas; COLLEGE PRE-MEDICAL: Sophomore, George H. Foster; Freshman, John W. Cain and Edward J. Wiza, *ex-aequo;* HIGH SCHOOL ACADEMIC: Fourth A, Robert J. Slusarski; Fourth B, William A. Jacko; Third A, Francis X. Foley; Third B, Vincent W. Simpson; Second A, Thomas J. Quigley; Second B, L. Mikolajewski; Second C, Socrates M. Sourla; First A, Alban D. McDermott; First B, G. C. Miller; First C, Charles J. Wyeth; First D, F. H. Rieke; First E, V. L. Gleba; HIGH SCHOOL SCIENTIFIC: Fourth, Louis E. Barth; Third, Aloysius M. Heim and Ralph W. Leonard, *ex-aequo;* Second, Frederick J. Emig; First, M. J. Reisdorf; HIGH SCHOOL COMMERCIAL, Third, George E. Houllion; Second, J. Carroll O'Donnell; First, W. L. Hassett.

Acknowledgement

The University is indebted to Mr. Daniel J. Murphy, of Philadelphia, uncle of Rev. Eugene N. McGuigan, for several valuable donations: a periscope from a German submarine, to be used in the Science classes; a good-sized contribution to the football team, and three scholarships.

On Wednesday, November 24th, at 10 o'clock, the annual Solemn Memorial Mass for deceased alumni and benefactors was offered up. Rev. James L. Cox, '09, was

Alumni Memorial

celebrant, and was assisted by Rev. John R. McKavney, '11, as deacon, and Rev. Vincent S. Burke, '13, as subdeacon. The sermon was delivered by Rev. William Stadelman, '92. Many clerical and lay alumni were present in the choir and nave. The students rendered the "R quiem" in a faultless manner.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—As the history of the Campaign is given so completely in this issue of the MONTHLY, it was necessary to omit several departments—the Chronicle of the Downtown Schools, Alumni, Exchanges, Duquesnicula, and most regrettable of all, Athletics. We promise our readers and contributors that the compensation shall be adequate.

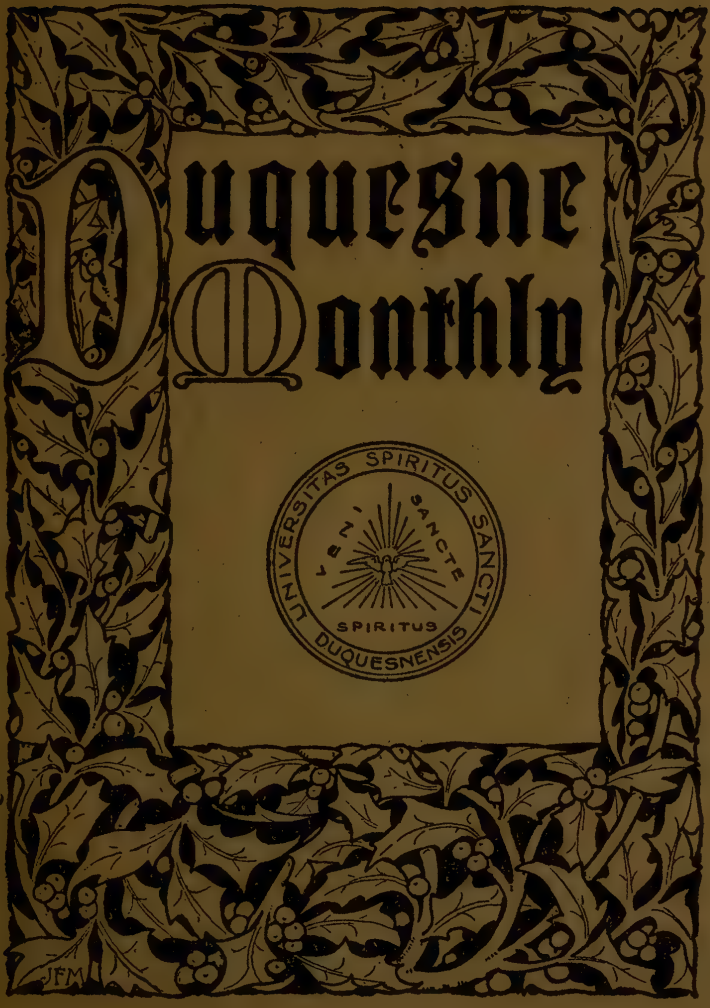
V. J. R.

Swindler & Scott Company
OF PITTSBURGH
DISTRIBUTORS OF THE FAMOUS "TROCO NUT BUTTER"

DRINK
Breakfast Cheer
COFFEE
The Coffee that starts you out in the morning with a
BIG BROAD SMILE
Sold by all first-class Grocers
Imported, Roasted and Packed by
THE
CAMPBELL & WOODS CO.

SPALDING

Athletic Equipment For Every Indoor And Outdoor Sport
BASKET BALL, BOXING
GYMNASIUM CLOTHING
ICE SKATES AND SHOES
Send for Catalogue
A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
608 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.



Vol. 28 JANUARY, 1921 No. 4

Duquesne Monthly

JANUARY, 1921

CONTENTS

Thy Years Shall Not Fail	Michael F. Coleman	109
Imagination	James J. Burke	110
Fireside Visions	Luke O'Byrne	112
Rise and Shine	V. O. Friday	113
To One Who Came in June	Luke O'Byrne	115
The Modern Tendency of Popular Music	Charles Ward	116
Tom New, True Blue	Joseph S. Hoffmann	119
The Preservation of Our Forests	Leo S. Watterson	122
Editorial: —		
Bishop Canevin's Resignation	Vincent J. Rieland	128
The Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh	Regis E. Wehrheim	129
The Crime Wave	Gerald A. Schroth	130
Exchanges	Clement M. Strobel	132
Chronicle	Robert G. Reilly	135
Alumni	Leo J. McIntyre	141
Athletics	Paul G. Sullivan	142

D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York.

Courses leading to degrees in *Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Literature and Music*
Special preparation for High School Teaching.
Design and Painting, under Male Instructor.

RIGHT REV. WM. TURNER, D. D., Chancellor.

FACULTY:

Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy, and Men and Women Lay Specialists.

Holy Angels' Academy

In Connection with D'Youville College

College Preparatory and General Culture Courses. Music, Languages, Design and Painting. New York State Regents' Diplomas.

BOLD'S
HOME-MADE BREAD

BAKED FRESH EVERY DAY.

It is so manifestly good and fresh that it produces a light, flaky crust that melts deliciously in the mouth, and there is no soaking in of the filling, nor sogginess, no indigestion.

Every Loaf is of Uniform Excellence, the Standard by which others are judged.

AUGUST BOLD, 821-29 Industry St., Pittsburgh

Hallen

Photographer

Bell Phones: Hemlock 569
Hill 1327 R

Commercial Photography

Portraits in Crayon, Oil and Water Color Paintings

1405 Carson Street and Post Office Building, Mt. Oliver

WAGNER BROS. SHOE CO.

WHOLESALE SHOES

429 LIBERTY AVENUE PITTSBURGH

Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXVIII. JANUARY, 1921 No. 4

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Address: Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh
Postoffice, April 30, 1911

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1108
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 22, 1918

VINCENT J. RIELAND, A. B., '21, Editor-in-Chief

Associate Editors

REGIS E. WEHRHEIM, A. B., '21 GERALD A. SCHROTH, A. B., '22

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, A. B., '23 . . . . Exchanges

LEO J. MCINTYRE, A. B., '21 . . . . . Alumni

ROBERT G. REILLY, A. B., '23 . . . . College Notes

JOHN F. O'CONNOR, B. C. S., '23 . . . . Finance Notes

FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, LL. B., '23 . . . . Law Notes

RICHARD H. ACKERMAN, D. A., '21 . . Public Speaking Notes

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, H. S., '21 . . . . Athletics

FRANCIS A. RILEY, H. S., '21 ALBERT C. KELLY, H. S., '21 Duquesnicula

Business Managers

PATRICK L. MCGRATH, A. B., '23 REGIS O'BRIEN, H. S., '22

Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVIII. JANUARY, 1921 Number 4

Thy Years Shall Not Fail.

THE embers crumble one by one:
A fleetiug hour—the year is done.

The sighs, the toils, the anxious fears
The cruel loss, the blinding tears,

Like dreams have fled, and on me grow
The thoughts of life's fast, silent flow.

The days, the days, that could not stay
With fairest joys just stole away,

The friends that sat upon love's throne
Have fallen too, and I'm alone.

The clouds that lowered o'er bliss sublime
Have vanished with the breath of time.

My life, my thoughts, my actions all
Have answered to its trumpet's call.

A ship, I'm driven by a gale
To Him whose years shall never fail.

MICHAEL F. COLEMAN.



Imagination.

MAN has many characteristics and prerogratives, but that faculty of creating imagination, or the products of imagination, certainly differentiates him from the rest of the animal world.

In every case, there is one prerequisite necessary, before the imagination can be brought into play, and that is, there must have been an external stimulus, which affected in some way or other the intricate workings of the nervous mechanism, and produced what is known as a sensation. Once this sensation has been duly registered, it is within the power of the imagination to call it back to life, in such a way as the cinematograph projects on the screen the so-called living pictures.

In some respects, the terms memory and imagination are interchangeable, for imaginations, which are the product of imagination, considered individually, are memory images, radically changed in process of recall.

If this then be true, wherein lies the essential difference between memory and imagination?

The answer, stated concisely and stripped of psychological technicalities, is this: memory is the faithful reproduction of something that has really happened in our lives, a sort of mirroring of events that once were, while imagination is not necessarily a faithful reproduction of external sensations, with reference to any particular happening or set of events, but is that peculiar creative aptitude of the mind, for painting any mental picture, at any time and in any place, taking its material in a sort of a haphazard manner from the store-house of memory.

There are three classes of imagination, namely: fanciful, scientific, and practical. When the created images are purely fanciful and capricious, the imagination belongs to the first class, while the recombinations of mental processes, when worked out systematically and coherently, belong to the second. Now, when a person responds to the objects of his environment with elaborate forms of consideration which make it possible for him to organize his energy and apply it at points where it will be most effective,

the mental reconsiderations are described as practical imagination.

Now let us see what part the imagination plays in giving color to our actions. Mental images, conjured up under the elusive spell of this creative faculty, influence our actions to a marked degree, for actions, in a majority of cases, are the products of the powerful influence of these latent images over our will. If we allow our imagination to go unbridled without making some effort to check its clandestine wanderings, we shall soon find ourselves so circumstanced, that we shall not be able to extricate ourselves without becoming morally tainted.

Yet again, the products of this faculty may well be employed to guide activities, and if such activities be not successful, it will obviously be necessary to go over again the combinations which were worked out in consciousness, and to revise these combinations, with a view to making them move suitable bases for action. This then may be termed constructive imagination, and as such, is sharply differentiated from that type developed by authors and narrators, when true to their Aladdinian genius, they light the lamp of romance, under whose magic rays we roam through the perfumed gardens of the Orient, or perchance, admire the pyramids as we sail down the Nile.

What a dreary, weary, humdrum existence man would lead without this God-given faculty! How many dreary, monotonous hours have not been changed into as many hours of profitable enjoyment and pleasure under its uncanny spell!

There seems to be a peculiar sort of pleasure in re-picturing scenes and situations of long ago, even those scenes and circumstances that recall bitter moments during our lives. Yet the hallowed past seems to throw its mantle of Time between us and the actual happenings, subduing the sombre tints that once flickered over the ever-darkening clouds on the horizon of our lives.

But we should not forget that Memory plays an important rôle in the re-picturing of those bygone scenes, for it seems, under these conditions, Memory and Imagination go hand in hand down the corridor of Time, the one recalling, the other recreating, those little episodes, which even to the most prosaic of us, are not without a sentimental value, and as such, are not without appreciation, in a practical every-day world, where stern reality is not conspicuous by its absence.

JAMES J. BURKE, Pre-Med., '21.

Fireside Visions.

VILLANELLE.

I'M glad when in the grate I see,
Reflected in the firelight,
The happy days that used to be.

Within the flaming panoply,
Recalled by mem'ry's mystic rite,
I'm glad when in the grate I see—

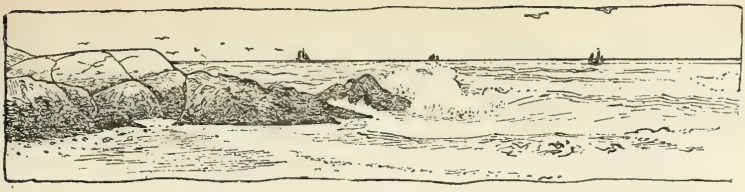
What scatters doubt and misery
And fills my soul with pure delight—
The happy days that used to be.

Loved faces smile right merrily;
Loved voices join in fancy's flight:
I'm glad when in the grate I see

The boyhood chums that romped with me
And her I served as loyal knight
In happy days that used to be.

Life's deeper joy and childish glee
All comes afresh upon my sight
I'm glad when in the grate I see
The happy days that used to be.

LUKE O'BYRNE.



Rise and Shine.

HE WAS a tall, lanky man—was this sergeant. His face, tanned from exposure to the elements encountered in his daily life, was the face of a typical army man. He was not of heavy build, yet the army life had given him a splendid physique. He knew the drill and signal code book from cover to cover. From his name and speech one gathered that he was not American-born, but probably of a Slavic race. However, he had been in the service for fifteen years, and had served as a private on the border during the recent trouble with Mexico. For some act of judgment on his part during a border skirmish he had been promoted to the rank of sergeant.

He gained the name of "Rise and Shine" from the boys, partly because his own name was too difficult to pronounce, but mostly because at 5:30 every morning, after reveille had blown, he would wake the tardy members still wrapped in their two blankets, using the afterwards famous phrase, "Rise and Shine". After a few weeks of this the boys knew him only as "Rise and Shine." He took it good-naturedly, for that was his temperament, except when on the drill field—and what sergeant could be expected to be good-natured there?

I had come to this cantonment from a large Eastern city. My bunkie on the left, Jim Koster from New England, had known "Rise and Shine" in his native city. The sergeant had joined the service when Jim was but a boy. My bunkie on the right was Bill Volk from a small Pennsylvania town.

"I say, Ralph," Jim said to me one evening after a hard drill on the range, "I wonder when we're going over. We've been here about three months now, and are pretty well rounded out. I wish we'd leave. We've stuck around here long enough."

I readily agreed with him, and the majority of the others felt as we did. In fact, for the next week or so there was considerable grumbling, for we surely did want a smack at those Boches. The days passed with drills in the more finished art of warfare.

A few weeks later we were issued extra clothing, and one morning we were told to turn in our cots and police the barracks

thoroughly. About noon we were given extra rations, and then the whole regiment was marched to the depot. We left about four o'clock. There was no large crowd to cheer us—no bands playing—no noisy farewell—just a look of grim determination and a little sadness in the boys' faces. "Rise and Shine" came through the coaches giving us a word of cheer. Not that the boys needed it, but now that the time had come they had left behind their boyish gaiety, and had substituted a cheerful, yet thoughtful mood. We arrived in Harlem about ten o'clock the next morning, stiff and sore from sleeping in the day coach. We were in confinement in Harlem a few days. We were not even allowed to see our own relatives.

One morning about four o'clock, in the midst of a gray, clinging fog, a huge transport with five thousand khaki-clad figures on board was slowly pulled out of the harbor. Barring a few longshoremen, no one was there to see us depart for France. We had an uneventful journey, broken only by life-boat drill. We noticed that "Rise and Shine" was rather quiet and pensive. No doubt he was thinking of the time, about twenty years ago, when he had traveled this same ocean, but in an opposite direction, and on a greatly different ship.

There is no need to tell of all the difficulties encountered after first landing in France—the delay in the muddy seaport town—the strangeness of the French language. Neither is there need to go into a lengthy description of the numerous battles that helped check the enemy. Our regiment fought in Armentières, Seicheprey, Cantigny, Chateau Thierry, and most of all, the final drive for Rheims "at any price."

It is impossible to relate the bravery of the men under the terrible fire encountered at these towns. Every one was a hero, as far as I could see. But some of us were green, having never before been under fire. However, the officers and old "Rise and Shine" quieted us. Those five battles took place in only two months' time, so one can gather an idea of the terrific fighting that we took part in.

We were reinforcing the British at Armentières. They had been driven back a little, but their line still held. A section of our company was in a trench between the two lines for purposes of observation. A first lieutenant commanded us. We had been there only a few hours when shrapnel burst over our heads and killed and wounded a few men, the lieutenant included. "Rise and Shine", being next in command, took charge immediately.

We received the signal to fall back and cautiously crawled along the muddy field toward our trenches. A green sentinel—our own—saw us coming, and before we could identify ourselves, he opened fire. Immediately both sides began shooting. It was terrible with the machine-gun bullets whining past. "Rise and Shine" was hit in the head and instantly killed. I escaped somehow, and so did a few others. After things quieted down, we recovered the bodies, and gave them as decent a burial as possible.

That night, and for many nights afterward, a whole company mourned the loss of a friend. But in war time fighting must be attended to, and soon we stopped mourning—but never forgot.

When I see one of the boys nowadays he invariably asks: "Remember old 'Rise and Shine'?" For although he was only a citizen by adoption, he had chosen this country as his own, and had given all he had—just one of many who made the Supreme Sacrifice.

V. O. Friday, H. S., '21.

To One Who Came In June.

Rondel.

A SONG for you, my sweet,
That came to me in June!
Now, 'neath the winter's moon,
Your beauteous form I greet.
Your favor to entreat,
My softest notes attune
A song for you, my sweet,
That came to me in June.

Swiftly the years shall fleet:
I must abandon soon
Soft lullabys that croon
To baby hands and feet—
A song for you, my sweet,
That came to me in June.

Luke O'Byrne.



The Modern Tendency of Popular Music.

IN THIS age of many pastimes, when recreation has come to be recognized as a necessary part of man's life, music undoubtedly holds a high place in popular affection. To whatever stratum of society you belong, you are quite the exception if you have not your piano and your victrola at home, and if you do not occasionally frequent some of the musical entertainments that are constantly being offered. Whilst no previous generation so frequently heard the classics reproduced, we can still exclude from the meaning of the word "popular", the overtures, fantasies, symphonies and other compositions of the artists; rather, the term extends only to that class of songs and ballads written by semi-professional composers for the common amusement of the populace.

It is remarkable in what volume this class of songs pours from the printing presses of our cosmopolitan centers. Some songs attain a tremendous vogue, and all the five-and-tens retail them. Remarkable also, in the vast majority of cases, is the ephemeral quality of this popularity. No sooner is a tune strummed on our pianos and whistled in our streets than one more striking hits the fancy of the multitude and brushes aside its erstwhile competitor.

Complex as such a matter must be, it may be worth our while to examine some of the tendencies of popular music, and to see in what measure they reflect the psychology of the age. We shall confine ourselves to a very recent period.

What popular music was before the war, it is hard for us now to recall. During the war the tide certainly ebbed very low. In most cases the music of the time lost the happy quality of being spontaneous and "catchy"; there was an effort, unsuccessful it must now be admitted, to lessen the seriousness of the situation, by adopting a jerky irregular tempo and straining after effect in the harmony. These defects are evident to all who recall "Long Boy", "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France", "O How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning", "Keep Your Head Down, Fritzey Boy", "Oui-Oui, Marie" and " ood Morning, Mr. Zip

Zip, Zip". It is not too strong criticism to say that not only the lyric, but also the music, bordered closely on vulgarity. When, indeed, song writers strove to bring out the real sentiment that the war suggested, they produced songs that shall long be cherished in our memory, such as "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight", "So Long, Mother", "Belgian Rose", "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and "There's a Long, Long Trail". Still, worth-while songs like these were the exceptions, and, most strange of all, not one new patriotic song came out of the welter of war.

This decay of popular music may easily be accounted for. Throughout the nation at that time there existed an intense martial spirit. Newspaper headlines glared with exciting reports, spirited editorials attracted the eye, periodicals contained photographs and comments on the strife, and on every street corner "four minute" orators spoke, with fiery eloquence, of prepared. ness, of liberty bonds, of Red Cross service, of self-devotion to the cause. Is it any wonder, then, that music, the art through which we most readily express our emotions, should abound with that spirit? But is it any wonder that the first efforts in this direction, these of the transition period, should show the effect of the frivolity and self-indulgence that had preceded? Then, too, the call for volunteers and the stringent enforcement of the draft laws soon depleted the ranks of our composers, and the foremost among them—Irving Berlin, for instance—marched off with the colors. Although such writers as Al Jolson and George M. Cohan remained with us, there were not enough of them to produce a supply of songs equal to the demand. The burden of furnishing the nation with musical pleasure fell upon the shoulders of some less gifted authors, and almost any verse which music might accompany was placed on the market. This accounts for the decay of popular music during the days of war.

It is pleasing to note, however, that since the signing of the armistice there has been a gradual advance in the quality of popular music. Perhaps the revival of some old favorites of Civil War days has had a more general influence than one is inclined to admit. "Silver Threads Among the Gold" has come into its own again after forty years, and has inspired several new songs in which genuine sentiment and real melody are happily combined. A like effect has followed the restoration to favor of "A Dream" and "When You and I Were Young, Maggie". The interpolation of a strain from a ballad of long ago into a new

composition, has been done by several artists with telling effect; witness the combination of "Love's Old Sweet Song" as an obbligato with the newer melody of "Beautiful Ohio".

Whilst harking back to earlier and happier days, popular song also gains in interest by borrowing the music of other climes. Innumerable "Irish Airs", most of them with a genuine Celtic ring, attest the prevalence of sympathy for the land of the Gael. Italian themes are also common; barcarolles like "Venetian Moon" have become immensely popular. The strange fascination of the Orient is still upon us; whilst the vogue of Hawaiian melodies has nearly passed, "Chin-Chin-Chinaman" and "Hindustan" are but memories of yesterday, and "The Japanese Sandman" is one of the prime favorites at the present hour. The music of the south has lost none of its charm for the average American. Whilst to the rag-time of the negro must be traced the unhappy "jazz" that has so long held sway, the peculiarly tuneful strains of the old plantation songs can still inspire such lilting melodies as the recently popular "Carolina Sunshine". It would naturally be impossible to find the "parentage" of every tune that tickles our ears or sets our toes a-twinkling; we must give our song-writers credit for some creative powers. Men like Lou Hirsch, who recently presented to the theatrical world the season's greatest musical hit, "The Love Nest", are in no sense borrowers. Malvin and John Schonberger have constructed a highly original, bright and tuneful composition in the familiar number, "Whispering". The orchestral music of Art Hickman and Joseph Smith demonstrates that instrumental and ensemble technique is returning from the barbaric state of "jazz" to a refined, light and legitimate grade.

Two obstacles seem to stand in the way of progress, the "lyrics" and the dance. So long as no song can succeed unless it be a one-step or a fox-trot, song-writers will be unwarrantably hampered. The music of our popular songs, moreover, is always more meritious than the words. What claim to long popularity can a song have that reeks with silly sentimentality like "Smiles" or "Oh What a Pal Was Mary"—that sings such shallow nothings as "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows" or "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"—or that proclaims such vulgar nonsense as "Ja-da", "K–K–K–Katy", "Taxi", "They Go Wild Over Me" or "Alcoholic Blues". Truly, ours is a frivolous age!

In conclusion, it may be well to note that one can easily trace the sentiment and the sympathies of a people by their

musical productions, since these employ characteristic melodies which exhibit their feelings. We have seen how popular music, or that kind of music with which the people are most acquainted, was during the war reminiscent of warlike interests, humorous and sentimental rather than deeply patriotic; and how, under the more settled conditions of post-bellum days, it has come again to reflect the sentiments of a more pacific time. In a partial but not misleading manner, popular music is a reflex of the age.

Charles Ward, '21.

Tom New, True Blue.

ISN'T it true, when you come to think of it, we seldom give our neighbor credit for the good that is in him? We judge only by what we see, but resent the application of our principles to ourselves. There are many, of course, who, through no fault of their own, never show their best selves until some crisis compels such a self-discovery. So thought the participants in the events I am about to set down.

The Georgia farmers who had gathered at the cross-roads store to discuss the events of the day and any topic that might arise, were about ready to adjourn for the night and set out for their respective homes.

One of the subjects that had called forth some warmth in the course of the evening's debates, had been Tom New, the village dolt.

"Well, the poor fellow can't help it," remarked one. "He may do some good yet. Every one is here for a purpose. In the meantime, no one can say that he does any harm."

"He'll never be any good. It's a shame a peaceable little place like Pinnt has to be bothered taking care of people that ought to be in a state institution." This was the comment of Jack Thompson, who was always ready to condemn anyone.

"If he was anything like that 'gang', we might complain," replied Jim Rose, the first speaker, "but as it is, I will stick up for him."

"That gang," referred to, was a group of six men, the terror of all the country round. They were moonshiners principally, but did a lot of plundering and hold-up work.

As the clock sounded 9:30, the "village senate" rose to go. The cross-roads was about four miles from the town of Pinnt.

After supper Tom had cut wood for the parson at Pinnt, who had provided the meal. About 8:30 he started home, moping along like the tired, care-free lad he was. When he reached the bend in the road by the creek he stopped short, all alert and intent. There was a thick patch of elder bushes on the left, and from this direction the sound of low talking seemed to come. He crouched down and crept close to the bushes, and then around them. Here, using the bushes as a screen, were the six men of "the gang," sitting around a twenty-five gallon still, which was in full operation.

"The only one along here to-night will be the sheriff," a tall, bearded fellow was saying, "and I'm quite sure he knows we are in this part of the country."

"We can make a trap for him," suggested the youngest of the band.

"Yes," said another, "I have a good plan. Tie a wire across the road, just high enough that his horse can pass under it, and when he gets to it, it will catch him under the chin and throw him off. Then he will be at our mercy, as we can easily nab him while he's down."

The plan was no sooner suggested than acted upon.

Tom quickly got out of the way unobserved. The night was dark and his movements were stealthy. But he was in a quandary. Action was imperative, and he was not used to solving practical problems like this. All at once his face brightened, and he quickened his pace down the road. Two hundred yards from the creek he met the sheriff himself, riding along leisurely on his sorrel mare.

"Mis—mister sheriff!" he blurted, excitedly, "I ha—have something to tell you."

The sheriff was impressed by the change in Tom's manner, dismounted and said in the gruff, kindly way he had of addressing little tots, "Well, go on, Tom. I'm listening."

"The people think I'm a foo—fool, but please trust me once. You st—stay here, and let me have your ho—horse about a ha—half hour."

"I suppose I'm a fool to do it," said the sheriff, more to himself than to Tom, "but you never yet did any harm; so take her, Tom, and stick to your word about returning her."

"Now," said Tom—quite a different Tom from the sleepy, half-witted boy the sheriff knew—"when you hear a wild-cat call down there in the swamp, you go up the road as far as the big red oak. When you get there you will know what to do."

At that Tom started off, leaving the sheriff gaping with amazement. He walked the horse on the little strip of grass alongside the road, so as not to be easily heard. Within fifty yards of the place where he knew the line was, he started the horse at a hard gallop. Reaching the wire, he lay down on the horse's back and went on in safety. The "gang" was naturally surprised, but Tom was out of sight before they could think of any plan of action.

As the men at the cross-roads store were standing on the porch bidding one another good-night, they heard the clattering of horse-hoofs. In an instant Tom rode up. They were surprised at his appearance, and still more surprised at his quiet recital of what he had seen, heard and done; that is, all but Jim Rose, who insisted that "it takes some people a long time to show what's in them."

They found themselves following Tom New's orders. They went into the store, got a gun apiece and plenty of ammunition, mounted their horses, and were ready to go.

"When you reach the big boulder just this side of Turnip Creek, dismount, leave your horses stand by the road, and get as near the gang as you can without being seen. When you hear the wildcat call, start to round up the gang, and watch out for the sheriff, who will be there."

Off the party started. At the big boulder, Tom left the rest and cut through the woods.

In a minute or a minute and a half the moon came up over the horizon. Simultaneously they heard the cry of the wildcat, and were immediately in action. The sheriff heard a gunshot before he reached the red oak. He ran up the road and in a glance saw the whole situation.

One of the gang was wounded, and all the rest captured except the leader, the tall, bearded fellow; he made his getaway through the woods, but, unfortunately for him, he got too near the "wildcat", whose identity it is not difficult to guess. When Tom saw the chief coming, he stepped to one side, and brought down on the hurrying bandit's head the arched branch of a tree with force enough to stun him temporarily. He dragged his prize to the sheriff, and all set off for the Pinnt jail except Tom, who proceeded home.

On the way to the village Jack Thompson magnanimously remarked, "Well, I'll swan, Jim, you were right after all. You never can tell what's in a fellow."

Joseph S. Hoffmann, H. S., '21.



The Preservation of Our Forests.

AMONG all the material resources with which a bountiful Providence supplies him, there is perhaps none that man so undervalues as wood. Yet if we look about us, even in these days of many substitutes, wood seems to enter into the composition of far more articles in daily use than any other element. Glance around your room: the door, the window-frames, the floor, the wainscot; every article of furniture; the books you read, the pencil you handle, the paper you write on, the framed pictures on the wall, the logs in the cozy fireplace,—all are undeniably of wood. Step outside: the pavement, the bridge, the vehicles, the cars, the cross-ties under the track, the poles that carry the wires, the boats that ply the streams, are all wholly or largely of wood. Gifford Pinchot, State Forester of Pennsylvania, asserts that "more lumber goes into freight cars and into ships than before steel was employed; more goes into buildings, though concrete and other substitutes have been employed. The total use of woods keeps on growing."

Wood is immensely useful even before it is cut. It is a surprising fact that the climate of a given region is largely dependent upon the presence or absence of trees. The leaves of trees, by virtue of their chemical composition, are always cooler than the surrounding atmosphere, and, consequently, have a tendency to precipitate the moisture that is in the air; moreover, the roots help the soil around them to retain the moisture that would otherwise more quickly evaporate. The climate of Spain, once remarkably mild, has in the course of a century or so become one of intolerable extremes; and this change is owing entirely to the reckless denudation of its great forest areas.

The effect of the presence of forests on stream-flow is another benefit not at first obvious, but now well established by experiment. To quote an editorial in the Pittsburgh *Post*, "the Flood Commission of Pittsburgh, whose researches into the subject were exhaustive, was convinced that if the mountains at the headwaters of our rivers were clothed with trees there would be less danger of such an inundation as that of March, 1907, when

a 35-foot stage of water was registered at Pittsburgh, 1,600 acres of the city were submerged, and property damage estimated at $100,000,000 was inflicted on the Ohio valley." Actual experiments conducted for eight years by the United States Forest Service at Wagon Wheel Gap, Colorado, have shown that of two streams originating in neighboring water-sheds, that from whose source the timber was removed was subject to much earlier and more violent floods than its neighbor, around whose source the woods have been left intact. Similar observations have been made in the large irrigated areas of Southern California.

Now, this useful and in fact indispensable element is being wasted in most unscionable fashion. When America was first settled by the whites, the supply of wood was so great that one would think it could never give out. As a matter of fact, the early pioneers found the forest to be a sort of enemy, rendering extremely difficult their advance over the land. They could not make progress otherwise than by cutting down valuable trees where cities and roadways could best be located. As time went on, the lumbering industry became one of the most important of occupations. Gangs of lumbermen were sent from one part of the country to another and were simply told to cut. In a short time they left behind them vast areas of land, with nothing but short stumps sticking out of the ground. After finishing one section they went on to another, only to repeat what they had done on the previous occasion. Years ago the Northeastern States, particularly Maine and New York, led in lumbering; later the forests of the Great Lakes region were opened up; but at the present moment the south and the extreme west furnish the vast bulk of the lumber needed for the country and for our export trade.

Apart from the consideration of the inconvenience and expense of having the source of supply so far removed from the market, this wholesale destruction of our lumber resources has a more serious aspect. All the while that this great deforestation was going on, nothing was thought or said of replanting those vacant lands. America was so rich in natural resources that the settlers used them prodigally without ever seeming to dream that the supply would not automatically replace itself. To-day the wastefulness is as bad as ever. At the approach of Christmas—to give a concrete example—hundreds of thousands of young pines are cut down to decorate our homes. The practice has been severely condemned by one who is a high authority on the lumber business, in which he is extensively engaged, Mayor

Babcock of Pittsburgh. At a recent meeting of the Outlook Alliance in this city, he declared that the annual cutting of trees for the Christmas season "has nearly reached the stage of crime." If the country this year suffered a shortage of wheat, the deficiency could be made up next year by the production of a greater crop. Not so with lumber. If we plant this year we must wait at least fifty years for our saplings to mature. In his annual report, made public on December 18th last, William M. Greeley, United States Forester, called the devastation of our timber lands a menace to the nation. "Two-thirds of the original forests of the United States have been culled, cut-over, or burnt, and three-fifths of their merchantable timber is gone," he declared. "The country is taking about 26,000,000,000 cubic feet of wood annually from its forests and is growing about 6,000,000,000 cubic feet. We are cutting timber of every class, even trees too small for the saw-mill, much faster than they are being replaced in our forests. . . . The United States contains 326,000,000 acres of cut-over and denuded forests containing no saw timber; 81,000,000 acres of this have been completely devasted by forest fires and methods of cutting which destroy or prevent new timber growth."

We need not travel twenty miles from home to see the effect of a policy so entirely lacking in forethought. Take a train or a trolley in any direction out of Pittsburgh, and you will be confronted on every hand by unlovely, treeless hillsides, quite unfit for agriculture on account of their slope, which have lain for years barren and unproductive. What is true of our own neighborhood is true, *mutatis mutandis,* of almost every section of the entire northeast quarter of the country.

Our timber supply is further menaced by constantly recurring forest fires. Fire, some one long ago said, is an admirable servant but a terrible master. Carelessness most often makes a master of the servant, some of the most disastrous conflagrations being traceable to the wind-scattered sparks from a camp-fire but partially extinguished. At a recent hearing before a sub-committee of the house committee on agriculture, witnesses estimated the annual loss from forest fires at $30,000,000. These statements were corroborated and emphasized by Mr. Pinchot. "Pennsylvania, which formerly did not seek federal funds to fight forest fires, now wants them," he said. He presented figures showing that "there were 1,286 fires in Pennsylvania last spring, burning off 240,000 acres of land, an average of 200 acres per

fire. The damage was more than $961,000. Last fall there were 290 fires on 16,000 acres, an average of 54 acres to a fire, and the damage was $44,000." These figures are eloquent of themselves; there is no need to emphasize them.

All must agree, then, that the lumber situation is pretty bad. Improvidence and fire have reduced the original forests of the United States by two-thirds. Of the timber remaining, 61 per cent. lies west of the Great Plains, remote from the centers of population, agriculture and manufactures; we are taking out of the forests, year after year, four and one-half times as much lumber as we are growing; and there are three hundred and twenty-six millions of acres of denuded forest land, unfit for the plow and lying idle. It is clear that if forest devastation continues, the outcome must be nothing short of a timber famine.

The reader is probably aware that the question of the preservation of our forests has been considerably agitated for some time past, and that some measures, tardy and incomplete, have been taken to avert the catastrophe that must have ensued had we continued to follow our policy of thoughtless waste. We would do well to consider the methods employed in most of the European countries, where forestry is considered a scientific industry. In Finland, for example, the national forests are developed to such an extent that to-day that country can send us shipments of lumber which can compete with what is cut at our own doors. The same can be said of Sweden and Germany. Here, after lumbermen have cleared a section of timber land, they are immediately followed up by planters, to replace the felled trees with small ones that will become the forest in years to come.

Not so long ago the College of Forestry at Syracuse bought 1,000 acres of forest land in New York at $5.30 an acre for the purpose of raising trees. In this area the college has planted several hundred thousand evergreens—pines, firs, spruces and the like. Two evergreens can be grown in the time and space it takes to grow one maple or oak. Within eight or ten years the college will make a thinning. We always plant too many trees. Some inevitably die. Others must be removed to make room for the hardier. Those that are taken out at first are sold on the market as Christmas trees. The thinning lasts about twenty years. After this time we begin to cut for fence posts, mine props and vine props. This is continued until about the twenty-fifth year, when we begin to take out lumber sold for telephone

poles. Then around the fiftieth year cutting starts for wood-pulp and boards. During all the time that thinning is going on, replanting is also going on.

Once a forest is started it is comparatively easy to have it reproduce naturally. The work begun by the college should give an impetus to the United States Government. We have a vast area on which to begin. The forest lands of our country are about six times the size of Pennsylvania.

Efforts are under way at the present time to preserve our forests from fire. On our trains can be found signs with the legend, "Help preserve our forests by not throwing lighted cigars out of the windows." Through the great west, the Forest Rangers, employed by the Department of Agriculture, use many ingenious methods to prevent, detect, and extinguish fires. On the roadsides are displayed big signs bearing the warning,

BE CAREFUL WITH FIRE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Above the timber line the watchful ranger from his shack sweeps the horizon with his powerful field-glass. There are now aerial patrols, using planes and balloons, to detect in otherwise inaccessible nooks the first little blurs of smoke that can so soon develop into uncontrollable conflagrations. The telephone, the motorcycle and the Ford are pressed into service. When a fire is discovered, gangs of men are rushed to the spot by the swiftest conveyance obtainable, and seek to isolate the fire by digging trenches which it can not leap. Emergency outfits of fire-fighting apparatus are within easy reach throughout the National Parks.

Much has been done, we can see, but much remains to be done. It would appear that at last an adequate national forestry programme is about to be adopted. On January 26 the House Committee is to hold a hearing on a measure known as the Snell bill (having been introduced by the New York congressman of that name), which already has the approbation of every organization interested in perpetuating the forests and of every business dependent upon forest products. The bill is very comprehensive, and is based on the view that the best results in forest preservation will be obtained by co-operation of State and Federal authorities. It has twelve sections and their purport is briefly as follows: (1) provides for forest protection and renewal in co-operation with the states and other agencies; (2) provides for Federal expenditures for the purpose not to exceed the

expenditures by the co-operating state; (3) directs a survey of the forest resources and timber requirements of the Nation; (4) appropriates $2,000,000 annually for five years, of which $1,000,000 must be for forest protection, to carry out the provisions of the first three sections; (5) appropriates $1,000,000 annually for five years for forest research and investigations in wood utilization, including a study of forest taxation; (6) appropriates $1,000,000 annually for five years for the reforestation of denuded lands in the national forests; (7) appropriates $10,000,000 annually for five years for the acquisition of additional land for national forests; (8) defines the procedure in the purchase of lands suitable for forest production; (9) authorizes the acquisition of similar lands by exchanges of land or timber, when clearly in the public interest; (10) provides for the classification of other public lands which are valuable chiefly for timber production or watershed protection, and appropriates $250,000 annually for five years for this purpose; (11) and (12) provide for the addition of such lands to the national forests on the recommendation of the National Forest Reservation Commission.

From a national standpoiot, the Snell bill transcends in importance all forestry measures previously proposed, and it is to be hoped that the civic and commercial bodies of Pittsbnrgh will put in a word in its behalf. Congress must be made to understand that the continued destruction of our timber resources, which if not halted now will eventually cost far more than the appropriations sought in the pending measures, is more worthy of consideration than a temporary shortage in the Federal treasury.

LEO S. WATTERSON, '21.





SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Bishop Canevin's Resignation.

THE RIGHT REV. J. F. REGIS CANEVIN, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Pittsburgh for sixteen years, is about to retire from his position as our spiritual father. His resignation, tendered Pope Benedict XV., last spring, on account of failing health, has just been accepted, after efforts to have the Bishop reconsider had failed. Bishop Canevin has consented to remain and act as administrator until the appointment and enthronement of his successor.

The retiring prelate was an ideal bishop—a watchful guardian of the flock entrusted to his care, a firm upholder of canon law, an active promoter of every good work. The Diocese of Pittsburgh is regarded as one of the best organized in the United States. In number of priests and communicants it has grown to nearly double its size under Bishop Canevin. He was the founder of the Missionary Aid Society, the Missionary Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, and the Conference of Catholic Charities. As man, priest and bishop, he has commanded the profound and sincere respect of all classes of citizens. He has won the love and loyalty of his spiritual children, not merely by the exalted position he attained to, but still more by the worth of his personal character. His great, warm, human heart prompted him in spite of a health that was never robust, to engage in and promote so many worthy enterprises.

Bishop Canevin was Duquesne University's staunchest friend. When he accepted the Chancellorship in 1911, he was doing much more than merely lending the institution the prestige of his name. Every important move was submitted to him for approval, and several were made at his suggestion. It is a significant fact that

the very last important public movement which he sponsored, was the Duquesne University Campaign. And its phoenix-like success after failure is almost wholly due to him.

In accepting his resignation, the Holy Father has seen fit to add new honors to those already conferred: he has made Bishop Canevin titular Archbishop of Pelusium. It is our earnest hope that the rest he is about to take may only serve to fit him for greater work which we feel is yet in store for him.

VINCENT J. RIELAND, '21.

The Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh.

JUST as every institution celebrates its anniversary, so has the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh celebrated its Twenty-fifth Birthday on November the Fifth, just passed. Although a quarter of a century is not a long period in the life of such an institution, yet, within the span of its existence, the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh has rapidly grown.

In the beginning, it had fewer than 300,000 people to serve. Now it has double that number. We must remember, however, that in 1895 there was only the one building for the entire city; but now, in addition to the enlarged Central Building, there are eight branch libraries and one hundred and sixty-two other agencies, such as schools, industral plants, business houses, etc.; yet this number is said to be inadequate.

On the opening day, the Library had 9,000 books ready for use; now it has approximately half a million, and the number of books in foreign languages is almost five times the size of the entire original collection. Twenty-five years ago only one book could be borrowed at a time. Now one may borrow four books of fiction and as many of non-fiction as are needed.

In 1896, a Children's Room with 300 selected volumes was opened. This was the beginning of a very important part of the Library's work for at present the Children's Department not only has more than 114,000 books for their use, but also conducts story-telling hours for them, and teaches them how to find information in books. This work is supplemented by a department which co-operates with the public schools of the city in every possible way, to make appropriate literature available to the boys and girls. The writer does not know of such service

being rendered to the Catholic schools, although he does not profess complete knowledge on this point.

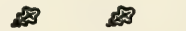
Since the opening of the Library, a Technology Department with nearly 50,000 volumes has been added. Until 1907, the Library lacked books for the blind; now it has nearly 4,000 books in six different types, and sends out a teacher to any adult blind person who cannot read one of these types.

Another department which the Library has acquired takes care of the printing work, the binding, rebinding, and repairing necessary to keep the books in good condition.

Another notable fact consists in the number of requests for information which the Library receives. From its earliest days requests have been sent by mail; and this work has increased until during the first nine months of 1920 replies were sent in response to 689 mail requests coming from 36 States of the Union and 7 foreign countries. These requests by mail are, of course, few in comparison with the questions which come by telephone or in person.

Thus we can readily perceive the growth of the Library within twenty-five years. Although we have not gone into detail, yet we can notice from the number of departments which the Central Library contains,—the Lending Room, Children's Room, Schools Department, Reference Room, Division for the Blind, Periodical Room, Technology Room,—that the forward movement in library work has steadily continued.

REGIS E. WEHRHEIM.



The Crime Wave.

THE present nation-wide crime wave is causing much unrest and anxiety. From coast to coast, crimes of every description are occurring. The day of petty thievery is passed, and the evil of the hour is much more ominous. We have store robbers, arson rings, train robbers, whiskey looters, along with the old menace of house-breakers and highwaymen.

Many attempts have been made to ascertain the cause of this state of affairs, and opinions vary widely. Some would-be authorities lay the responsibility on the army, basing their belief on the fact that ninety per cent. of the bandits captured can boast of service records. But such conclusions are too hastily drawn. If we examine the characters of these individuals we will find that

before the war they belonged to the class of gamblers, pool-hustlers, stool-pigeons and, in a word, the "riff-raff" of the country. It would be downright injustice to Uncle Sam and to his heroic war veterans to blame this crime wave on the army.

Probably the people that attribute the prevalence of violence and dishonesty to labor conditions are much nearer to the true cause. Just now there is a lull in almost every branch of industry. Reconstruction and readjustment are now more apparent than they were at any time since the signing of the armistice. During the war every rule of every plant was sacrificed for production. Men were coaxed into positions, and their pay was increased every time they showed symptons of discontent. Now, however, the golden days of production are over, and employers are regaining confidence enough to discharge a man who is incompetent or breaks a rule. This is throwing the work-shirkers on the streets, and as they can find no employment they resort to stealing.

Undoubtedly the number of crimes is increased by newspaper publicity. It is a strange commentary on our civilization that those who issue our daily news sheets expect the public to be more interested in the crimes and disasters of the day than in actions or movements that tend to uplift and conserve the best interests of society. Readers who otherwise would have borne their misfortunes philosophically, are lured to deeds of plunder by the apparent ease with which robbers carry out their plans; and others are led to end their domestic misery with gun or poison, after the example of those so luridly described in the evening newspaper.

But after all, the growth of crime only keeps pace with the growth of irreligion. Where no moral law save respectability holds sway; where no moral standard save expediency and self-interest exists; where no higher aim than pleasure, comfort, advantage, seems to sway the hearts of men and women, there it is but natural to expect a reversion to primitive methods. Outside the Catholic section of our population—one-sixth or one-seventh of it—there is very little of the religion that counts in daily life. And was it not the Father of Our Country that solemnly affirmed, "Religion is the indispensable basis of morality"?

Increase police protection, administer more severe penalties; but above all, go to the root of the trouble, and instill some genuine religion into the hearts of our people.

GERALD A. SCHROTH, '22.

Exchanges.

TO THE Exchange editor falls the most difficult work connected with the publication of a college journal. The world detests a "knocker"; so do we. And the world loves a "booster"; so do we. But the world doesn't set a standard for the middle-man. We are the middle-men, the critics. In his opening lines in "An Essay on Criticism", Pope says:

Of the two, less dangerous is the offense
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.

We shall strive to heed his apt advice.

The December–January issue of this journal is on a par with the past numbers, although a trifle brief in volume. To begin with allow us to remark that we believe the second editorial dealing with school spirit deserves a more prominent place owing to its contents and successful handling of a most vital, up-to-date question. "Sandy the Piper" is an interesting short story, rather brief, but pointed. The plot is simple, development fairly rapid, (and in some places rather hurried), yet withal, it lends a cheery atmosphere to the whole number. Briefly, the plot is this: A young Scotchman flees his native land because his trust has been betrayed by the father of the girl he loves. To shield her, he assumes the blame and escapes to America. He is discovered by his friends when they hear him play on the bagpipe, an instrument which he loves to play. They, failing to induce him to return, inform his old love of his location, and on Christmas Eve she discovers him and the two are reunited. "The Pilgrims' Tercentenary" is a chronological sketch of the activities of the Pilgrims, dealing with their origin, growth, migration to America, and the founding of the English colonies. "The other Shepherd of Bethlehem" is a well-developed, appealing short story centering around the "story that never grows old," the birth of the Christ-Child. The three selections of verse are excellent. The lines are few, the thoughts simple, and the diction almost commonplace, yet they hold a simple elegance of rythm and beauty of expression that at once attract and fascinate.

The Mountaineer

The December issue of *The Symposium* of Catholic University is an interesting one from many standpoints. The opening number, "Your Brother", is a verse containing "more truth than poetry." It is commendable however, especially from the human standpoint. "Freedom For Ireland" is a

The University Symposium

meritorious but rather lengthy essay on the Irish question. We agree heartily with the author's views on the subject and ably second his fervent desire that she may obtain her freedom. The reader turns the page to come upon a more potent and convincing argument for Irish liberty. In a short poem entitled "Peace to His Soul", the writer pays a glowing tribute to Ireland and pronounces a matchless eulogy over the dead patriot, MacSwiney. But while "Britannia Rules" we can only hope for the best, secure in the knowledge that right makes might, and firmly believing that in some near future time the cause of justice will triumph. "Good Resolutions" is in our judgment the best of the short stories. The plot is simple but the broad humor and lively lines running throughout make it very readable. "A Christmas on Wall Street" is the last and most pretentious of the stories. The plot is not new; the development, however, is very good; word choice excellent, and interest is held consistently. A slight anti-climax is reached, but not enough altogether to spoil the effect of the consumation of the plot. "Bill Keeps Out" and "A Horse Race" show talent but lack of experience. The remainder of the verse is well worked and pleasing. "Ye Annals of Ye Ancient Order of Hodge-Podge" are very humorous. They lend a bright cheery atmosphere at the right place and in the right time. One finishes the issue and closes its cover pages reluctantly.

The Marquette University Journal

The Marquette University Journal, the first of the present year, presents a strong and formidable array of literary talent. It specializes in the field of the essay. To begin with all the essays are fair, but it is only natural that in such a large field and the many numbers printed, we find some of the essays better than others. We pick the following as being the best: "The Essay as a Literary Form", "Why I Would Rather Be Fat Than Lean", "Being a Young Man", "Little Luxemburg", "Men Who Become Heroes Unconsciously". The first is excellent because of its literary value and its tasteful development. The second, contrary to what the title suggests, is full of broad humor and tingling vivacity. The third is a witty, rapid fire barrage calculated to lay bare the chirpy cocksureness of youth. The fourth is a rather lengthy exposition of a little nation's history. From a literary standpoint the essay is nearly fautless, from a material standpoint we believe it slightly out of place, especially in this issue of the journal. The last essay is

well written and deals with an element of life that is common to all thinking people. After all, the type of hero set forth in this number is a real hero, for one who does great things unconsciously is more deserving of recognition than one who consciously tries for honors that he may satisfy a mercenary motive created by ambition.

Verse throughout this issue is brought to a high plane and the MONTHLY congratulates the embryo poets.

"That Sister of Mine" and "The Making of a Knight" are the only two short stories produced. Both are interesting, full of life, and both represent an actual life occurrence around which the plots are woven.

The editorials are especially good and timely.

The Trinity College Record

The first issue of *The Trinity Record* is a very successful one. Judged from any of the angles of literary criticism, it is hard to pick a flaw in the gems of literature held up for our inspection.

Nearly all the departments of a college journal are represented. The verse is light and attractive. The essays are handled in a surprisingly capable manner and afford an unusual amount of pleasure and interest to the reader. The short story department has only one representative, "The Middle Step". However, if the staff of the *Record* aim at "quality, not quantity," they are to be commended. The department of the drama is invaded, and the invader has left her stamp. The editorials are well written, but (kindly pardon our audacity, for we aim at truth rather than flattery), uninteresting and a trifle petty. (There, we have said it).

The "Song of the Blessed Virgin" easily ranks first in the list of verse. The thought content is wholesome, the interest is maintained with subtle charm; the metre is not assertive, yet surprisingly attractive. The lines and stanzas, and finally the whole poem, do not end abruptly, but fade softly away; this it is that gives it charm. Of the essays, the best is the one entitled "Aspects of Concerted Catholic Action". It is clear, convincing, concise, and informative. "The Middle Step" is interesting, consisting of a medium plot, rapid development, and a compelling climax. "While Bethlehem Slept" is a playlet of considerable possibilities. It deals with the sublime joy of a little lame daughter of one of the shepherds who first adored the new-born Infant. The development is simple yet highly interesting. Vocabulary and style are praiseworthy while the metre is admirably preserved.

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, '23.

CHRONICLE

Uptown School.

Immediately after the first examinations the schedule of weekly entertainments and debates was published. It is so arranged that in the course of the year every class in the college and high schools will have its own "class night". There are three or four debates for each of the upper classes. Just as, for years past, the slogan has been "Every Duquesne student an athlete," so it is the aim of the school to give every student an opportunity to appear before an audience. To this end playlets will largely though not entirely supersede the recitations that were heretofore given.

Entertainments

The season was opened on November 28th with a highly successful programme presented by the Fourth High A. We append it in its entirety.

Overture—Ben Hur Chariot March, *E. T. Paull*.....Students' Orchestra
Professor C. B. Weis, Director

Recitation—Frost on the Pumpkin .....Anthony Fisher

Songs—Margie and Tripoli .....Joseph Dolan

One-Act Melodrama—THE GHOST OF JERRY BUNDLER, *W. W. Jacobs*.....

CAST

Somers.....Francis A. Riley
Malcolm.....Victor O. Friday
Hirst .....Paul G. Sullivan
Beldon .....Albert C. Kelly
Penfold.....J. Clark Moran
Dr. Leek.....Eugene A. Conti
George (A Waiter).....Edward Gaffney

Scene—The Commercial Room in an old-fashioned hotel in an English country town.

Selection—Dixie Lullaby.....Students' Orchestra

One-Act Farce—THE PAINTED CHAIR.....

CAST

Grandpa Bunker.....Thomas E. Thornton
Tom Bunker .....Thomas A. Sullivan
Mr. Bunker.....Anthony Radasevich
Deacon Flanders.....Joseph Hoffmann

Selection—Love Nest, *Lowes Hersch*.....Students' Orchestra

Debate—Resolved, That College Football is Real Advertising .....

Fourth High B. ..... *versus*	Fourth High A
(Affirmative)	(Negative)
William A. Jacko	Regis Guthrie
Joseph Martin	Robert Murphy
Adalbert Blieszner	Robert Slusarski

Selection—Two Step—And He'd Say Oo La La, *George Jessel*.....
Students' Orchestra

Scenically and actorially "The Ghost of Jerry Bundler" was a decided hit. The darkened hotel room, the firelight, moonlight and candles served to heighten the effect of the weird story so well told by the cast. "The Painted Chair" proved to be a huge success as a laugh-provoker. The debate was a lively presentation of a novel subject; the decision of the faculty judges went to the affirmative by a small margin.

"Sophomore Night" was observed on December 5th. "The Seventh Doctor" gave opportunity to a large number to demonstrate humorously the many phases of medical practice. The representatives of the downtown School of Dramatic Art scored an artistic triumph in the whimsical comedy of married life, "A Happy Pair". We learn with intense pleasure that students from that department are henceforth to appear frequently on the University stage. The debaters regaled their auditors with a wealth of information regarding our city. The affirmative won. We subjoin the programme.

Overture—March—"Imperial".....Students' Orchestra
Direction of Professor C. B. Weis

Address of Welcome.....Paul A. McCrory

One-Act Playlet—THE SEVENTH DOCTOR.....

CAST

Mose (Colored Servant)	Francis O'Connor
Mr. Sharp	P. L. McGrath
Dr. Homer Path	R. G. Reilly
Dr. Allen Path	H. A. Carroll
Dr. Molar (Dentist)	Paul McCrory
Dr. Cutter (Surgeon)	J. Reardon
Dr. Vetter (Horse Doctor)	E. J. Caye
Dr. Rubb (Osteopath)	Thomas Mahoney
Dr. Quack (Patent Medicine Vender)	C. M.Strobel

Scene—Living Room of Mr. Sharp's home.
Time—An afternoon in July.

Vocal Solo.....P. L. McGrath

Selection—"Blue Diamond".....Students' Orchestra

One-Act Comedietta—A HAPPY PAIR, *S. Theyre Smith*.....

CAST

Mrs. Honeyton.....Mercedes M. Hoffmann
Mr. Honeyton .....Richard H. Ackerman

Scene—Breakfast Room of the Honeyton Mansion, Long Island, New York.

Time—Morning in early June.

Waltz—"That Irish Mother of Mine".....Students' Orchestra

Debate—Resolved, That Pittsburgh Promotes Progress according to its Possibilities.....

Affirmative—*Freshmen*	Negative—*Sophomore*
E. J. Wiza	James L. Carl
J. B. Walsh	William Boggs
T. J. Lynch	A. J. Braun

Chairman, C. M. Strobel

On December 12th the Third High A held the boards. The two farces were well received by a large and sympathetic audience. In the debate, the opponents of exemption from examination carried the day. The programme was as follows

March—The Trumpeters..... Students' Orchestra

Sketch—SUCH IGNORANCE.....

CAST

Clarence.....Thomas Kaveny
Ike.....William Stebler

Waltz—My Rose of Yesterday..... Students' Orchestra

One-Act Farce—BILLS.....

CAST

Jack Davis .....John F. McKeown
Emily Davis.....Fred Thomas
Jones—Lawyer .....Vincent Boyle

Song—Margie. .....Frederick Thomas

Two Step—"Hold Me"..... Students' Orchestra

Debate—Resolved, That a Student who makes 85 per cent. in School Work be exempt from Examinations.....

Third High B (Affirmative)	Third High A (Negative)
Joseph Cameron	J. Gilmartin
Henry O'Brien	Thomas Harnyak
Paul Reilly	Paul Miller

The annual Christmas Entertainment given on December 15, as a compliment to those who worked for the success of the drive, brought a capacity audience to the University auditorium. Two plays of the olden time were given. "Eileen's Lad", a tragedy of the period of Hugh O'Neill's rebellion in Ireland, was presented by members of the Senior and Junior classes.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Sergeant *Rory Butler*	followers of Hugh O'Neill of Tyrone	Leo S. Watterson
Private *Tom Driscoll*		Herman J. Heilman
Private *Cormac O'Moore*		Vincent J. Rieland
Captain *Donall Maguire*		Regis E. Wehrheim
Colonel *William Esmond*		Leo J. McIntyre
Colonel *Richard Drummond*, Representative of Lord Mountjoy, the Lord Lieutenant		Gerald A. Schroth

To say that this was deeply impressive performance is no more than the truth. The intense patriotism of the Irish, coupled with other very human qualities—braggadocio in some, the fear of yielding to pain in others—were brought out with telling effect. The costumes and appointments of 1602, and the appropriate lighting, did much to furnish the proper atmosphere.

The second dramatic number was a poetic Christmas episode by Constance d' Arcy Mackay, "The Beau of Bath", staged by students of the School of Dramatic Art.

THE CAST

BEAU NASH	Richard H. Ackerman
JEPSON, his butler	Christian J. Hoffmann
THE LADY OF THE DREAM	Mercedes M. Hoffmann

Again the illusion of olden times was aided by the showy dress and powdered hair of the eighteenth century, the heraldic decorations, the worn tapestries, the high paneled walls. A well-deserved tribute was the audience's involuntary "Ah!" when the lady stepped out of the picture-frame. Some consider that more of these serious plays should be given, and fewer farces.

The students' orchestra contributed a large number of excellent selections at this and preceding entertainments. The "Cathedral Chimes" was a fitting opener for the Christmas Entertainment. Professor Charles B. Weis continues as the orchestra's devoted and eminently successful director.

Boarders' Banquet

Before their departure for the holidays, the Boarders treated the faculty and themselves to a splendid Christmas spread, amidst special Yuletide decorations. At the conclusion of the repast, the "feast of reason and flow of soul" put the finishing touches to a delightful evening.

More than one thousand educators from all parts of the state attended the convention of the Catholic Educational Asso-

Educators Meet

ciation of Pennsylvania in Pittsburgh, December 28th and 29th, 1920. The general sessions were held at the Synod Hall, and the college men met at Duquesne University. REV. RALPH L. HAYES, '05, Diocesan Director of Schools and Vice-President of the Association, conducted the meetings. Masterful papers were read, dealing with various educational topics, chief among which was that of Rt. Rev. Bishop McDevitt, of Harrisburg, on "The Right to Educate". REV. JAMES CARROLL, C. S. Sp., of the University faculty, was among those appointed to discuss the paper of Dr. Shields, of Washington, on "Catholic Education, the Basis of True Americanization". The Right Rev. Bishops of Pittsburgh and Harrisburg attended the reunion of college men at the University on December 28th, and took part in the round-table discussion.

V. Rev. President's Long Trip

On December 8th the Very Rev. President left for an official visit to the houses of the Holy Ghost Order in Trinidad, West Indies. He is to be absent about six weeks. The Fathers conduct in that island the flourishing college of St. Mary's and several parishes. Rev. Stephen Bryan, C. S. Sp., formerly of the University faculty, is one of the instructors in the college.

The Coming EUCHRE and RECEPTION

Final preparations have been made for the annual euchre and reception to be given by the Duquesne University Athletic Association at the William Penn Hotel, Wednesday evening, January 26th. Hundreds of invitations have been sent out to the many friends and alumni of the University, and a large gathering is assured.

The Honorary Committee is composed of F. W. Ries, Jr., J. J. Carney, J. F. McKenna, J. P. Egan and M. J. Yates.

This occasion affords an opportunity to the alumni and friends of the institution to mingle with the undergraduates when old acquaintances are renewed and new friends are met. A large gathering of alumni is expected. It is the ambition of this year's committee to make the affair the most successful in the history of the school. Appropriate music will be rendered by a capable orchestra under the direction of C. B. Weis. The ball room and the blue room will be at the service of the dancers so that all may be accommodated.

Class rivalry is intense, each class striving to make the best showing in disposing of tickets and the procuring of prizes.

Leo J. McIntyre, as President of the Students' Athletic Committee, will be General Chairman. Regis E. Wehrheim is Chairman of the Reception Committee; Vincent J. Rieland and Charles A. Ward, Music; Leo S. Watterson, Euchre; Gerald A. Schroth, Prizes, and Leo A. Schneider, Door.

Following are the members of the various Committees:

Reception—J. J. McCloskey, F. J. Christopher, S. T. Guiski, L. S. Watterson, V. J. Rieland, C. A. Ward, M. A. Cusick, H. E. Kelly, J. S. Pawlowski, G. A. Schroth, H. J. Sieber, R. H. Ackerman, P. L. McGrath, A. R. Braun, H. A. Miller, J. J. Groetsch, E. J. Caye, E. G. Wassel, J. Deasy, T. J. Mahony, J. J. Laffey, C. M. Strobel, D. J. Schmadel, H. R. Teese, C. Hoffman, P. McCrory, I. F. Zurbuch, J. Donahoe, J. Doyle and J. B. Walsh.

Euchre—R. G. Reilly, F. J. O'Connor, S. Dembinski, H. J. Heilman, William Savage, H. Carroll, J. L. Imhof, E. Gallagher, L. E. Barth, A. C. Kelly, R. C. Guthrie, F. Gunde, J. Reardon, J. Brumbaugh, J. D. Boyd, P. Reilly, Eugene Murphy, R. A. Wilhelm, J. A. Witt, L. J. Quinn, J. M. Rozenas, William Maxwell, F. J. Emig, G. E. Houillion, J. E. Martin, M. F. Klaser and E. F. Ende.

Prize—F. J. Wilson, W. J. Maughn, S. Souria, R. F. O'Brien, Frederick Thomas, A. J. Mulcahy, R. E. Vogel and F. S. McCarthy.

Door—C. J. Cherdini, H. M. Krepley, W. J. Davis, R. C. Mansman, L. C. Snyder.

Bereavements

Deep sympathy is extended to Bernard Kelly, of the Freshman class, on the death of his father; to John Kelly, of the First Commercial, on the death of his mother; to Leo McCarthy, of the Second Scientific, on the death of his father; to Clark Moran, of the Fourth High A, on the death of his father, and to Carl Ohrman, of the First Commercial, on the death of his brother and sister. God grant rest to the departed and comfort to the bereaved families!

ROBERT G. REILLY, '23.

School of Law.

It is a pleasant duty to report a healthy condition at the school, with the immediate future measuring up to the expectations of those who organized and started the department.

Since September 1st, 1920, the number of registrations in the First Year Class was forty-seven. This includes several students who entered late in the fall of 1920, and who were entered upon the condition of making up the back work and passing the regular examinations. Four of the First Year Class had completed a year at another institution, but were conditioned for failure to secure the required number of credits. They were registered here as beginners, and are taking the regular work. The registration in this class has held up remarkably, as there are 45 students in good standing to-day.

There are thirty-two students in good standing in the Second Year Class, and one student present in the class, but not yet registered, as his credits from the University of Iowa have not been forwarded. Upon a favorable report the total number of students in the Second Year Class will be thirty-three.

The Third Year Class is the last of the so-called War Classes, and numbers only eight students.

A. W. Robertson, Esq., connected with the Pittsburgh Railways Company and the Philadelphia Company, is handling the Public Service Course. With this exception, the faculty is the same as last year.

Alumni.

THE director and several of the instructors of the Knights of Columbus school for ex-service men, are alumni of Duquesne University. JOHN V. O'CONNOR, '14, organized this school over a year ago, and has since superintended its work most successfully.

CATHOLIC boys connected with the Boy Scouts of America in Pittsburgh are leading all other Allegheny County members in the various scouting activities. At a rally held recently, in which partidipated more than seventy-five troops with a membership of over 2,000 Scouts, the highest honors were won by Troops 43 and 45 respectively of St. Paul's Cathedral. Troop 43, of which JOHN L. DOBBINS is Scoutmaster, scored the greatest number of points in the Eleventh District, of which it is a part, and ran up the highest score of any troop in the county.

ON Sunday, December 12th, occurred the dedication of the new church of the Immaculate Conception at Colfax, Iowa, of which REV. EDWARD F. JACKSON, '09, is pastor. The Right Rev. James Davis, Bishop of Davenport, presided. Father Jackson, in addition to his parochial duties, is frequently called upon to give lectures both within and without the state of his adoption.

THERE has just come from the press a history of St. Benedict the Moor's Church, Pittsburgh, written by its present pastor, REV. WILLIAM F. STADELMAN, C. S. Sp., '92. In charming style, with many an anecdote by the way, he relates the attempts made in 1844 and 1865 to found a church for the colored Catholics of Pittsburgh, and the fortunes of the successful mission dating from 1889.

All who remember RICHARD BOWEN'S golden voice will be delighted to hear of his success on the concert stage at Boston. A paper from the New England metropolis which lately came our way spoke of large crowds attracted to a recital of his, and charmed with the "artistry and the restraint" scarcely to be expected from a performer so young.

LEO J. MCINTYRE, '21.



Resume of Football Season.

The grid season just closed has proved a most successful one. Coach Stahl, handicapped by a late start and a dearth of heavy men, welded together an aggregation well able to cope with any team in the district. "Jake" is to be commended for the "never-say-die" spirit he instilled in his proteges who, though defeated by larger and heavier opponents in their first two games, came back and won three and tied one of their remaining five engagements. Coach Stahl, with his assistant par excellence, Gaugler, deserves a large measure of the credit for the Dukes' astonishing record.

Space forbids a detailed account of the exploits of each player, but no paean of the Dukes can be sung without mention of Captain Shortley. "Mike" ran the team from his half-back position, his keen judgment being largely responsible for his team's wonderful showing at crucial moments of the game. His ability to find a hole and to zig-zag through the opposing defense was amazing. He threw forward passes with bullet-like accuracy. However, Captain Shortley's greatest value lay in the spirit with which he imbued his men; under his leadership the players would not admit defeat.

After losing their first two games to Marietta and Detroit, the Dukes found themselves and swamped Muskingum on the Bluff campus, 35–0. Next came a 0–0 tie with Mt. St. Mary's, then a nose-out by Thiel to the tune of 19–14. St. Bonaventure's fell a 13–0 victim, and Dayton University likewise took the count, 20–0.

Alumni Athletic Council.

One of the most significant and far-reaching results of the Drive was the formation of the Alumni Athletic Council, and its decision to take over the management and financing of competitive athletics in the school. Several enthusiastic meetings were held, and a corps of efficient officers was chosen. They are the following: Eugene S. Reilly, Chairman; John P. Egan, Esq., Vice-Chairman; Paul J. Friday, Esq., Secretary; J. Frank McKenna, Esq., Treasurer. The other members of the Council are Rev. George J. Bullion, Rev. Ralph L. Hayes, D. D., Frank T. Lauinger, Rev. H. J. McDermott, C. S. Sp., Very Rev. M. A. McGarey, Frank C. Mayer, Fred W. Ries, Jr., Esq., Joseph S. Szepe, Esq., Dr. Richard A. Walsh, William Weiss and Michael J. Yates.

These gentlemen visited the uptown school shortly before the holidays, and unfolded to the younger element of the student body their plans for the future. With the active concurrence of both bodies, athletics and the general good of the institution can not fail to make unprecedented strides in the way of progress.

Football Banquet.

The 'Varsity football banquet was held in the Norse room of the Fort Pitt Hotel on Tuesday evening, December 21st. A large number of students and alumui were present. The 'Varsity players were presented with gold footballs suitably inscribed. Walter Doyle was elected Captain for 1921. Among those at the speakers' table were Mr. J. Rogers Flannery, Toastmaster, Rev. Ralph L. Hayes, Rev. H. J. McDermott and Mr. John P. Egan. "Pat" O'Malley also spoke, being called upon by special request. He was undoubtedly the hit of the evening. The banquet was a great success, and those who were not present missed a treat.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, H. S., '21.

First National Bank at Pittsburgh, Pa.

TOURIST DEPARTMENT
Represents the Principal Steamship Lines and arranges for Tours and Trips the World over.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
4 per cent. Interest Paid
Office Hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Saturdays till 9 P. M.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT
Drafts issued on all parts of the Globe.
Payments made by mail or cable

Corner Fifth Ave. and Wood St, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Swindler & Scott Company
OF PITTSBURGH
DISTRIBUTORS OF THE FAMOUS "TROCO NUT BUTTER"

DRINK
Breakfast Cheer
COFFEE

The Coffee that starts you out in the morning with a
BIG BROAD SMILE

Sold by all first-class Grocers

Imported, Roasted and Packed by
THE
CAMPBELL & WOODS CO.

SPALDING



Athletic Equipment For Every Indoor And Outdoor Sport

BASKET BALL, BOXING
GYMNASIUM CLOTHING
ICE SKATES AND SHOES

Send for Catalogue

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
608 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Duquesne Monthly



Vol. 28 FEBRUARY, 1921 No. 5

Duquesne Monthly

FEBRUARY, 1921

CONTENTS

Candlemas	Luke O'Byrne	145
Corned Beef and Cabbage	M. Bostaph	146
A Valentine	Daniel Darrell	150
Padden Plays Fair	Thomas Sullivan	151
The Bluelawmakers	Paul G. Sullivan	155
A Biographical Sketch of Racine	Francis W. Bennett	156
Editorial: —		
Lincoln's Religion	V. J. Rieland	167
Valentines	Regis E. Wehrheim	168
Alliances	Gerald A. Schroth	169
Beware of the Medium	Leo J. McIntyre	169
Obituary		170
Chronicle	R. J. R.	172
Duquesnicula	Riley-Kelly	177

D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York.

Courses leading to degrees in *Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Literature and Music*
Special preparation for High School Teaching.
Design and Painting, under Male Instructor.

RIGHT REV. WM. TURNER, D. D., Chancellor.

FACULTY:

Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy, and Men and Women Lay Specialists.

Holy Angels' Academy

In Connection with D'Youville College

College Preparatory and General Culture Courses. Music, Languages, Design and Painting. New York State Regents' Diplomas.

BOLD'S HOME-MADE BREAD

BAKED FRESH EVERY DAY.

It is so manifestly good and fresh that it produces a light, flaky crust that melts deliciously in the mouth, and there is no soaking in of the filling, nor sogginess, no indigestion.

Every Loaf is of Uniform Excellence, the Standard by which others are judged.

AUGUST BOLD, 821-29 Industry St., Pittsburgh

Hallen

Bell Phones: Hemlock 569
Hill 1327 R

Commercial Photography

Photographer Portraits in Crayon, Oil and Water Color Paintings

1405 Carson Street and Post Office Building, Mt. Oliver

WAGNER BROS. SHOE CO.

WHOLESALE SHOES

429 LIBERTY AVENUE PITTSBURGH

Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXVIII. FEBRUARY, 1921 No. 5

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Address: Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh
Postoffice, April 30, 1911

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 22, 1918

VINCENT J. RIELAND, A. B., '21, Editor-in-Chief

Associate Editors

REGIS E. WEHRHEIM, A. B., '21 GERALD A. SCHROTH, A. B., '22

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, A. B., '23 . . . . Exchanges

LEO J. MCINTYRE, A. B., '21 . . . . . Alumni

ROBERT G. REILLY, A. B., '23 . . . . College Notes

JOHN F. O'CONNOR, B. C. S., '23 . . . . Finance Notes

FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, LL. B., '23 . . . . Law Notes

RICHARD H. ACKERMAN, D. A., '21 . . Public Speaking Notes

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, H. S., '21 . . . . Athletics

FRANCIS A. RILEY, H. S., '21 ALBERT C. KELLY, H. S., '21 Duquesnicula

Business Managers

PATRICK L. MCGRATH, A. B., '23 REGIS O'BRIEN, H. S., '22

Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVIII. FEBRUARY, 1921 Number 5.

Candlemas.

YE BLESSED emblems of Incarnate Light,
That limn the holy place with myriad glow
And on our hearts a kindly warmth bestow,
Methinks your meaning now I see aright.
'Tis that, like you, thro' earth's dim darksome night
Around me Christ-like radiance must I throw,
And in consuming love must ever grow,
Lifting the while my head toward Heaven's height.

But, Lord of Light! can'st find within my heart
One glimmer of the mighty love and zeal
That glowed white hot in soul of Libermann?
If Thou but kindled there that fire blest,
Then could I somewhat of Thy pow'r reveal:
That were the consummation of Thy plan!

LUKE O'BYRNE.

Ven. Francis Mary Paul Libermann, First Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Holy Heart of Mary, died in the odor of sanctity, February 2, 1852.

Corned Beef and Cabbage, Sir.

TIM O'DAY was leaning 'way back in a rickety wooden rocker, his none too beautifully stockinged feet settled comfortably on what served as a mantel piece, and his yellow corn-cob chimney puffing forth voluminous blue clouds into the already hazy atmosphere of the room. He was thinking. He was supremely happy and contented. He had everything an Irishman could wish for—a nice little shanty with a genuine organ and a rubber plant in the parlor; twelve little concentrations consisting mostly of freckles, red hair, and pranks, to fill his fatherly heart with joy, and best of all a wife who could cook corned beef and cabbage, fit to set before a king. And didn't he have six dagos and three niggers to boss all day at the mines?

"Umm," and Tim sniffed as the sweet smell of a neighbor's supper came by on the March breeze. "Sure, and the McCarthy's got boiled ham for supper," he added more to himself than for publication. "Wonder what Bridget's got?" and he went out to the kitchen to find out.

P. Harrington d' Orsay, sir, was reclining on an expensively upholstered tapestried divan, puffing leisurely at his scented cigarette. He was happy—his wife was not around! He was thinking, yes, thinking of the days gone by. He glanced down at the thick plush carpet—

"And my dad tramped on beaten clay all his life," he mused.

In the violet rolls of smoke the days loomed up when he trudged to work at six, dinner bucket on arm, and pick slung on his shoulder, with his wife's good-bye kiss still fresh on his—oh, mind your own business! Then some men with made-to-order belts and sleek black mustaches began to hang around his house He thought they were trying to buy his land because there might be coal on it. He kicked them out on the cinderpath one day and began to sink a shaft back of the chicken coop. A twenty foot vein was found and later others were discovered. Afterwards he discovered that the two gents didn't have any designs on his land at all. Whether they did or not, is neither here nor there, for he began to be fabulously rich. It was then his better half compelled him to drop the common name of Patrick and fling the "Harrington" to the breeze.

In the midst of his musings he heard a rustling of silks, and—

"You lazy loafer! How many times have I told you to keep your clodhoppers off that divan? Get right off it this minute."

"I guess I'll go out awhile. I won't be back for some time, Hannah dear," said P. Harrington, as he walked over and donned an honest-to-goodness silk stovepipe, and a fur coat the equal of which was never seen west of Fifth Avenue, Bagdad-on-the-Subway.

"Well, I'd like to know where you are going this time o' night—its 'most seven o'clock," demanded Mrs. P. pertly.

"You know that dago I hired a month ago? I don't trust him. He speaks French and has the cunning of a Hun! I believe he has told me a falsehood about that mine near Tom's Run. I'm going over and investigate. I'll take him along. Good-bye!" and he closed the leaded door softly.

"Meestaire d'Orsay, I'm veree sorry indeed, but I am quite unable to accompanee you to-night. I have a—what you call eet—date!—with a friend mam'selle. But O'Day, my foreman, would be overjoyed to show you eet. He live up the road. But I must be leaving. Veree sorry. Au revoir!" and his manager strode rapidly away, without another word, and was soon lost in the darkness.

A few minutes' brisk walk brought him to O'Day's doorstep, and he immediately rapped. He was musing:

"If that chunk of macaroni didn't have such an influence with the foreigners there, I'd have given him the pink slip long ago. But I'm afraid—there'd be a strike sure, and—

"Good evening, Mrs. O'Day. I'm Mr. d'Orsay, and I'd like to speak to you about something very important."

"Mr. d'Orsay? Sure! come right in and take a chair," exclaimed Mrs. O'Day, all dishwashy, wiping her wet hands on her calico apron, and then dusting off a chair with it for him to sit in. "Looks like we're in for another spell o' rain—the sun set kinda' clouded this evenin'," she added, good-naturedly.

Exit Bridget to the back porch where she yanked Tim unceremoniously off the swing and whispered excitedly into his ear,

"It's Mr. d'Orsay hi'sself in the parlor to see you. You haven't been drunk at the works, have you lately?" she added, with a suspicious look.

Tim slipped on a coat, and with alacrity strode into the room.

"'Evenin', Mr. d'Orsay," began Tim in that almost reverential attitude, which the "shanty" Irish regard the more fortunate "lace-curtain" Hibernians.

"Say, O'Day, you wouldn't mind taking a little stroll with me this evening? I'm going to examine that abandoned mine over near the railroad at Tom's Run. They say it's not worth working, but I believe different," said Mr. d'Orsay pleasantly.

"Sure, and I'd be glad to go," said Tim, glancing down at his shoeless feet, "as soon as I can slip on me boots."

Five minutes later they were plodding their way over a barren hillside by the light of a flashlight carried by Tim's sixth son, Kent. Kent was merrily blowing an ancient Hibernian jig on a mouth-organ. Pan had nothing on Kent when it came to putting color to the trilling reeds.

"That reminds me of my boyhood days in the dells of Kilmallock," Mr. d'Orsay said. "It took a good youngster to beat me in a jig then."

"You came from Old Kilmallock? I can't recall anyone there by the name of Harrington d'Orsay. And I used to pride myself in knowing everybody in the whole county. You haven't been there in late years; I came over in '81," said Tim with a glow of recollection. "Am I a darned fool? B' Jimminy, if it isn't me old friend Pat Dorsey! Don't you remember me—we came over in the hold on that steamer together! And the crew didn't find us until we were two days out on sea!" burst out Tim almost smothering him in a hearty embrace. "But who'd ever recognize you, Pat, sailing under the flag of Harrington d'Orsay? Wouldn't the old folks—God bless 'em—have a good laugh if they heard that? I have to laugh m'self."

And the two newly-found friends walked gaily, recounting old times. The "lace curtains" were hung up in the "shanty".

"My manager asked me to have a heavy wooden beam door placed at the entrance so's the little kids wouldn't wander in and mebbe' get lost. And I'll say he made it strong! I wonder what was the idea?" spoke d'Orsay, as he unlocked the massive door, which swung open with dignity.

Faint flashes began to appear at frequent intervals in the far west. Suddenly the wind began to howl, and thunder rumbled in the distance.

The mine was not spacious and within a half hour was thoroughly examined.

"The dago was right—it isn't worth workin'. But what gets me is that door—this mine is not near so deep as lots of others hereabouts!" announced d'Orsay decidedly.

"What kind of coal is this, Mr. d'Orsay?" said Kent who

had also been looking around for himself. And he handed a queer lump to him.

"Gee whillicans! look at that, Tim! What would you say about that?" said d'Orsay.

"Looks like littie specks of silver or something in it," Tim returned after an investigation.

"That's exactly what it is. Where did you find this, my boy?"

"There's about six wagonloads over in that corner, and a whole vein across the ceiling. I'll show it to you!"

And so it was—a wealth of fine silver ore.

"I see why that spagetti hound had the entrace doored—and he's been working it too!"

Kent nudged his dad, "look in the doorway."

And they saw a face peering in out of the blackness.

"It's Annunzio, the blackguard," cried d'Orsay starting toward the door, but he was too late, for the huge door closed with a thundering bang, and they heard the bar drawn. "Well what do you think of that? A regiment couldn't knock that portal down—it's set in steel." "Have you a match—we could burn it down."

"B'gorra, I haven't even one," answered Tim, after a search of his many pockets.

"We might as well say our prayers—we can't get out of here without aid."

Kent all this time was thinking: "I have it, Mr. d'Orsay! Hand me your flashlight." Dexterously extracting one of the thin strands of wire from the flexible cord, he withdrew the battery. "I saw this done at school one day," he explained, as he stretched the fine wire across the poles of the battery. It immediately became white hot. "My idea is to get a light from this, and then we can burn the door down, see!"

Without more ado this was tried, and within a half hour they were pushing the burned logs away to freedom.

That night d'Orsay bunked with O'Day. In the morning he ate with delight Bridget's homely yet tempting culinary efforts. He was reborn again.

Harrington d'Orsay walked in that noon at his home, singing—

"Don't be ashamed you're Irish
Or bear an Irish name."

"Harrington!" something in silks and hauteur opened fire "stop that crude ditty immediately—do you hear?"

Disregarding this fusilade, he said, "Hannah me dear, remember the O'Days that lived with us in the old country? Tim and Bridget live up the road. Think of it—and we here twenty years."

A great change seemed to take place in the surefire Hannah. The Hannah of the gold-rimmed lorgnette melted away and the new—or rather the long dead—Hannah stepped forward.

Next day all the signs of P. Harrington d'Orsay mining company read

"Patrick H. Dorsey."

Kent was sent to college all right. And Pat Dorsey, sir, gets all the corned beef and cabbage he wants, and Hannah disposes of even more of it than Pat himself.

Tim has lace curtains in his parlor, and all's Irish that ends well!

MARION BOSTAPH.



A Valentine?

A VALENTINE I must indite
To one whose charms have conquered quite
My soul's affections evermore:
In graceful rhyme shall I outpour
Devotion for that fairy sprite;

She's strewn my path with flowers bright
And shed around me heaven's light.
Nor time nor toil are needed for
A valentine!

Alas! alack! What horrid plight!
Full twenty ladies claim me knight.
I hang in indecision sore:
To which, I pray, of all the score, . . .
Beth, Maud, or Phyllis . . . shall I write
A valentine?

DANIEL DARRELL.

Padden Plays Fair.

ATHLETICS held a place of honor at Fort Union College, and year by year stronger and stronger teams were turned out. Every one of its three hundred and nine boarders was either a fan or a player. This loyalty can easily be understood when it is remembered that they lived together like members of an overgrown family, and felt the normal boy's admiration for physical prowess. At the outset of the basketball season prospects were unusually bright. One drawback there was, to be sure: the substitutes on the 'Varsity had not come up to the expected standard, and in the two games already played their entrance into the contests had almost turned victory into defeat.

Mike Keller, the veteran coach, had a man-sized task before him. He simply could not get those substitutes to work with the regulars; not that the second-string men did not care or try—they were eager enough—but they did not seem to have the physical endowments. Yet Mike was confident that he could remedy the matter.

One of the substitutes, Joe Padden by name, is worthy of special notice. Joe had worked loyally with the team for three successive seasons, and now, in his last year, he was still on the bench. A touch of the flu at the end of the previous season had apparently wrecked Joe's chances for a regular position, and, hard as he tried, he seemed unable to find his stride. But he was one of that type of big-hearted lads who think not of themselves but of the team as a whole, who whip the regulars into shape by opposing them in practice, who never grumble at any preference shown to their team-mates. Truth to tell, no one was inclined to complain of anything that Coach Keller did, for the fair and square policy on which he insisted with his charges, he carried out to the letter in his dealings with them. "Play clean, all the time," he kept telling them, and he played clean with them himself. The sad part of it all is that the worth of real workers like Joe Padden is rarely appreciated by the followers of the team.

Quite unexpectedly Graduate Manager Hoban announced that Bradley University had offered Fort Union a game. The scheduled opponents of Bradley had cancelled and left the big school without a game for St. Valentine's day. Before accepting the offer Manager Hoban conferred with his coach, because the time would be very limited for Mike to round his team into the best possible form. Keller was satisfied to play, and the proffered

date was accepted, the University floor to be the scene of the fray.

A fray it surely was to be. Bradley University had an enviable record in all branches of sport, and a wonderful basketball history. For four consecutive seasons they had not been defeated. True, from fifteen hundred students the school might well be able to pick a winning quintet—two or three of them, for that matter.

Fort Union's team practiced long and hard. They were determined to win, for they realized what a victory over a team with the reputation of Bradley University would mean.

The night of the long expected game arrived, for it seemed a long time for the Fort Union supporters, who had turned out en masse. Just before the whistle blew for the opening period Mike Keller addressed his charges: "Listen, fellows. Bradley has offered us this game so that we would give them some practice for their hard games later on in the season. They think it will be easy; that is to our advantage. Again, I know that this crowd has the reputation of being a rough team, of not always playing a clean game. Play clean, give them your best, and we'll win!"

Out on the floor they trotted, the bright blue of Fort Union contrasting with the maroon of Bradley. The game opened with a rush. Nervousness made the Forts' passing and shooting a little erratic at first, but that soon wore off; yet it left the big team with a lead of four points—six to two.

Bradley was surely surprised, however, for instead of a practice game they were facing a stiff battle. They hadn't much regard for the lads in the blue jerseys, and began to employ their underhand tricks. The referee, a Bradley choice, was evidently blind to these happenings, and the offender invariably got away. The Forts naturally felt like returning evil for evil, but, their coaching asserting itself, they held their tempers in check. Their determination to play a clean game had its reward, for at the end of the first half the score stood

Bradley University, 18; Opponents, 16.

The Maroons were plainly worried and they had reason to be, for they could barely hold their own against the Fort Union five.

Mike Keller again addressed his panting charges. "You are playing a fine game, and best of all you are playing it on the square. You are showing those fellows up, and people are noticing it. Make your passes surer, and get closer to the basket before shooting. Good luck!"

Out on the floor like two streaks of color came the teams, beautiful with the grace of healthy manhood. Above the din of the home team's yells rose the strains of Fort Union's college song. After a moment the Bradley rooters were silenced by the charm of its melody and the spirit back of it. Again the battle began. On one side the big school's followers demanded a decisive victory, while on the other the boys of the smaller college urged their idols to bigger efforts, to faster work, and to victory.

The scoring alternated between the two teams. Now Bradley threw a basket, now Fort Union, each putting more speed into its work in the attempt to even up the score. While this struggle was going on Joe Padden sat, all eager, watching, from his seat at the end of the spectators' bench, the mistakes, defects and advantages of both teams. "If I could only get in there!" he muttered. "Gee! It's awful to be a sub—a sub for three years! Joe," he continued to himself, "if you get in there you play your head off. But what's the use? There's no chance of that."

Jimmy Keith, the Blues' best forward, had missed two easy chances to cage the ball from beside the basket. Joe thought Jimmy's face glistened in an unnatural way just at the moment he shot. At a third attempt, following some splendid passing, Joe saw the same strange radiance, and, looking up quickly, beheld its cause. From the balcony above the basket a spot-light had suddenly flashed directly in the eyes of Jimmy Keith, in such a manner that no one on the side-lines could detect it. Joe Padden's blood boiled with indignation, and he was about to call the coach's attention to the "criminal proceeding," when the whistle blew sharply. The Forts were grouped about one of their team-mates. Joe looked. "What luck! It's Jimmy Keith. It's his ankle, and I guess he's out for the season."

Coach Keller spoke hurriedly to Joe. "Go in and take his place. The result of this game depends on you. If you fit in there and don't break up the team work, we'll win."

"But just a minute, Mike," blurted Joe. "I——"

"You are 'll right," assured the coach, misunderstanding Joe's anxiety, "don't delay the game. You can play that forward position fine. Go to it!"

Joe Padden dashed in and reported. He glanced at the scoreboard. It read:

Bradley University, 26; Opponents, 26.

"Eight minutes to play," announced the referee. The game started again.

"I must work with those fellows. I can do it. But first to put that trickster out of commission."

Down toward his goal came the ball. He stationed himself where Keith had been blinded. Receiving the ball, he quickly dodged to the *opposite* side of the basket, and drove the ball with all his reserve strength directly against the unlighted lamp. The lamp, which proved to be an automobile light, was lifted over the balustrade against the chin of its operator, who fell back with a groan into the seat behind him. No one save Padden and Keith had seen the light, and no one save Padden himself and the luckless trickster knew just what happened now. The ball was back in play in a second or two, and the contest went on more fiercely than ever.

Bradley now slipped past the Blue guards and scored again. Fort Union was desperate. A foul was called on one of them for holding. The Maroon man shot the foul.

Bradley, 29; Fort Union, 26.

On the next play Joe caught the ball, passed it, tore down the floor, received it again, and shot it into the basket. Moore, the other forward, shot a moment later, but missed. Padden realized that they had but a very short time to play, and his heart sank within him, as he saw that the Bradley team held the ball, and had already started toward their basket.

He saw his chance. The Bradley guard was attempting to throw the ball to his team-mate from behind Joe. Joe jumped up with all his might, blocked the pass, and as none of his mates were near, dribbled towards the basket. But, to his chagrin, one of the opposing guards had remained back and would block his way. "I'll have to put it in from here. It's a long shot, but I'm fresh and I can make it." These thoughts, the mean tricks of the Bradley team and their confederate in the balcony, his own poor showing to date, and a thousand other things, flashed through his brain, and left him in an instant, cool and determined. He took aim and shot with all the skill at his command. Everything was hushed for an instant; then, as the ball, without so much as touching the rim, dropped into the basket, the final whistle blew and the Fort Union adherents danced and shouted with joy.

The final score stood

Bradley University, 29; Fort Union College, 30.

The "Blue" dressing-room was filled with merry shouts and laughter, for had not the impossible taken place?

A player dressed in Maroon entered, and asked permission to speak. "Our men and the students, too, feel badly to-night," he said, haltingly. "We have lost for the first time in four years—have spoiled the record of good fellows before us. But the defeat was deserved, we must acknowledge. We did not play fair, and we are sorry. We have learned a valuable lesson. The best team won."

After the captain of the Bradley team had gone, Coach Keller said, "Boys, this is a double victory. You played fair, scored highest, and conquered the crookedness of your opponents. My praise is for every one on the squad. We must not forget good old Joe Padden here. He was patient for three years, he worked hard all along, and to-night he was rewarded. The final score depended on him—on whether or not he kept his head, co-operated with the rest of you, and gave the opposition a square deal. Fellows, I need not insist: it pays to be fair."

THOMAS A. SULLIVAN, H. S., '21.

The Bluelawmakers.

WITH faces sanctimonious,
And words that are euphonious,
They claim that we're felonious,
And seek to make us good;
Their methods, quite fanatical—
And frequently piratical—
They say are but sabbatical,
And eas'ly understood.

All pleasures are satanical,
So laws are passed tyrannical,
The public will to manacle,
To stifle joy on earth;
Their word is oft perfidious,
Their means to ends insidious,
And stooping low to pity us,
Deplore our paltry worth.

With wonderful proficiency
They spot the world's deficiency,
Proclaim their own omnisciency,
And say how we must act;
Now, who were the commissioners,
Or universe conditioners,
That told these self-styled missioners
To have us poor fish wracked?

But they can't change our attitude
By weak and foolish platitude;
If they would win our gratitude,
They'd stop their endless fuss;
We'll ditch their laws cerulean,
Their lobbyin' and bullyin',
We're not so blamed damfulian
That they can bunco us.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, H. S., '22.



Biographical Sketch of Racine.

ON THE twenty-first of December, 1639, was born at La Ferte-Milon, in Champagne, he who has been called "the unique, the peculiar genius of France." Jean Racine was the son of Jeanne Sconin and Jean Racine, the latter a government official, to be exact, a collector of the Salt Tax. Jean and a sister Marie were the only issue of this union. When Jean was a mere infant (1641) his mother died; her husband followed her in 1643. Orphaned thus at four, Jean passed under the guardianship of his paternal grandmother, Marie Desmoulins, an ardent Jansenist. By his grandparents the boy was later sent to study at the College de la ville de Beauvais. Upon the death of her husband (1649), Madame Racine retired to Port-Royal, there to join her sister and her daughter, the latter of whom is known to history as la Mère Agnes de Sainte-Thècle. It was through the influence of these worthy women that young Jean was admitted (1655) to the Jansenist Ecole des Granges, where he fell

under the teaching of such men as Nicole, Hamon, Lancelot, and Antoine Le Maistre.

Under the rather austere guidance of the Solitaires the lad, in his most impressionable years, became grounded in the gloomy doctrines of Jansenism, and in a classicism that embraced a thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek. Here he displayed actively his taste for the Greek language and literature; here he read with avidity the epics of Homer, steeped himself in the tragic verse of Euripides and Sophocles, and is said to have learned by heart the Greek romance *Theagène et Chariclée* to preserve it intact from the depredations of Lancelot, his Greek instructor, who had twice confiscated and burned copies of this work.

While at Port-Royal, Racine showed a slight tendency toward verse making, and, perhaps, to turn his attention toward other lines, the *Solitaires* sent their clever pupil (1658) to the College d'Harcourt at Paris (to-day the Lycée Saint Louis) to study logic and philosophy with view toward the legal profession. Unattracted by a destiny that pointed toward the law, Racine again turned to poetry and (1660) soon made a modest bow to the literary world with an ode *La Nymphe de la Seine,* written to celebrate the recent marriage of Louis XIV. with the Infante Marie-Thérèse. This poem brought the immediate reward of a purse of one hundred louis, and somewhat later—through the instrumentality of Chapelain who called the attention of Colbert, Minister of Finance, to the budding poet—the bestowal, by the king, of a pension of six hundred livres with the title *homme des lettres.* All of which publicity from writing on the part of their pupil was, in the eyes of the *Solitaires* of Port-Royal, *scandal;* and his former instructors, by letters and threats of excommunication, bade him cease.

Possibly with the hope of disentangling himself irremediably from the career of lawyer, perhaps with the desire to please his friends at Port-Royal, Racine journeyed southward, ostensibly with the intention of preparing himself for Holy Orders, to Provence to study theology with his maternal uncle Antoine, père Sconin' vicar-general of Uzès, formerly Canon of Ste-Geneviève at Paris. Though Racine eventually had himself instituted Prior of Epinay through his theological studies, the bulk of his time was given over to the study of profane writers, Homer, Pindar, Virgil, and his leisure time to complaining bitterly (for he was perhaps unconsciously affected somewhat by that nicety of style and

diction, that over-delicacy of pronunciation, that all-pervasive atmosphere of the salon of the *Marquise de Rambouillet* permeating literary Paris) of the *patois* of Provence: "I had as much need of an interpreter here as a Muscovite in Paris". After having written some desultory verse and tried his hand at dramatic composition, the call of the capital was too strong for this northerner from the Ile-de-France, and we find him soon again in Paris.

In 1662, upon the recovery of the king from an attack of measles, Racine published a poem *Sur la Convalescence du Roi* which earned for him another purse. By the poem *La Renommée aux Muses,* written to express his gratitude, he gained an introduction to the court and to the man who became his life-long friend, Boileau. It was precisely at this time that he frequented, with La Fontaine, Boileau, and Molière, the fashionable cabarets *Mouton Blanc* and *Pomme du Pin,* and it was due largely to Molière that Racine did not join the ranks of the *Précieux,* but chose rather the society of actors and actresses and ultimately shaped his career as a dramatist. At this time also, Racine wrote a play Theagène et Chariclée which he showed to Molière; the latter considered the work unsuitable for acting, but encouraged the young author by giving him one hundred livres and the plot of *la Thébaide ou les Frères Ennemis* which was completed toward the end of 1663 and produced by Molière's players at the *Palais-Royal,* enjoying a run of fifteen performances.

Alexandre le Grand (1665) was entrusted to the Molière troupe, but Racine, dissatisfied with the way his play was presented at the *Palais-Royal,* transferred the tragedy, together with *la Du Parc,* the actress, to the company of players at the rival theatre, the *Hotel de Bourgogne.* This action naturally caused a breach between Molière and Racine; added to this unfortunate circumstance, Corneille undertook to discourage him from writing tragedy, while at the same time, Nicole, his former teacher, published an attack upon the theatre which Racine took as a personal affront. The Jansenists (who in Catholicism bore toward the Jesuits somewhat the same relationship as in Protestantism the Puritans bore toward the Anglicans of the reign of Charles II.) with Nicole as spokesman, declared that writers of plays were "poisoners not of bodies but of the souls of the faithful." Racine, alwaye oversensitive, and past-master of an epigrammatic style keenly bitter, incisive, and cruelly insulting, replied in two letters to his old master at Port-Royal. Through the advice of Boileau, only the first of these letters was

published; Racine afterwards bitterly regretted having written them at all. In *la Thébaide* and *Alexandre,* Racine had produced nothing startingly original; he had merely shown himself a successful imitator of Corneille with, as he himself naively remarked to Boileau, a "surprising facility in making my verses." "I wish to teach you to make them with difficulty," answered Boileau, "and you have enough talent to learn soon."

This prophecy was amply fulfilled somewhat later, for with *Andromaque* (November, 1667), modeled after Euripides, Racine made his true début, came into his own, achieved his first great triumph, revealed his entire genius and created as great a furore as Corneille had aroused thirty-one years before with *le Cid.* Perhaps of *Andromaque,* as of all things beautiful, Parisians of the day said, as they had a way of saying, "*Cela est beau comme le Cid.*" Racine was no longer an imitator but a creator in his turn. He based tragic interest upon the pathos of sentiment; he painted the passions of the human heart with a delicacy and truth unknown before him. Again the company of Molière at the *Palais-Royal* was drawn upon and *la Du Parc* was finally transferred to the *Hotel de Bourgogne,* a rather unfortunate circumstance as it happened for Racine. *Andromaque* opened the period of greatest literary activity (1667–1677), in which interval seven almost perfect masterpieces were produced. In 1668 Racine staged *Les Plaideurs,* his only comedy, modeled partly on the *Wasps* of Aristophanes, drawn largely from reminiscences of Racine's own litigation when Prior of Epinay, a satire of life in the law courts. At first the play was a failure, but after Louis XIV. deigned to laugh heartily at a performance of *Les Plaideurs* at St. Germain the comedy became fairly successful at Paris.

Returning to his true vocation, however, Racine triumphed again in *Britannicus* (1669) based upon the *Annals* of Tacitus, and scored over his enemies who had charged him with inability to write on any other theme than love. *Britannicus* was preferred to all his other plays by many eighteenth century judges, but in contemporary opinion takes a far lower rank.

With the production of *Bérénice* (1670), Racine was brought into unhappy rivalry with the aged Corneille, in which contest Racine easily won by the superiority of his play, but in winning, perhaps, found little happiness. Henriette d'Angleterre, daughter of Henriette-Marie of France and Charles I. of England, wife of Philippe, Duc d'Orléans (*Monsieur*), brother of Louis XIV., in a

spirit perhaps of fun, perhaps of malicious raillery, at any rate, to put it most charitably, in an interval of thoughtlessness, had requested both poets to write a tragedy on this theme. Corneille came forth with *Tite et Bérénice;* Racine with *Bérénice;* Corneille failed; Racine triumphed; a sad triumph, however, for the younger writer over the sexagenarian, the mighty creator of *le Cid, Polyeucte, Horace, Cinna* and *Rodogune. Bérénice* was daring, yet successful, for the audiences chose to read into it a commemoration of an early love of Louis XIV. for his fair English cousin, Henriette, destined (1661) to become his sister-in-law. Corneille's tragedy was produced at the *Palais-Royal.* Henriette d'Angleterre (*Madame*) did not attend the performances which took place in November, for she had died rather mysteriously on the last day of June, 1670, and the suspicion was not lacking, though it is generally discredited now, that she had been poisoned, with the knowledge of, if not with the actual assistance in, the crime, on the part of *Monsieur,* her husband. Racine's play was staged at the *Hotel de Bourgogne* with *la Champmesle* in the name part, a famous actress, sometimes referred to as a "lovely dolt", who also played an important role in the life of the great poet.

Bajazet (1672) is in marked contrast with the preceding plays, for in this play Racine departed from Greek and Roman History, from Euripides and Tacitus, laid his scene in Constantinople, and based his theme upon a plot in the Seraglio, related to him by the French ambassador for the Orient. The time of the action was practically contemporaneous, the persons involved having only recently died. This verse of Acomat is frequently quoted: Nourri de la harem, j'en connais les détours.

The year 1673 was notable in the history of Racine since it brought with it the poet's election to membership in the *Académie Francaise* and the staging of *Mithridate,* a tragedy based upon the history of Mithridates, King of Pontus. Racine herein has drawn one of the greatest characters of antiquity, all the more difficult to depict well, since history has given one a very high conception of the Oriental despot. The plot of the play may be outlined in a few words: Mithridates, King of Pontus, enemy of Rome, disputing a captive Greek girl's heart with his own son.

For inspiration of the next two plays, *Iphigénie en Aulide* (1674), and *Phèdre* (1677), Racine returned to an early love, Euripides. The former tragedy, proclaimed by Voltaire one of the great *chefs d'oeuvre* of French literature, sustained Racine's

fame without adding anything to it. With *Phedre,* however, based rather more upon Euripides than upon Seneca, Racine reached a crisis in his life such as was reached by Corneille upon the appearance of the latter's *Tite et Bérénice.* Racine had succeeded with ease in that very limitation against which Corneille had chafed; Racine had realized almost in perfection the ideal of classic tragedy as decreed in the much disputed, so-called Aristotelian unities of time, place, and action. Conversely to Corneille who sought complicated situations in the midst of which heroes displayed superhuman, semi-divine qualities of patriotism, duty, and will, Racine employed a simple, clear action, taken at the crisis in which the onward swoop of elemental human passions, love, jealousy, and remorse, painted with admirable *vraisemblance,* became the principal motive force. Never before had he produced, in his profane dramas, so sublime a tragedy. *Phèdre* troubled by passion, tortured by remorse caught in the meshes of crime against which her reason and conscience revolted, is tragedy personified. The play, which should have been the crowning glory of his life up to this time, became seemingly a curse. There is always the rift in the lute, the fly in the ointment. Racine's triumph over Corneille in 1670 reverted upon his own head. A cabal instigated by the Duchesse de Bouillon, her brother, the Duc de Nevers, (niece and nephew of the Cardinal Mazarin), and Madam Deshoulières induced a minor poet, Pradon, to produce a play, founded on the same theme, entitled *Phèdre et Hippolyte,* at the Théâtre *du Guénégaud.* The Duchesse de Bouillon bought up the boxes of both theatres and with her friends filled the threatre where Pradon's play was produced for six nights, while Racine's *Phèdre* played to empty seats. The public soon turned to the infinitely superior tragedy of Racine. Wounded and distrusted, Racine, while at the zenith of his fame, ceased to write for the stage. One can easily fancy that somewhat of the chagrin which Corneille had suffered in November, 1670, was borne in upon the keenly sensitive Racine, and that he thought he saw the beginning of the end. In addition, there dawned upon him a suspicion that his conduct, since the unhappy death of Mlle. Du Parc whose life he had perhaps endangered, was not above reproach, and a deep realization that although his intention in creating *Phèdre* had been the, to him, laudably Jansenistic one of portraying human nature in sin, because unillumined by divine grace, and evil passions necessarily triumphant, he had succeeded in fact, through the interpretation

of la Champmesle, in making *Phèdre* an object of pity rather than of hatred. Whatever the case may be, we know certainly that in full career, at the age of thirty-seven, he abandoned the stage, gave up interest even in the publication of his plays, and, left to his own devices, though with undimmed powers of genius, would never have broken his silence. Like a tired, unruly, wayward, and—now—repentant child he turned for solace to Port-Royal.

Here again the services of Boileau were called into play and, through the mediation of this most loyal of friends, a reconciliation was brought about. Antoine Arnauld and Pierre Nicole read *Phèdre*; saw the Jansenist moral of "the soul lost because unillumined by divine grace," which Racine intended them to see, and partially approved, though they could not forgive their pupil for naving tried to improve on Euripides by turning *Hippolytus*, that classic woman-hater, into *Monsieur Hippolyte*, the lover of *Aricie*.

Racine now wished to become a Chartreux, but was turned aside from his design by his confessor. Through the influence of Madame de Montespan, together with Boileau, he was appointed by Louis X1V. Historiographer to the King, with a salary of two thousand crowns. On June 1, 1677, he married Catherine de Romanet, a simple, virtuous, mediocre, but altogether charming bourgeoise who is said never to have attended the theatre, or to have read a line of his plays, or even to have known their titles, but who brought him peace, contentment, happiness, and a considerable fortune. Seven children were the fruit of this marriage, two sons and five daughters. He devoted his life to his family, but when the children were ill exclaimed with characteristic tenderness: "Why did I not become a Chartreux?"

In 1684, after the death of Corneille and upon the reception of Thomas Corneille as member of the *Académie Francaise*, Racine in a most generous and just eulogium of the Father of French Tragedy—a reparation, perhaps, for conscious and unconscious injuries he had done the great tragedian—delivered before the *Académie*, said: "You know in what state you found the drama when he began to work. What disorder! What irregularity! All the rules of art, even that of fitness and decorum were violated. In this infancy, or more properly speaking, in this chaos of the dramatic poem among us, Corneille, after having for some time sought the right path and fought against the bad taste of his century, finally, inspired by an extraordinary genius, and aided by the knowledge of the ancients, caused rationality to

appear on the stage, accompanied by all the splendor, all the embellishments of which our language is capable; he happily adjusted the real with the ideal and left well behind him all his rivals."

The year 1689 marked an important step in the development of the French drama, for on the 26th of January of that year *Esther* was performed for the first time by *les demoiselles de St. Cyr.* In the work entitled *Madame de Maintenon, Louis XVI. et la Cour, Souvenirs de Madame de Caylus* (niece of Madame de Maintenon), we find several charmingly written pages narrating the *raison d'etre* and the production of *Esther.* In brief the story is this: Francoise d'Aubigné, widow of the paralytic poet Scarron, nursery-governess to the children of Madame de Montespan and Louis XIV. elevated to the title of Madame (*la Marquise*) de Maintenon, had supplanted her benefactress and rival Madame de Montespan, and, after the death of Queen Marie-Thérèse, what is more to be wondered at, cajoled the ageing and now pietistic *Grand Monarque* into marrying her secretly in 1684. The following year under the direction of *les Dames de Saint Louis*, Mademe de Maintenon, queen in all but name, founded la Maison de St. Cyr, near the Palais de Versailles, for the purpose of educating the daughters of the poverty-stricken nobles of France. At St. Cyr they had a custom of performing private theatricals in which the pupils themselves took all the parts. Madame de Maintenon, displeased by the unsuitable pieces composed by Madame de Brinon, in charge of that work, wished *les demoiselles* to be trained in certain tragedies of Racine. She wrote thus to Racine after having seen a performance of *Andromaque* at St. Cyr. "Our little girls have just played *Andromaque*, and they played it *so well* that they shall never again play any one of your pieces." She begged him, in the same letter, during his leisure moments to compose some sort of moral or historic poem from which love should be entirely banished, and on which he need not feel that his reputation was staked, since the piece would remain buried in obscurity at St. Cyr; adding that he need not concern himself as to whether or not the play conformed to the laws of dramatic art, provided it contributed to her purposes of entertaining and instructing *les demoiselles de St. Cyr.* We can easily suppose that, when this invitation to write *pour les jeunes filles* came to Racine, author of *Phèdre*, he was a trifle disconcerted. However this invitation from Madame de Maintenon smacked of a royal command and there was no graceful way out

of it. The poet then sought a biblical subject and found it in the *Book of Esther*; the delicate *élégie Esther*, into which Racine interpolated choruses of lyric beauty, somewhat after the manner of the Greek drama, was the result. He himself and Boileau directed the rehearsals. The tragedy was given by the pupils of St. Cyr (Madame de Caylus, taking the part of *La Piété*, pronounced the Prologue) January 26, 1689, with wonderful success. Louis XIV. was present at the *première* and was delighted with the piece. It was later performed many times before the court at Versailles and we read in the *Letters* of Madame de Sévigné of how great an honor it was held by the courtiers to be invited to a performance of *Esther*. Madame de la Fayette, no doubt, speaks truly when she writes in her *Memoirs:* "Madame de Maintenon was charmed with its invention and execution. The play represented, in a way, the fall of Madame de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon's own elevation; the difference being that *Esther* was a little younger and less *précieuse* in point of piety." Voltaire says: "Thirty verses of *Esther* are worth more than many tragedies which have had great success." Esther marked a new departure in French drama, and, interpolated by chants and choruses, fostered by the religious tradition of the nation, it restored somewhat of the atmosphere of the earlier French threatre when it stood *en rapport* with the church; it brought back in a sense the significance of the Greek drama. In another direction we may say that *Esther* drew a step nearer to a rival in French drama, French opera.

Athalie, considered by Voltaire the "master-piece of the human spirit," written as was *Esther* by invitation of Madame de Maintenon *pour les demoiselles de St. Cyr*, had its initial performance before the king, January 5, 1691, in an apartment of Madame de Maintenon at Versailles. The poet found his inspiration in the history of Athaliah in the Fourth Book of Kings according to the Vulgate or in Second Kings according to the King James version. Louis XIV. looked with disfavor upon *Athalie;* when the play was published in March, 1691, it was coldly received by the public. Racine foresaw failure, but Boileau encouraged him, saying: "I am sure this is your best work, the public will return to it." Boileau was correct in his judgment, for although *Althaie*, was obliged to wait twenty-five years for recognition, when at last in March, 1716, the tragedy was mounted for public production on the stage of the *Théatre-Francais* it carried with it a triumphal success which has been its reward at every performance since that time. It is

probably more quoted than any other of Racine's plays; it is preferred by many to *Phèdre;* its choruses have been set to music by several great composers; its title rôle has been in the repertoires of many of the greatest European tragic actresses.

Again disheartened at his seeming failure, he ceased writing for the stage. Absorbed in his family and in his duties as Historiographer, he grew almost wholly indifferent to his plays and cared little about either the good or the evil that might be said of them. In 1694 his *Cantiques Spirituels,* four in number, were composed. His *Histoire Abrégé de Port-Royal* and a growing and passionate nostalgia for his early home brought him into ever increasingly intimate relationship with Port-Royal and Jansenism. It is this fondness for Port-Royal, we may suppose, rather than the fact that he had offended the king by writing a memoir, at Madame de Maintenon's suggestion, in which he painted the sufferings of the People to *le Roi Soleil,* that caused the once warm rays of sunshine of the royal favor to shine less brightly upon the heretical subject. He was not entirely out of favor, for during the last two years of his life, handsomely furnished apartments at Versailles were set aside for his use by order of the king, and once as a mark of special favor he was invited to proceed with the court to Marly. A lament such as Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Wolsey, in Racine's case inarticulate, lay upon his heart and saddened his latter days. His malady, an affliction of the liver, was doubtless aggravated by his melancholy. Upon his death-bed he turned to Boileau, the friend who for thirty-seven years had rejoiced in all his joys, delighted in all his triumphs, sympathized in all his sorrows, the incorruptible guide and censor, with these words: "It is a happiness for me to die before you." Jean Racine died on April 21, 1699.

The instructions expressed in the *Testament de Racine* (quoted below) were carried out on April 26, 1699.

> "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. I desire, that my body, after my death, be carried to Port-Royal des Champs, and that it be buried in the Cemetery at the foot of the grave of M. Hamon. I humbly beseech the Mother Abbess and the Nuns graciously to grant me this honor, although I consider myself very unworthy both by the scandals of my past life, and by the little use I have made of the excellent education that I received formerly in this house and by the great examples of piety and penitence that I have seen and of which I have been only too unfruitful an admirer. But the more I have offended God, the more need have I of the prayers of so holy a community to draw down upon myself His pitying pardon. I also entreat the Mother Abbess and the Nuns to accept a sum of eight hundred livres which I have ordered to be given them after my death. Done at Paris, in my cabinet, the

eighteenth of October, one thousand six hundred ninety-eight. Racine."

Many works exist in French on the subject of Racine. No exhaustive, no adequate work on the great poet has yet been written in English. No full length portrait has been painted for us; many sketches, minature in size, many vignettes have been drawn. Of all of these that we have been fortunate enough to read, the most charmingly graceful, the most keenly appreciative, the most strikingly true and sympathetic, is, according to our way of thinking, to be found in a work entitled *The French Procession, a Pageant of Great Writers*, by A. Mary F. Robinson Darmeteter (Madame Mary Duclaux).

Not to quote Madame Duclaux, Racine's "interpreter beyond the frontier," in entirety may be to risk somewhat of the fine flavor of her appreciation; to set down an excerpt in which this English-born writer—though French by long residence in France—explains what may be an *unknown* in terms of the *known*, may be to the uninitiated to offer a "rich elixir to be taken, kneeling, from a chalice," may be to fire even an avowed Racinian with greater ardor for him, whom the bulk of the French nation and "les Anglais et les Americans qui ont la tête racinienne" regard as "one of the greatest French tragic authors and one of the four or five greatest tragic writers of all literature." Therefore as a fitting close we beg Madame Duclaux to speak for herself.

* "If, on the principle of Phidias (who took, they say, the brows of such a model, the chin and nape of another, and so on, to compose a type of beauty), I tried to reconstruct for my English readers an image of Racine, composed from more familiar material, I wonder how I should proceed! Give me the soul of Cowper—his tender, timid, often tormented piety; and the melancholy dignity of Gray; an echo of Virgil's romantic music and a reflection of Milton's majestic ornament; the emotional quality, the pessimism of Euripides; but something still escapes me—something subtle, contrite, yet delicious, as of bruised and fragrant herbs long macerated in a magic oil; and that, after all, is the aroma of Racine. . . .

"But all that is pure, lucid, measured, simple (and yet subtle), rare and exquisite in France radiates around his genius. Racine was not a garrulous Gaul, splendidly discoursing in his many-coloured plaided mantle; by a feat of magic, he was a Greek, set down on the smooth swards of the Ile-de-France, by the side of some clear stream shaded by quivering poplars, the white wool of his garment not less pure than the summer clouds that course through the pale blue of a fresh French sky overhead. So, at least, I see him; so I love him."

FRANCIS WILLIAM BENNETT, M. A., '20.

---

* Reprinted through the courtesy of Duffield & Company from *The French Procession: A Pageant of Great Writers*, by *Madame Mary Duclaux.*



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Lincoln's Religion.

IN A character as honest and upright as Lincoln's there can exist no doubt that his religion was in conformity with his life. While it is an absolute fact that he openly professed no definite creed, it is equally certain that he acknowledged his belief and faith in the Supreme Being to whose care and guidance he so often entrusted the destinies of the war-torn nation he was chosen to lead. His refusal to join any particular creed might be traced to the conditions and environment of his youth. Much of the religious teaching which he heard in his early life was repugnant to his sensitive yet practical nature. Puritanical dogma or camp-meeting fanaticism merely served to disgust him and throw him into a kind of fatalism. Religion as proposed to him failed to satiate that craving for comfort and enlightenment so strongly present in him. His great soul sought God and the things of the spirit, only to be beaten back by the degrading superstition and the blasphemies of a corrupt Calvinism.

Lincoln was not, however, an atheist nor an irreligious man. His religion was a living, vital thing—manifest daily in the exercise of his duties. It shone forth in his honesty, his rich humor, and above all his matchless sympathy and generosity for all who suffered. In the last five years of his career, Lincoln's religious concepts became deeper and truer. He began to realize more and more whither he must turn for light and strength to heal a dismembered bleeding nation. In the Great Healer, for whom no wound is too great to relieve, his faith daily increased. Anyone who has read his touching farewell to his Springfield friends, in which with childlike simplicity and faith he implores the Eternal

Father's assistance, can not fail to be impressed by the religious conviction of "Honest Abe".

V. J. RIELAND, '21.

Valentines.

OF THE many mortals, with whom it is a custom to send valentines, very few, we may safely assert, know whence this custom originated, and what is the derivation of its name. It derived its name from St. Valentine, who was said to have been beheaded on February 14, 306 A. D., at Rome. From the old notion that birds began to couple on that day, arose the custom, among young men and women, of choosing each other as "valentines" for the ensuing year, by sending love messages to each other. Thus the name became applied to a letter or other token sent by young persons to each other on Valentine day; the printed message being either amatory or satirical. Of the different kinds of valentines, some are highly ornamental and artistic, while others are caricatures, designed to reflect on the appearance, the habits, or the characteristics of the persons to whom they are sent.

Many abuses and insults are promiscuously and lavishly showered on the recipients of present-day valentines, It is well, at times, for us to receive a card that points out one of our faults; in fact, one appreciates the kind assistance of a friend, in aiding him to smoothen his rough edges; but one does not appreciate an outrageous suppositious imitation of his character, underscribed with abusive mockeries. Many ugly pictures of old maid school-teachers are sent by pupils who should show respect, instead of a mocking attitude, toward their superiors. We all like valentines, but we like friendly ones. Let us endeavor, therefore, to cheer others by sending, not hyperbolated caricatures, but, on the contrary, beautiful and joyful mementoes of good-will.

REGIS E. WEHRHEIM, '21.

Alliances.

IF WE go back over the last two centuries of European history we shall find numerous alliances. These alliances have no doubt been of some value, but at the same time have caused an enormous amount of harm.

Summarizing the alliances of Europe during the aforesaid period, we find that they amount to nothing but a balance of power. A balance of power is a public menace and cannot but forbode trouble. In any sport when two are considered equal, they immediately draw up a battle to decide the supremacy. In alliances or balance of power, there is little difference except that each tries to become more powerful by the acquisition of an ally, and then to pick a fight.

The idea of an alliance which is propagated through the world at different times, is apparently a great good, but let us look under the camouflage. The present League of Nations is probably the greatest alliance of all history, yet it is covered with many coats of camouflage, and as the nations see through the covering, they are wisely withdrawing.

GERALD A. SCHROTH, '22.

Beware of the Medium.

SINCE the close of the Great War, the devotees of Spiritism have greatly increased in number. It was natural for those who in that conflict had lost a son or brother to be stirred by the promises of mediums and to seek communication with their departed loved ones. The great majority were quickly undeceived as to the validity of the mediums' claims, but the cult had received the advertising it wanted, and other dupes were found.

Now, Catholics believe that good and bad spirits exist, that they are far superior to men in intellectual endowments and in physical power, and that, with God's permission, they can in certain circumstances show themselves in bodily form or exercise their influence over men. Catholics also hold that the souls of the departed survive the dissolution of their bodies, and may for some great and extraordinary reason be permitted to return to earth. Both the Bible and church history contain many instances of the appearance of angels, good and bad, and of disembodied spirits. But in every instance these spirits were sent to earth to convey some clear divine message to God's people, to announce, now "good tidings of great joy," now the nearness of the "day of wrath." Never have these visitations been made for the mere satisfying of curiosity or the consolation of even the legitimate grief of the bereaved.

To those who have the faith—in fact, to all who have common sense—it is a subject of constant wonderment that people can allow themselves to be deceived by the spirit-messages of the professional mediums. There is in them all, a vagueness, an uncertainty, a total absence of anything like real information, that must forever leave the questioner's curiosity unsatisfied. Furthermore, in the whole body of so-called spiritistic "revelations," there is an undeniable opposition to revealed religion, which shows plainly the presence of the arch-fiend back of the veil.

Mediums have demonstrated themselves to be either clumsy frauds or instruments of the devil. In either case they are not fit associates for self-respecting Christians.

LEO J. MCINTYRE, '21.

Obituary.

Rev. George Lee, C. S. Sp.

AFTER an illness of two weeks, Father George Lee, C. S. Sp., died at the Mercy Hospital on January 23. Father Lee was born at Castleconnell, County Limerick, March 18, 1852. Having completed the primary studies in the school of his native village, he took up a course in Classics in a private school. In August, 1872, he entered Blackrock College, whence he was graduated five years later, and received the B. A. degree from the Dublin University.

At the close of his philosophical and theological studies, made at Paris, he was elevated to the holy Priesthood, November 30, 1883, and the following year obedience called him back to his *Alma Mater,* where, as Professor and Director of the Ecclesiastical students, he endeared himself to all.

In the summer of 1897, he arrived in Pittsburgh, and was entrusted with important branches of study in Holy Ghost College, now Duquesne University. In 1908 he was appointed Pastor of St. Anne's, Millvale, a position which he ably and zealously filled until February of last year, when owing to ill-health, he resigned and returned to Duquesne University. In

apparently good health, he was stricken with apoplexy two weeks ago, and never recovered. Though unable to speak, he was conscious to the last, and his holy death was no less edifying than his holy life.

The death of Father Lee marks the passing of a saintly priest, an exemplary Religious, an exceptionally brilliant mind and a teacher truly idolized by his pupils. He was kind, amiable, self-sacrificing, patient beyond compare, tolerant of everything except error and heresy. He could stoop down to the level of a pupil's mind, see its difficulties, dispel its clouds and make truth effulgent before them. No matter what answer a pupil made, the kind professor always saw some truth in it, and by a word of encouragement, developed the confidence of his scholars. Others will speak in terms of praise of his sterling qualities; they cannot overlook the fact that he was a scholar of note, a literateur of the first water, a theologian of great merit, an apologist who broke many a sword in the battle for Truth and Church; but those who sat at the feet of Father Lee, imbibed his clear doctrine or imitated his virtues of teacher, can never forget the lessons he taught and feel the loss more keenly. They have lost a model, and their hearts are sad, because the professor whom they almost adored, the teacher whom they could ever consult with profit is gone. His voice is silent, his pen is laid aside forever, but the truth he taught remains to keep his name sacred in their grateful hearts.

He was buried from the University chapel on Tuesday morning. The Very Rev. President, Father Hehir, was celebrant at the Mass; the other officers were his former pupils: the Very Rev. M. A. McGarey, deacon; Dr. T. F. Coakley, subdeacon, and Dr. R. L. Hayes, master of ceremonies. The absolution was pronounced by His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop Canevin. The student body sang the Mass, and a large number of the clergy and laity, including relatives from New York, assisted at the service and accompanied the remains to their last resting place in St. Mary's cemetery, Sharpsburg. *R. I. P.*

CHRONICLE

Uptown School.

Mid-year Examinations

In the second term examinations held January 17 to 21 in the College and High Schools the following students obtained first place in their respective classes: College, R. E. Wehrheim, H. J. Heilman, E. J. Caye, J. M. Rozenas, C. H. Foster and J. B. Walsh; High School Commercial, G. E. Hullion, J. C. O'Donnell, W. L. Hassett; High School Scientific, L. E. Barth, R. W. Leonard, F. J. Emig, M. J. Reisdorf; High School Academic, R. Slusarski, W. Jacko, F. R. Harrison, D. N. De Silvo, J. J. Foley, J. K. Allen, S. M. Sourla, A. B. McDermott, G. C. Miller, A. J. Shiring, J. R. Mulvihill, J. Balint. The highest percentage, ninety-eight, was obtained by W. L. Gleba. In addition to those who carried off first honors, the following secured the highest grades: R. B. Maloy, J. G. Fierle, W. J. Priore, R. W. Leonard, P. G. Sullivan, R. A. Wilhelm, T. J. Quigley, H. Fitzsimmons, H. A. Goff, J. W. Lauler, J. S. McDonald, L. J. Bradley, I. J. Cleary, H. R. Vogel, J. M. Lambert, J. J. Mulligan, C. F. Gilday, J. A. Cole, J. Olko, C. A. Opferman, J. C. Zima, W. Srogi, R. A. Taylor, J. C. McCartney, L. L. Zaczek, M. C. Brooker, J. Wawrzyniak, E. L. Kenfield and J. Flynn. Two hundred and ninety-seven honor certificates were awarded.

After the mid-year exams, there was a large influx of new students. The candidates for high school were so numerous that two new sections had to be organized—First High F, in Room 207, under Mr. Typanski, and First High G, in Room 407, under Mr. Schiffgens.

Noon Hour

As classes resume at 12:55 P. M., the students do not go out for lunch, and the problem of looking after the boys has been solved. We number over 600 for the noon recreation and to put this crowd in good humor, various enterprises are in vogue. The library with its three thousand-odd volumes, weekly and monthly periodicals, has an inviting charm for many. On the third floor, where there are some thirty large tables, various games are placed at the disposal of the students, such as checkers, chess, dominoes, cards. In the large recreation hall, there are

three pool and one billiard tables, kept in good condition by Gunde, of the boarders. Duquesne boasts of quite a few sharks in this line. On the main floor the inter-class basketball league is the chief attraction; when certain teams get together, the "fur does fly." On the campus the seven handball courts lure many, especially among the younger element. The Polish boys seem to have the call; even as early as 8 A. M., you can find them in the courts.

Thus the good spirit is maintained, greater rivalry encouraged and true sportsmanship displayed. Cain and Finn have refereed most of the basketball games. The Seniors and Juniors deserve a vote of thanks for maintaining good order on the third floor and in the library. Taking all in all, Duquesne is proud of her boys and we feel sure that the ties of friendship fostered during the noon hour will be a monument to future deeds of loyalty. The next MONTHLY will give a list of the games played so far.

Euchre and Reception

The January MONTHLY announced the committees in charge of the Annual Euchre and Reception of the Athletic Association. The affair came off, as per schedule, on January 26. The crowd was just as big and just as gay as that of last year. There seemed to be a larger sprinkling of alumni than heretofore. Three series of euchre had to be played. Two hundred and twelve prizes were donated, and our thanks are due to the donors, whose names we subjoin.

Anderson, Mrs. M.....Pillow Cases
Alexander, Mr.....Manicure Set
Absalom, Mrs. G.....Handkerchiefs
Amrhein, Mrs.....Vase and Towel
Brown, Mr.....Tobacco
Berk-Stouffer Co.....Cigars
Berg, Mrs. G.....Picture
Byrns, John.....Picture
Bennett Co., J. C.....Collar Box
Boggs, Mr. J. S.....Electric Toaster
Buckley, Mrs.....Fancy Piece
Buckley, Mrs. L.....Handkerchiefs
Blickenstarfer, Mrs. M.....Dish
Burke, Mr. and Mrs.....Tie
Beck, Mr. G.....Cigarette Case
Bradley, Mrs.....Books
Boyle, Mrs. E.....Stationery
Cudahy Co.....Ham
Conners, N. K.....Dish
Cibly, C. D.....Tie
Creamer, Oliver.....Pipe
Carrick, Mrs. Ph.....Cigars
Curran, Mr. T.....Vase
Work-Box
Dish
Fancy Flower Pot
Oriental Tea Pot
Cut Glass Vase
Crates, Mr. G.....Six Pair Men's Hose
Clary, Mr.....China Dish
Clary, Mrs.....Towels
Connelly, Mrs.....Table Scarf
Crehan, Mr.....Candle Sticks
Cummings, Mrs.....Candy
Carney, Mr. and Mrs. J. J.....Vase
Carl, Mrs.....Fancy Apron
Charters' Grocery Co.....Mdse Order
De Silvio, Mr.....Necklace
Dodwell, Rev. J. F.....Pin Cushion
Durkin, Mrs.....Table Scarf
Doyle, Mrs.....Tie
Doelbor, Mrs.....Bath Towels
Ellingder, William.....Baking Dish
Eastern Cigarette Co.....Cigarettes

Egerman, Mrs.....Preserves
Friend's ..... Lady's Waist
Friend.....Tie
Fierle, Miss.....Cuff Links
Frank & Seder.....Emerald
Friedberg, H.....Tie
Fallert.....Picture
Fahey, P. J .....Vase
Friday, Mrs.....China
Flannery, Mrs.....Towels
Flannery, Mrs.....Table Cloth
Friedrich, Mr. A.....Cigars
Ferry, Mrs.....Tie
China Plate
Friend.....Handkerchiefs
Grafner Bros.....Spoons
Grafner Bros.....Spoons
Grogan and Co.....Belt Buckle
Groetsch, Mrs. J. J.....Vase
Gallagher, Mr. E ..... Manicuring Set
Grecco, Mr. E.....Preserves
Glock, Mr. Charles.....Cake
Good, Mrs. Rose.....Glasses
Gloeckler, Martin.....Silver Set
Gillespie Bros.....Pocket Book
Hardie & Hayes .....Match Box
Heilman, Herman.....Belt
Haberl, Mrs.....Handkerchief Case
Household Co., The.....Rug
Hammill, Mrs .....Handkerchiefs
Hannon, Mr.....Tie
Heilman, Mrs.....Table Cover
Heilman, Miss.....Fancy Piece
Haney, Mrs .....Cut Glass Dish
Hennessey, Mrs.....Towels
Horne, Mr. John.....Men's Hose
Harvey, Mrs. J.....Towels
Horne's.....Cut Glass Vase
Hein's.....Candy
Imhof Mrs.....Card Table Cover
Imhof, Miss.....Center-Piece
Johnston Stationery Store....Twine Holder
Jones' Book Store..... Book
Jacobs, Mr.....Handkerchiefs
Johnston, Miss J.....Handkerchiefs
Johnston, Mrs. J. T..... ...Bon-Bon Dish
Johnson, W. E.....Candy
Kelly, Joseph.....10 lb. Sugar
Kelly, Joseph.....10 lb. Sugar
Krepley, Harry.....Cuff Links
Kaufmann's..... ..Merchandise Order
Kenfield, Mrs. B.....Boudoir Cap
Kozicky, Mrs..... .Cap
Kelly, Mr. A..... .....Cigars
Keefer, Mrs.....Stationery
Krepley, Sebastian .....Scarf
Klein, Mr. A.....Statue
Kennedy, Miss.....Sherbert Glasses
Kelly, Mr..... ...Cigars
Kilkeary, J. F.....Cigars
Kingsbacher Co..... .....Tie
King, Thomas.....Ham
Klevans Bros.....Fountain Pen
Lauer & Co.....Doll

Lober, Mrs. G.....Pin Cushion
Leonard, Mrs.....Handkerchiefs
Lane, Mrs.....Candy
Lober, Mrs. G.....Towels
Lebkowitz Bros.....Candy
Ludwig Floral Co.....Plant
Myering, Mrs.....Towels
McGannon, Mrs. A.....Book
McBride, T. F., Jr.....Picture
Vase
Monaghan, Mrs. A.....Cigars
Myers, H. H.....Candy
Malloy, W. B.....Cigars
McCann, Mr..... ..Necktie
Murphy, J..... .....Vase
Markis, Mr.....Vase
Mullin, Richard.....Spoons
McQuade, Mr. M. J.....Towel Set
Mansmann's. ....Marathon Belt
Malloy, Mrs. P. J .....Center-Piece
Madden, Mrs. D.....Pocket Book
Modispacher, Mrs..... .....Slippers
Martin, Mrs ..... Cut Glass Dish
McCaffrey, James F ....Picture
McGarey, Mrs. D. J.....Towels
McCaffrey, Mrs. James.....Manicure Set
Moye, E. J..... .....Pipe and Tobacco
Martha Washington Co.....Chocolates
McKnight, Samuel.....Pen Knife
Myering, Mrs.....Center-Piece
Mansmann's, F. H.....Necktie Case
Murphy, Mrs .....Belt
Monaghan, John.....Cigars
McDonnell, Mrs ....Ladies' Hose
McDonnell, Mrs.....Boudoir Ribbons
Mulligan, Mrs. J.....Preserves
Mulligan, Mrs. J.....Towel
Meehan, Mrs. J .....Cut Glass Basket
Murray, Mrs. L.....Tie
Nicholson, Mrs.....Shaving Set
Nicholson, Mr. C.....Cigarette Case
Noroski, Mrs. F.....Cake
O'Connor, Mr..... Tie
O'Brien, Mrs. J. P..... Pepper Shakers
Olko, Mrs.....25 lbs. Sugar
O'Hare, John.....Cut Glass Dish
Pawlowski, Mrs.....Table Cover
Ponganis, Mr.....Tobacco
Prince, Mr. J.....Candy
Pepperney, Mrs.....Buffet Scarf
Priore, Mrs.....25 lbs. Sugar
Parkhill, M. J.....Scarf
Quigley, Mrs.....Perfume
Quinn, Mrs.....Table Scarf
Rosenbaum's.....Cut Glass Vase
Rosswog Brothers.....Tobacco
Ruffennach's Shoe Store .....Slippers
Reilly, Mrs. T. L..... ...China Dish
Reizenstein's, R. S.....Cut Glass Dish
Reineman Brothers.....Hat Pin
Rihn, Mr.....Meat Fork
Rihn, M. W.....Cuff Links
Reagen, Mrs. John .....Men's Hose
Reardon, F. J..... .....Towel

Reed, J. R.....Cold Cream Jar
Reilly, Mrs. R.....Candy
Roehrig, Mr.....Bon-Bon Dish
Spear's.....Carpet Sweeper
Slomer, George.....Table Scarf
Sullivan, Mrs.....Pin Cushion
Simpson, Mr. and Mrs.....5 lb. Candy
Schmidt's.....Candy
Sweeney, Mrs. J.....Basket
Sieber, Mrs.....Silverware
Snyder, Mrs.....Vase
Stauter, Mrs. J.....Tie Rack
Steiner-Vogetly Co.....Manicure Set
Sullivan, P. J.....Safety Razor
Taylor Brothers.....Vase
Terheyden Co.....Knives
Tirlie, Mr.....Serving Tray
Titz, Mrs. W.....Pin Cushion
Pin Cushion
Center-Piece
Union Furniture Co.....Brass Clock
Van Bolen Co.....Candy
Witt, J. A.....Fruit
Wilson, G. M.....Tie
Wagner's Shoe Co.....Slippers
Wertz, Mrs.....Apron
Wagner, Honus.....Thermos Bottle
Wunderly Brothers.....Picture
Wehrheim, Marie.....Six Tumblers
Wakefield, H. S.....Aluminum Pot
Wiethorn, H. J.....Candy
Weber, Mrs.....Men's Hose
Young, Mrs. J. E.....Picture
Zapf, Mrs. G. W.....Table Cover
Zuegschmidt Co.....Cigars

Handsome Bequest

The University is fortunate in being one of the beneficiaries under the will of the late Daniel Maginn, wealthy cracker manufacturer. The bequest amounts to five thousand dollars.

Entertainments

During the month of January the series of weekly entertainments was continued by the high school classes. The First High A and D and the First Scientific combined their forces on January 9, and brought to light an abundance of talent. "The Heathen Chinee" was the hit of the evening. The programme:

March—"General Pershing", *Vandersloot*.....Students' Orchestra
Professor C. B. Weis, Director
Dialogue—Marc Antony with Variations.....Francis Murrin, 1st Sc.
Paul Koehler, 1st Sc.
Sketch—"The Fighting Kid".....
Prof. Al. K. Haul.....Adelbert Mulcahy
The Fighting Kid.....William Maughn
Fox-Trot—"Whispering".....Students' Orchestra
Playlet—"The Secretary".....
CAST
The Peddler.....Joseph Mulvihill
Superintendent.....S. J. Hagan
Delegate.....Thomas McBride
Bum.....William Burns
The Secretary.....B. A. Hanlon
The Hick.....J. T. Flanigan
Piano Duet—(*a*) Serenata (Moskowski).....Father Williams
(*b*) Polish Dance (Scharwenka).....Alban McDermott
I H A
Drills and Evolutions.....First High A Clas
Song—Selected.....Charles Curran

Selection—"Every Tear is a Smile in an Irishman's Heart"..... Students' Orchestra

"THE HEATHEN CHINEE"

A Farce in One Act by Frederick Trevor Hill

CAST

Mr. Titus Wadd, a miserly lawyer.....Joseph Kelly, I H—D
Kitty O'Day, a kitchen maid..... ..Nicholas McHugh, I H—A
Danny Douglass, a choir boy..... John Lauler, I H—A
Hefty Douglass, Dan's father .....Vincent Hoffmann, I Sc.
Michael O'Day, Kitty's father.....Francis Hartnett, I Sc.
Wing Wu, the heathen Chinee....(Danny Douglass in disguise)
Miners and Cowboys

Place—Redwoods, California
Scene—Mr. Wadd's Room
Time—Morning

Fox-Trot—"Margie", *Conrad*.....Students' Orchestra

After the interruption necessitated by the examinations, the Second High A and Second Scientific gave a delightful programme on January 30. The four sketches gave opportunity to a large number of youngsters to show what was in them; and they showed some good stuff, take it from me!

Orchestra—Strauss March, (*Mezzacapo*).....Students' Orchestra
Duologue—THE UMBRELLA MENDER.....Second High A
Ikey .....William A. Zapf
Pat..... .....Lawrence Murray
Orchestra—Answer, (*Vause*).....Students' Orchestra
Sketch—THE CENSUS TAKER .....Second Scientific
Mrs. Touchwood.....Cletus Marshall
Sharpe, the census taker.....John Moriarty
Orchestra—"My Rose of Yesterday"..... ..... Students' Orchestra
Playlet—THE DEBATING SOCIETY.....Second Scientific
Jim Siler.....John Dulumba
Fred Baker.....Jerry Kalina
Tom Daly.....John Lennox
Jack Irving.....George Haney
Ike Barton.....Gilmore Ford
Bob Feather.....Edward Moran
Dick Brell.....Austin Doran
Sam Slow, chairman.....Vincent Hoffmann
Mandolin Solo.....Cletus Marshall
One-Act Farce—AT HARMONY JUNCTION..... Second High A
The Station Agent.....Joseph Johnston
The Stranger.....James M. Murray
The Porter.....Thomas Quigley
The Tramp.....John J. Foley
GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION BY THE JUNIOR BOARDERS.....
Direction of Father McGuigan, assisted by Houllion and Gilday
Exit—"Margie", (*Conrad*).....Students' Orchestra

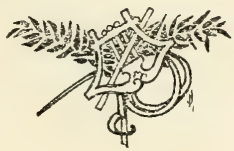
Fathers Malloy and Williams have for some time past been training a soprano and alto choir drawn from the high school classes. Over a hundred of them, nearly all experienced choir-boys, participate. Their first public appearance was at the funeral of Father Lee on January 25, when they alternated with the Senior choir in the *Requiem.* Nothing could be more impressive than such a rendering of the grand old melodies. The glee club is also holding weekly rehearsals with Father Williams, and will soon be heard from.

The Junior and Senior Choirs

The President's Return

The Very Rev. President was back from his trip to the West Indies on January 16. He reports the college of St. Mary's in Trinidad in a flourishing condition.

R. J. R.



Duquesnicula.

PAUL SULLIVAN vented his feelings about exams in this fashion when they were over:

This awful week, this week of anguished mind,
I close,
And now with brain fatigued I seek to find
Repose.
No more I bend o'er endless questionnaire
Of Greek
Or sweat o'er Dido's speech to empty air
This week.
Geometry and chem, are gone, but not
Forgot;
I'd willingly consign the whole durned lot
To pot.
And English with its comp. and lit. and rhet.
And brief

Is past; and now I've simply got to get
Relief.
A man with weaker frame than mine might ache
Or weep;
I can't do that—but, gosh, I sure can take
SOME sleep.

OVERHEARD IN HISTORY CLASS: You know that in ancient times people made wine by stamping the juice out of the grapes with their feet.

FRIDAY: That's where it got the *kick.*

PICKED UP IN THE CORRIDOR: We are not saying who it is, but the information can be obtained from Murray, III. Sc.

PROF.: Yes, I should like to know what you are going to do about your studies.

STUDENT: I guess I'll have to brush up a bit, Mr.———

PROF.: My guess is that you will have to use a vacuum cleaner.

AN ANSWER IN EXAMINATION: The rhetoric class was asked to criticize the figures in the following: "Your lips are like two cherries and your cheeks like two roses." F. A. R. commented thus: This is no compliment, for "local color" can easily be procured in this wintry weather and this epoch of cosmetics.

PROF.: Ey, did you take your Catiline home last night?

EY (absentmindedly): Couldn't. I had only one car check.

E. KELLY: That was a hair-raising scene we saw at the movies, wasn't it?

A. KELLY: Yes. S'pose that's why so many bald-headed men took it in.

NAMELESS STUDENT: Yes sir, I had the rule on my finger-tips.

PROF.: Then why did you forget it?

N. S. I didn't want to remember; it hurt too much.

CLASS-ROOM MAXIM: Better to be able to put your finger on a rule than to have the rule put on your finger.

MORE HISTORY: All European cathedrals have a body of clergymen called canons. Now what is the technical name for this group of canons?

ALBERT: A battery.

This one is subtle indeed. It happened in Latin class.

PROF.: Why did you use the present subjunctive?

EDWARD: For the same reason as "Mono" did.

RAZZ: The millmen up our way have gone on strike.

FISHER: What have they struck for?

RAZZ: For shorter hours.

FISHER: I always said sixty minutes was too long for an hour.

It was one of life's little tragedies; hence it wouldn't be fair to mention the lad's name that sent in by his cousin this excuse for absence:

My son has just shaved himself for the first time and will be unable to attend school to-day.

The "Penance hour" was over. A youngster from the First High stood in the corridor looking in at the door of his class-room. Resentment showed in every feature. "I'll get even with you yet," he said to the occupant of the room. "There's a limit, and you won't find me doin' any more such penances from now on." He strutted over to the stairs, and the eavesdropper curiously approached the class-room. It was empty.

"Gee, I wisht I c'd talk to him like that when he's around," the lad was heard to say, as he slid down the banister.

F. A. RILEY–A. C. KELLY.

JOHN L. CRONIN, President F. B. HILL, Treasurer

F. B. Hill Company

Grocers Specialties and Canned Goods

Terminal Warehouse, S. S., Pittsburgh

We specialize on No. 10 (Gallon Cans) Fancy Fruits and Vegetables in tin, for Institutions, Colleges, Hospitals, Convents, Hotels and Restaurants.

Investment Vision

is a matter of broad experience and access to the sources of authentic information.

The securities we offer have been rigidly examined and approved—they are the same we ourselves invest in.

Capital and Surplus, $11,000,000

Mellon National Bank

Smithfield St., Fifth and Oliver Aves.

Swindler & Scott Company

OF PITTSBURGH

DISTRIBUTORS OF THE FAMOUS "TROCO NUT BUTTER"

DRINK

Breakfast Cheer

COFFEE

The Coffee that starts you out in the morning with a

BIG BROAD SMILE

Sold by all first-class Grocers

Imported, Roasted and Packed by

THE

CAMPBELL & WOODS CO.

SPALDING



Athletic Equipment For Every Indoor And Outdoor Sport

BASKET BALL, BOXING
GYMNASIUM CLOTHING
ICE SKATES AND SHOES

Send for Catalogue

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
608 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lead Kindly Light!

DUQUESNE MONTHLY



DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Vol. 28 MARCH, 1921 No. 6

Duquesne Monthly

MARCH, 1921

CONTENTS

Wind of March	Michael F. Coleman	181
The Catholic Gael	James F. Carroll	182
Lilies	Father Tabb	184
When McPherson Failed	Paul J. Miller	185
The Folly of the Spirit-Phone	Charles A. Ward	188
The Seventeenth of March		190
'Tis Spring	Clement M. Strobel	193
Commercialism in Art	V. J. Rieland	194
Editorial: —		
The Seventeenth of March	J. F. D.	197
The Front Page	Regis E. Wehrheim	199
A Step Forward	V. J. Rieland	200
Modern Cleopatrias	V. J. Rieland	201
More Anent False Faces	Regis E. Wehrheim	201
Goloshes	G. A. Schroth	202
Exchanges	Clement M. Strobel	203
Chronicle	Marion Bostaph	205
Duquesnicula	Kelly-Riley	209
Athletics	P. G. Sullivan	210

D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York.

Courses leading to degrees in *Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Literature and Music*
Special preparation for High School Teaching.
Design and Painting, under Male Instructor.

RIGHT REV. WM. TURNER, D. D., Chancellor.

FACULTY:

Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy, and Men and Women Lay Specialists.

Holy Angels' Academy

In Connection with D'Youville College

College Preparatory and General Culture Courses. Music, Languages, Design and Painting. New York State Regents' Diplomas.

BOLD'S HOME-MADE BREAD

BAKED FRESH EVERY DAY.

It is so manifestly good and fresh that it produces a light, flaky crust that melts deliciously in the mouth, and there is no soaking in of the filling, nor sogginess, no indigestion. Every Loaf is of Uniform Excellence, the Standard by which others are judged.

AUGUST BOLD, 821-29 Industry St, Pittsburgh

Hallen

Photographer

Bell Phones: Hemlock 569
Hill 1327 R

Commercial Photography

Portraits in Crayon, Oil and Water Color Paintings

1405 Carson Street and Post Office Building, Mt. Oliver

WAGNER BROS. SHOE CO.

WHOLESALE SHOES

429 LIBERTY AVENUE PITTSBURGH

Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXVIII. MARCH, 1921 No. 6

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Address: Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh Postoffice, April 30, 1911

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1108 Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 22, 1918

VINCENT J. RIELAND, A. B., '21, Editor-in-Chief

Associate Editors

REGIS E. WEHRHEIM, A. B., '21 GERALD A. SCHROTH, A. B., '22

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, A. B., '23 . . . . Exchanges

LEO J. MCINTYRE, A. B., '21 . . . . . Alumni

ROBERT G. REILLY, A. B., '23 . . . . College Notes

JOHN F. O'CONNOR, B. C. S., '23 . . . . Finance Notes

FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, LL. B., '23 . . . . Law Notes

RICHARD H. ACKERMAN, D. A., '21 . . Public Speaking Notes

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, H. S., '21 . . . . Athletics

FRANCIS A. RILEY, H. S., '21 ALBERT C. KELLY, H. S., '21 Duquesnicula

Business Managers

PATRICK L. MCGRATH, A. B., '23 REGIS O'BRIEN, H. S., '22

Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVIII. MARCH, 1921 Number 6.

Wind of March.

O CRUEL ONE, March wind, so bitter and cold,
Your voice is so harsh, and your mien is so bold!

You shout and drive terror to kindliest Spring:
The tiny leaves shiver, the birds dare not sing.

I wonder if pity or mercy you know,
Unbridled, unchecked on your chill way you go.

I view from my window a poor infant tree—
It brought joy to many, and pleasure to me.

So pretty and frail was Spring's first-born child
When sweetly it looked to the sun as he smiled;

And lo! how it trembles in pitiful fear!
This morn, at sunrise, methinks that a tear

Rolled stealthily down from its soft, youthful face—
A proof of a harshness you cannot efface.

"To this am I sent," quoth the March wind, at last;
"I pray you take note when my fury is past:

This child is still living, and healthy it grows,
And tighter its arms around mother earth throws.

I die and give place to a burning sun;
Your tree shall not wither—and my work is done."

Full often in life when adversity tries,
God sends us a blessing although in disguise.

MICHAEL F. COLEMAN.



The Catholic Gael.

ALTHOUGH the dogmas of the Catholic Church are the same for all, rich and poor, prince and peasant, learned and unlettered, it is nevertheless true that national characteristics are never more pronounced than in the spiritual side of a people's life. Teresa and Gertrude, Francis of Sales and Colmcille, were essentially racial types, although fellow-citizens of a worldwide Church.

What are the traits of the Catholic Gael? They are: Patriotism, Intense Catholicity, Asceticism, Aloofness and Grasp of Essentials.

Owing to historic causes, the first two are so entwined in Ireland as to be inseparable. The identification of these two notions has given an intimate and personal touch to our religious feelings. We have not a dislike for foreigners. It is almost impossible for an English Catholic to regard unreservedly as children of the same household, people who differ from him in race, language and customs. Many Catholics of other nationalities will want a priest of their own race before they become "practical". The Irish attitude is different from this. It never occurs to us to think that customs different from our own are necessarily inferior, and a Mass is a Mass no matter who reads it. We are strangely an adaptable race and can form close friendships and lasting ties with any Catholic. As long as he is a Catholic, we hail the German, French, Italian and American as a comrade. We feel the reality of the Communion of Saints; we feel that we are fellow-citizens of the Household of the Faith. The Gael is truly Catholic in his religion. To make sure of his ground, he has inherited from Patrick himself. "As ye are children of Christ," says Ireland's Apostle, "be ye also children of Rome." No amount of persecution, no false representation, no connivance of insidiary foe, has been able to effect a rupture between the Irish Church and Rome. The successors of Peter have never had occasion to repress a heresy or schism in the Green Isle; they have had many an occasion to laud Irish faith,

Irish sympathy, Irish union, Irish aid to Rome's cause and the cause of the Catholic Church.

The Irish as a race, whilst being friendly to strangers, are intensely reserved concerning their deeper feelings. There is an austere note also in their character. Their affections are so sacred that they are undemonstrative. Where is conjugal fidelity or parental and filial affection stronger than in Ireland? Yet near relatives among us not only refrain from lavishing caresses on each other in public but scarcely use terms of endearment in presence of a third person. Above all, they are shy in showing to the world what should be sacred to two hearts alone. The spirit of the race does not certainly lack affection; for the spirit of a nation is enshrined in its language, and the Gaelic is a treasure house of enchanting words of love: yet that same spirit does not think that a hotel drawing-room or a public promenade is a suitable place for demonstrations of affection.

This social aloofness is still more pronounced as regards the spiritual life of the Irish people. Our religious life is the least demonstrative of all peoples'. Continental Europe might look upon us as pagans. Visit Cologne, Munich, Fribourg on the feast of Corpus Christi; the cities seem all aglow with exterior demonstrations of love for Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. Visit Cork or Limerick on a similar occasion and you will find little, if any, evidence of an exoteric religious feeling. The only reason I can see is that the very subject on which we feel most intensely is that which we hide in a locked chamber of our hearts, and God alone holds the key.

To realize the depth of Irish spirituality, we must consider that Ireland was robbed of all save honor; nobles were made poverty-stricken exiles; eager minds were condemned to restless ignorance; mothers saw their children starve to death or hoisted on the points of bloody spears; priests were hunted down like wolves. The question was put to our forefathers pointedly. Will you accept English culture, theology and ethics, or cling to your own and die? The Irish nation made its choice, chose to suffer until, having confessed Christ before men, Christ would confess them before His Father in Heaven. It has had its Calvary, its Good Friday, which an Easter Sunday never fails to follow. Ireland has borne the wounds of Jesus Christ, and she is emerging from the ordeal undebased and unbrutalized, but still looking upwards, still striving for higher things.

The grasp of essentials, as a national trait, is due to historic causes; for the temperament of the race is rather inclined to go off in side-issues and waste energies over mere trifles. Sufferings and persecutions have made our people dispense with non-essentials; for them it was "the Mass that mattered" and in religion they easily dispensed with the "trimmings". The result is that we are spared a host of new devotions, and our attention has been focused at the altar. Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and then to the Blessed Mother, have ever been and, please God, will ever be the hallmark of Irish Catholicity. These two devotions made saints. Under their influence lives of really heroic virtue have been led and are still led by those whose hands we have clasped and whose friendship and affection we have had the honor to enjoy. The sainted ones of our race in early days shine like stars in the firmament; their glory blazes down the ages. But since the shadow of the penal days fell over Ireland, sanctity has flourished there by stealth, and a note of secrecy has crept into our people's fervor. It is only when the scrolls of time are finished and those of Eternity are unrolled that the hidden holiness of Ireland will be revealed.

Character is more important than achievement. What we are matters more than what we do. If we keep in mind the traits of the Catholic Gael, we shall arrive at an understanding of the inner lives of our forefathers, and whilst "people show forth their wisdom and the Church declares their praise," we, too, may "follow in the wake of the heroes."

JAMES F. CARROLL, '08.

Lilies.

Though long in winter sleep ye lay
The powers of darkness could not stay
Your coming at the call of May,
Proclaiming Spring.

Nay, like the faithful virgins wise,
With lamps replenished, ye arise
Ere dawn the death-anointed eyes
Of Christ the King.

—FATHER TABB.



When McPherson Failed.

CAPTAIN "GIANT" McPHERSON, firm of face, with a sterness bred of much experience with bold lawbreakers of the Sixth District of Canadian air police jurisdiction, was absorbed with unpleasant thoughts.

Although he seemed to fill the worn office chair to capacity, he was possessed of anything but superfluous bulk. He was a big-boned man of such an immense height that he came most naturally by the sobriquet of "Giant".

As he now slouched in his plainly-furnished office in Alberta, the whole history of his rise from aeroplane mechanic to the honorable position of chief of the sixth district, came back to him. As a flying "bobbie" he had never failed to bring in his man, and now, since he was chief and merely directed the operations of those under him, many outlaws escaped unpunished.

Presently McPherson rose from his chair and walked to a small window that faced the street. Outside a snowstorm silently raged. There came a rap at the door, and in answer to McPherson's half-mumbled "Come in", Lieutenant Edwards stood in a flurry of flakes from the opened door and saluted. McPherson mechanically returned the salute and with a half-hearted smile anxiously questioned Lieutenant Edwards concerning his progress toward the capture of one "Fox" Hendrick, noted fur robber of the Lake Athabasca country.

It was the age-old story: the tale of the fox eluding his pursuers. After Edwards' report, during which McPherson paced back and forth in the little office like a caged tiger, the captain stopped suddenly and his eyes lit up with determination.

"Lieutenant Edwards, have dirigible D2-3 ready to cast off at 5:00 A. M. to-morrow. Lieutenant Jordon, yourself and a crew of seven will board at that hour. Stock with provisions for two weeks, and warm clothing for all. I, myself, will take charge."

"Very well, sir," and Lieutenant Edwards saluted and was gone.

* * *

The morning of the next day dawned clear and very cold.

The snow had ceased falling during the night and McPherson stepped into the crisp morning air of a world swathed in whiteness. As he neared the aviation field, the graceful cigar-like shape of D2-3 demanded his admiration. The great bag that loomed fully sixteen feet above the fuselage was pointed at stem and stern and with its rounded hull, was not unlike a huge fat cigar in a silver wrapping. The fuselage was slightly under fifty feet long and was divided into four compartments or cockpits, connected with one another by a narrow fore and aft passage. The forward cockpit was a diminutive place in the nose of the hull, shared by the pilot, controls and instruments. The two cockpits amidships, housed the powerful air-cooled engines that were capable of carrying the large bird at a maximum speed of eighty miles an hour, while the stern cockpit formed the living quarters of the crew.

Everything was in readiness for an extended flight as McPherson came up, and it was but a moment's effort to swing himself up the rope ladder to the pilot's cockpit and give the command to cast off.

As the groundmen released the cables, the dirigible majestically rose until the figures on the ground became smaller and then indistinct.

"Elevation 5,000 feet," sang out Lieutenant Edwards from the pilot's seat. Then there began a low throb as of a thousand swarms of angry bees, and the dirigible ceased to rise and started forward under its own power.

"Jordon, instruct Edwards to bear directly north across Athabasca and to follow the Mackenzie to its source," shouted McPherson above the roar of the engines.

"Very well sir," came from Jordon as he moved to the pilot's tube. At his direction, the ship swung in a wide circle and pointed her nose northward, while, far below, Alberta was quickly left behind.

An hour passed and the dirigible at a good speed was nearing Lake Athabasca. Presently the lake lay below, golden and glittering in the first light of the rising sun. The iridescent winding ribbon of the Mackenzie lost itself in the distance and the silver bird seemed in the act of unwinding it from an endless spool as it floated along its course.

And then the mercury began to drop, while the face of the sun was suddenly obscured by an ominous dark cloud. The gale in all its fury met the dirigible head on, as the powerful

engines took on a more strident note. The big ship seemed to stand immovable as the plaintive thrum of the wind played through its stays.

Suddenly there came a snapping, rending sound. The fore cockpit was being wrenched from the balloon above it by the force of the gale. The rudder uncontrolled, the great bag swung swiftly around and began to run with the wind. Before the frenzied crew had managed to stop the engines, the speed of the dirigible, assisted by the gale, became terrific. Now the ship was carried along like a chip in a troubled sea, rudderless and at the mercy of the wind which was headed directly southwest.

To all exterior signs, the members of the crew were calm and bravely awaiting their unknown fate. McPherson, in this emergency, displayed a coolness rarely seen in man, as he stood peering from the tiny window of the engine compartment.

The wind was biting cold, and, to their dismay, the crew suddenly found the ship dropping lower, due to the contraction of the gas in the bag. The downward fall of the dirigible could not be checked and the men soon discovered themselves driven down to the open sea. The choppy water of the usually calm Pacific seemed rising to meet them. At last the dirigible struck the breast of the waves with a strangely imperceptible jar, and the dauntless air police found themselves lightly riding the waves.

The dirigible had landed close to the coast and it was but a short time till the ever-alert coast guard had the crew safe on shore and salvaged the dirigible.

With the exception of poor Edwards, who had stood at his pilot's post till the last, and been swept away with the forward cockpit, the police crew escaped unscathed.

Perhaps it would be interesting to relate that the remains of the intrepid fur robber with those of his next in command, were found with their wrecked plane in the vicinity of Lake Athabasca.

The elements had been the cause of McPherson's first failure to get his man; but they had done his work instead of him.

Paul J. Miller, H. S., '21.



The Folly of the Spirit-Phone.

THOSE who live near the sea have perchance often ascended a neighboring hill and gazing out where the shore recedes far inland have noticed the low lying meadows which parallel that eternity. And here and there they see this fenny and marshy land dotted by tiny inland lakes and ditches connected with the bay by little creeks and streamlets. Then as the mighty tide starts on its inward course they observe the white swishing waves, ever advancing and ever receding in hissing volumes of water, cut their way deeply into the land through these narrow streams. Finally the slate colored waters of the sea swell these premature rivers and vanquish the lakes that give them their existence.

So to-day it is astonishing to note how the incoming flow of the tide of spiritism is dangerously creeping into the brains of those presumably educated and intelligent as well as those uneducated and ignorant. Even our own inventor and much-heralded wizard in the electrical world is apparently being swallowed up in its gulf. That person who contributed so much to the efficiency and pleasure of mankind by his inventions of the cinematograph and phonograph is now drowning in the currents of the psychic world. He is turning that wonderful brain power, that so long pondered on useful matters, to the most inane of trivalities. He is now working on a machine with which he hopes to carry on successful communication with the dead. Whether he shall succeed or fail awaits only the course of time to tell. S'pose he'll call it the PNEUMOPHONE.

It is, however, unwise to attack the mechanism of such an experiment at this time since it is only in an embryonic state and its possibilities are yet unknown. Nevertheless one may attack the theory on which the machine is based, since it abounds in fallacies and in absurdities. It is preposterious to think that a man endowed with reason, whose mind is continually inducting and deducting, synthesizing and analyzing, should issue such an absurd statement as Thomas A. Edison has issued in reply to the question, "Do you think it possible that you may devise any mechanism through which, when you have left this life you may hope to communicate with us?" Here is Mr. Edison's reply to the interviewer:

"If my theory is correct—that the machine called man is only a mass of dead matter and that the real life is the millions of individual units which navigate the machine, and if, on the destruction of the machine, these individual units keep together,

including those which have charge of memory—which is our personality—then I think it is possible to devise apparatus to receive communications, if they desire to make them. It will be very difficult, as each individual unit, as to size, is beyond the limit of our present microscopes." Fortunately Mr. Edison has safeguarded himself by his conditional sentences; but, even so, he has left his questionable theory open to criticism.

Now, by the very fact that this intellectual inventor wishes to communicate with the dead, he admits the immortality of "these individual units." But in order that "these individual units" may be immortal they must be indestructible and incorruptible, hence immaterial. Then, again, an immaterial substance must be devoid of parts in order to be incorruptible, and therefore it admits of oneness or simplicity. Furthermore, if each of "these individual units" is simple, we are then composed of millions of simple entities, each part would be a soul, and each one would be, not *I* but *We,* which is against the testimony of our consciousness and common sense; hence, he ought to reject this theory because of its absurdity. If on the other hand we hold that "these simple individual units keep together, including those which have charge of memory—which is our personality,"—we again have an absurdity, for any number of simple beings joined together would never produce a simple being by itself. Hence it is easy to prove the folly of assuming such a thing on which is to be based an intellectual experiment of this type. Perhaps after the invention is completed and its failure to make communications with the dead is clearly evident by experience, Mr. Edison may inform us that the fault rests with the departed ones, since they may not "desire to make" any communication with the living.

In the domain of physical science and its applications, Edison—not alone, but with the aid of his large corps of talented helpers—has added considerably to man's store of knowledge, and greatly increased the conveniences and pleasures of life. In every incursion he has made into the spiritual, or if you will, the ultra-physical realm, he has been a flat failure. But like most super-men, who are after all quite human, he finds it difficult to remain in his proper sphere, in the field of action for which his natural endowments so peculiarly fit him.

CHARLES A. WARD, '21.



The Seventeenth of March.

MAC had read about how Scott and other literary geniuses had written themselves out of financial difficulties. He had also done the same thing himself on more than one occasion. But now he faced a difficulty that he doubted he could get out of by writing. He had been reporting for a newspaper for the past year. The position was procured for him by a friend who had influence at the office. His work had been done to his own satisfaction and, without any feeling of pride, he was sure his work was as good as that of any other reporter on the same newspaper. But Scrubbins, the chief Editor, had a friend who was out of work and because the editor disliked the Irish, hated their religion and had no time for the Sinn Feiners, Mac was sentenced to be "fired". Mac was Irish, a Catholic and a Sinn Feiner.

"Tell Mac I want to see him," said Scrubbins to the office boy who had just answered the editor's summons. Mac knew that the dreaded moment had come, but he went to the editor as though he knew nothing about it at all.

"Mac, when I took you on about a year ago, I said it was only as a trial. I am very sorry that you have done nothing startling so far, because I feel that I cannot hold you any longer. You have bungled some stories and failed in others to get in your copy ahead of the fellows working for other papers. Some of your efforts, I must say, were excellent. But all the men here understand that I want every effort to be as near excellent as possible. You will be retained till March 25th and after that, I am sorry to say, your services will no longer be required. That is final."

Mac took this little speech with all the good grace possible under the circumstances. But he could not refrain from calling attention to the evident injustice of the trumped-up accusations.

"I am very sorry, sir, that you look on the matter this way. I feel that you are slightly mistaken about that matter of my failure. I would leave it to the decision of all in these offices to say whether my efforts have been as good as those of any other here. I may have failed at times, but I feel that no other would have succeeded where I failed. But I am not going to argue

with you. I shall leave on Saturday, the 19th." With that Mac left the office.

Alone in his pigeon-hole office, Mac sat in silent meditation. Fortunately his copy for the day had not been very heavy and he had been able to finish it before his interview with Scrubbins. Just now he was at wits' end for he could not see any silver lining in the clouds that were gathering on his horizon. He reasoned that it was possible for him to get on another newspaper, but felt that Scrubbins' recommendation would be a necessary condition. He was so vexed at the editor that he felt he could not bring himself to ask for the recommendation, even supposing that Scrubbins would give it.

As he sat there trying to think the matter to a satisfactory conclusion, his friend, Freddy Malone, the sporting editor, burst into the room, hat perilously slanted in the general direction of the right ear, cigarette at a jaunty angle, and a general bearing that would indicate that he was both care-free and satisfied with life generally!

"Hullo, Mac. What's the trouble, kid?"

"Nothing particular, except Scrubbins has found me wanting and given me the merry old bounce."

"The best thing that ever happened to you, kid," exclaimed Freddy as he slapped Mac on the back in his enthusiasm. Mac felt that slap but he felt the statement even more. In fact he was at a loss to understand how Freddy could be so unsympathetic.

"I do not see the point, Freddy. What do you mean—the best thing that ever happened me?"

"Just that, pal of mine. Why, man dear, don't you see that you are wasting your talents here? You ought to be where you would be appreciated and you ought to specialize in fiction—the short story line. See here, you get busy right now and cook up a good St. Patrick's day story. You're Irish, from Ireland, and the Irish are the most interesting people in the world. That accounts for my being such an interesting cuss. Write something like a good Irish story, setting, characters, wit and plot, all to be Irish. When you've finished bring it to me and we shall see what we shall see. I am quitting this joint on Saturday. Got an offer from the *Daily Tribune.* Looks good to me and I am not going to pass it up. Now you get on the job and make that typewriter sing for the next few hours. I'll be here till midnight and I am willing to bet that your Story will be in the *Daily Tribune* on St. Patrick's day."

Without giving Mac a chance to put in any "buts" Freddy was out of the room as quickly as he had entered. Mac continued to indulge his grey study until the hands on his Big Ben pointed to ten o'clock. Then he went to the typewriter and began to "make the thing sing." Rapidly flowed on the stream of his eloquence: the title—"The Seventeenth of March". The plot—an interesting tale of Irish home life. The characters—all loveable children of Erin. The net result of his efforts was that, as the hands neared twelve on the Big Ben, the story was ended. Freddy promptly got the copy and sat reading with a fascination that was new to him. On and on he read, and at the end he arose, clasped the hand of his friend and exclaimed:—

"I knew it, Mac. By golly, if I could write a story like that I would be on easy street for the rest of my days. See you later. I am going over to the *Tribune* offices."

Putting the interpretation of undue enthusiasm on his friend's attitude, Mac waited in fear and trembling till Freddy should return. It was but four blocks to the *Tribune* offices. Allowing an hour for the whole business of going there, having the copy read and returning, Mac looked for Freddy by one o'clock. Freddy did not return till nearly two A. M., but whe he returned it was in the same manner in which he had entered Mac's office for the first time that night.

"I told you so, kiddo. Collins was charmed and not only gave me a hundred for your story but said he would give another hundred this afternoon, and asked if you would consider a job with the *Tribune* at an increase of fifty per month over your present salary."

"Freddy, I do not know how to tell you the feelings of my heart just now. You have been more than a friend to me, and if ever you need any help I can give you, why, you will favor me by ordering it of me. I will think over the matter of that new job and let Collins know on the seventeenth. Let's go down to Montani's and have a good feed on this happy occasion."

They had their "feed" and on the seventeeth of March the whole city was talking of the *Tribune's* top-notch story entitled "The Seventeenth of March". Scrubbins read the story too, and the first thing he did was to get into communication with Collins of the *Tribune,* to find out who "Macushla" might be.

"Macushla? Why that's a fellow you fired a day or so ago. Chap named Mac-something, McSorley I think. That fellow's a genius, Scrubbins, and if the *Leader-Gazette* don't appreciate him

it is their fault. I've offered him fifty more per month than you had been giving him and I expect to have him on our Staff by the beginning of next week."

"We'll see about that, Charlie," was the answer Scrubbins snapped back.

That night, Freddy, Mac and Scrubbins had a heart to heart talk, the result being that all three were quite satisfied with the arrangements that the *Leader-Gazette* management was willing to make. That is why Mac, who thereafter became extremely popular as a writer of Irish stories, always rejoices when the great day—the seventeenth of March—comes 'round each year.

J. F. D., '21.

'Tis Spring.

O'ER mossy stone and sandy pebble,
'Neath shady banks, thro' rushes,
Flash silv'ry gleams
Of new-born streams
In murm'ring, tinkling gushes
And sing in faintest fairy treble,
"Oh, 'tis Spring!"

On stately beech and maple slender,
On thorny brush and briar,
Wee buds awake,
Their prisons break,
And draw their lovers nigher
With woodland scents and calls so tender,
"Ah, 'tis Spring!"

On every hill and verdant bower
In ecstasy alighting,
Wee birdies coo
And ardent woo,
In trilling notes inviting
To lofty homes in leafy tower,
"Come, 'tis Spring!"

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, '23.

Commercialism in Art.

IT IS A fact greatly to be regretted, that the demon of Avarice has invaded the sacred field of art, and turned men's minds from the love of art in itself, diverting them to mere pecuniary ends. We wonder why, in recent years, our country has produced no Angelos or Raphaels, no Wagners or Verdis, no Shakespeares or Newmans; yet were we but to review the leaders of the various arts to-day, we would invariably find them commercializing their vocations, and selling their services to the whims and fancies of the fickle public. Unlike their illustrious predecessors, they labor not in creating masterpieces that will withstand the ravages of time and custom, but in producing only that which to-day rides the crest of success, but to-morrow disappears in the undertow of time. Whether their medium be light, color, sound or form, instead of producing single masterpieces that would attract admirers to them as to a shrine, they avail themselves of every reproductive process that science has hit upon, to turn their works out not singly but by thousands, always with a view to additional monetary gain. How weak and miserable their efforts appear when placed side by side with the masterpieces of art, created in a better age than ours!

Let us first consider painting, and the wonderful develop. ments (?) of our present day artists. Art is unquestionably one of the purest and highest elements in human happiness. It trains the mind through the eye and the eye through the mind. As the sun colors flowers so does art color life. Our modern artists, however, hold an entirely different view of art. From their actions and productions we can judge that their opinion of art consists in destroying the natural beauty of our highways and defacing the structural harmony of our buildings by gaudy, commercialized billboards. Where Angelo would spend a year on a painting, they can produce a striking poster in half a week for the adornment of a signboard or the cover on a magazine. The art department in one of the country's largest colleges recently announced that several of its best artists had entered the commercial field, enrolling themselves among the ranks of the billboard and magazine cover artists. One would not complain if these apostles of the stereotype spread broadcast models of real beauty; but instead of aiming at raising popular taste to higher levels, invariably they pander to all that is vulgar,—because, forsooth, the "returns" are greater.

In the world of music, we find similar conditions existing. Ragtime and jazz have such a hold upon the musical world, that,

were Wagner or our own Foster to return, they would be ashamed to be called musicians,—or perchance, they too might become affected by the money fever and join the musical genuises of "Tin Pan Alley". How great a hold these modern masterpieces have on the public can be seen in the fact that the average life of one of them is six months. Verdi consumed months in producing an opera, for which he received a mere pittance, while Irving Berlin can dash off a piece of ragtime in a few hours and receive ten thousand dollars for his efforts. Verdi's Rigoletto, however, has survived three quarters of a century and will still command a leading place among the world's music when Berlin's name and compositions shall have passed into oblivion. Plato, speaking of music, says: "Music gives a soul to the Universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gayety and life to everything. It is the essence of order and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful of which it is the invisible, but nevertheless dazzling, passionate and external form." I wonder if the writers of "Chili Bean", "Dardanella", "My Little Bimbo", and the host of other "hits" that are flooding the market had this idea of music in their minds when they composed such masterpieces (?) of musical art.

In the field of literature we find the ravages of commercialism even more than in painting and music. The literary market is flooded with the work of writers of every description, and writers beyond description; but where is there a novelist to compare with Scott, Poe or Cooper, or a poet who is entitled to an equal place with Shakespeare, Longfellow or Tennyson? In all the tons of poetry that have been published in recent years, there is scarcely one that is entitled to a place among those poems destined to be read by man for time immemorial. Too great a proportion of the articles and stories appearing in our magazines are "hack work". A writer of real promise is rushed to death by his publishers, that they and he may supply the demand of a million readers, and incidentally pile up fabulous fortunes. A case in point: some months back, *Collier's* apologized to its readers for not immediately furnishing a sequel to the "Fu Manchu" stories, by saying that even a genius like Sax Rohmer was not inexhaustible. How can anything like literary excellence result from such a system? Dramatic literature is precisely what a few rich New York producers wish it to be. There is absolutely no chance for the budding Marlowe or Shakespeare unless the theatrical interests see fit to exploit his work; and they exploit only what

will bring in the shekels. From its very inception the motion-picture has been similarly commercialized. Always the point of view has been, not "Is it really beautiful?" but "Will it pay?"

Even within the Church, art has not entirely escaped the ravages of commercialism. To a lamentable extent, our churches, vestments, altars, chalices and candlesticks have taken on a stereotyped sameness which removes these sacred accessories from the high place they once held in the field of art. Formerly it was considered a great privilege to make the vestments and altar linens, this work being done by pious matrons, often by noble ladies, who labored not for pecuniary gain, but for the love of God. Now these articles are catalogued among the every-day commodities and turned out in their hundreds with the same care and labor as a suit of clothes or a table cover. The same is true of chalices and candlesticks. At one time only the best gold- and silversmiths in the country fashioned these sacred vessels, striving to make each one a chef-d'oeuvre of his trade. Now many of them—happily not all—are produced merely with a view of utility with little or no regard for artistic beauty.

This spirit of commercialism tends to destroy the primary end of all art. It causes men to lose sight of the true ideals of art and to sacrifice their efforts for mere financial gain. Every art object should be unique, unmatched, unmated. while as it exists to-day, it is a mere mechanical product, utterly devoid of inspiration or personality, so essential to every real artistic product. Sculpture has become the production of the cast from the mould, painting the work of a printing press, while music and literature consist in a series of repetitions almost as mechanical as those that issue from the loom or the linotype.

At the present time, we can expect no great change for the better, and we need not look for any, so long as artists hold the dollar more sacred or of more importance than the cause of art itself, or so long as the American spirit of business insists on exercising tyrannical jurisdiction over the field of art.

V. J. RIELAND, '21.





SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

The Seventeenth of March.

THE annual recurrence of the seventeenth of March is a thing of joy to every Irish heart. It is something more than the day on which the children of Erin celebrate the feast of their great Apostle, St. Patrick. It is pre-eminently Ireland's day and the whole world recognizes the fact. If you do not believe it, keep both eyes open next seventeenth of March and see if Jewish merchants do not distribute little pots of the dear old Shamrock, and see too, if there are not bits of green ribbon ornamenting the place of honor on the clothing of those whose faces are surely not the faces of the sons and daughters of Erin.

Ireland has written her story in letters of gold in the pages of history—not alone of her own nation, but of the nations all over the globe. From St. Patrick she received the blessed heritage of the true Faith of Jesus Christ, to which heritage she has clung in spite of persecution and diabolical cunning that would have made the very worst of the Roman emperors blush. Other nations have been tried in the same fiery furnace of tribulation, but have, for the most part, been found wanting. To the reader of history, the fact of Ireland's constancy is something that will not admit a natural explanation. Truly God loves the Irish, and the prayer of St. Patrick, as well as his influence before the throne of God, have certainly played a great part in this evident miracle.

Proving that she would share this blessing of the Faith with other peoples, her missionaries, in all ages, have gone forth from their island home and have become the apostles, and in many, many cases, the patron saints, of lands who have forgotten her in the hour of her need. It is to her monks and nuns that a great portion of the nations owe their enlightenment.

If there is one thing more remarkable than another in the history of the Irish people, it is this, that they have been wonderfully successful in working the welfare of every nation but their own. Truly that country is most abandoned that has not known the working of Irish genius. Ireland's sons have made their mark on the field of battle, in the courts of law, in every profession worthy of the name, and in the industries that make for the prosperity of a country.

Hence it is that we are not at all surprised that the world at large has come to recognize the seventeenth of March as Ireland's day. But the sad reflection that follows this is, that in spite of the evident debt the world owes Ireland, there is, at the present time, no nation too poor to do her the right sort of honor. Here, in the case of Ireland, we have a nation that for hundreds of years has been trying to break asunder the bonds that have been clamped on her wrists by a nation that is nothing but an intruder. It has been an unrelenting struggle in which England, with her vast resources, has been able to keep Ireland under her thumb—able to do everything that in the ordinary course of events should crush Ireland and make of her a nation that lives only in the pages of History. But Ireland is not a thing of the past. The spirit of freedom and nationhood still lives on. She will be free, but all of us who look on are satisfied with asking—when? England may boast of her place in the sun as the friend of smaller nations; the world, that sees through her eyes, may condone all that she has caused Ireland to suffer; but there is a God in Heaven who will one day call for a reckoning. When the day of that reckoning comes, maybe then, the world will do more than rejoice with Ireland on the seventeenth of March. It has come to be a case of life or death with Ireland. And, O, why cannot the nations that owe so much to Ireland, help her now, not with mere sympathy and idle encouragement, but with the means that will make her century-old dreams come true? What is it that makes the rest of the world look on unmoved whilst attempts are being made to grind Irelaud to dust? I have it: England has been able to subsist on bluff for so long a time that the rest of the nations have come to regard that bluff as a sort of serious menace. She can control the press to the end that the world sees her side of the case in a favorable light and sneers at the efforts of poor crushed Ireland to gain what by every law of man and Heaven is hers.

Courage, sweet Erin, thou wert made to be free and

though now the hours of darkness are upon thee, the time will surely come when the sunlight of hopes realized will bring back to thy countenance that smile that wreathes the conqueror. A seventeenth of March will come that will find thee as free a people in temporal things as the great St. Patrick made thee when he gave thee the freedom of the children of God!

J. F. D., '21.



The Front Page.

THE present day newspaper looks more like an advertisement of scandals than a transmitter of news, for the front page is filled with stories of cruel murders. If, by chance, the murders are absent, they are replaced by robberies, wrecks or divorce cases. Read the head-lines and you know the story; it is the same every day, with different actors performing. For instance, a recent afternoon paper featured a "Radio Hunt for Escaped Negro Slayer." Now, the fact that the radio is used in the chase for a slayer is interesting, but does the escape of a negro slayer interest the people of Pittsburgh as much as the solution of our vexing traffic problems, the activities of civic or educational bodies, the generosity of some lately deceased citizen? In the same paper on the front page was a large picture of the prettiest girl at the suffrage offices in Washington, D. C. Is this girl so pretty that she deserves to be where many of our own pretty Pittsburgh girls should be? Many more instances could be cited, not from just one of our papers, but from all. The tendency is to put all excitement on the first page, and the more quiet, wholesome news inside.

The only wonder remaining, is the fact that the comics have not also found their place on the first page. I suppose, that if the first page were large enough, they would surely occupy a conspicuous part of it.

REGIS E. WEHRHEIM, '21.

A Step Forward.

THE evil in a thing very often consists in the manner in which it is viewed or understood. To the world in general Prussianism came to be synonymous with tyranny and oppression. We wonder how many Americans realize to what extent our Ship of State has drifted towards the rocks of Prussianism under the guise of Federal control. Every day finds the Federal government usurping more and more the powers of states and individuals. During the war we looked upon legislation aiming at centralization as a necessary evil resulting from the pressure of conditions. But with the war over, this system of monarchical control seems aiming at encroaching even more upon individual rights. We saw the numerous evils resulting from Federal control of the railroads, and are now experiencing a universal disrespect for law and authority caused by prohibition.

These tendencies have just suffered a notable set-back in the defeat of the Smith-Towner bill in committee.

According to this bill, all control and supervision of education, whether in the primary school or in the university, would come to be vested in the hands of a Federal Supervisor with a place in the President's cabinet, commanding a handsome salary. This commissioner would decide for us what every child in America should study, regardless of whether he be a rationalist, a materialist or even a narrow-minded religious fanatic. The future citizens of our nation would leave school firmly convinced that George Washington, Patrick Henry and their noble associates were laboring under a gigantic hallucination, and it was the utmost folly for them ever to have rebelled against their benevolent "mother country". The letters that reached Washington in their hundreds of thousands showed that our citizens are not yet ready for this form of one-man rule.

Another point about which our liberty-loving citizens were not quite satisfied, is the disposal of the annual $1,000,000 educational budget, much of which would naturally have been swallowed up in the multitude of salaries for newly-created jobs. Evidently, the authors of this bill had either forgotten or did not believe in Lincoln's saying that "you can fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time." Well, the people have reminded them.

V. J. RIELAND, '21.

Modern Cleopatras.

WERE the amiable Cleopatra permitted to come back to earth and take a stroll down Fifth Avenue some bright day about noon she would soon realize that as a "vamp" she has plenty of imitators. Were beautiful women produced by the use of paints and powder, Pittsburgh would be unrivaled in her possession of feminine pulchritude. From present appearances the principle that *natura nihil frustra facit,* has not many adherents among the fair sex. When it comes to the question of complexions, nature failed miserably to meet the required standards of the ladies of to-day, and they are making noble efforts to overcome this handicap by the lavish use of the powder-puff, rouge, the lip-stick and other requisites for twentieth century beauty.

The practice has, of course, its advantages. It is much easier, when in a hurry, to cover your face with powder and thus hide the dirt, than to take the pains of procuring soap, water and a towel. And again, one cannot stand on the street corner and from a small case not much larger than half a dollar produce a towel, soap and water sufficient to wash one's face, whereas from this small case a complete new complexion can be furnished forth and applied without great difficulty or loss of time.

V. J. RIELAND, '21.

More Anent False Faces.

DID YOU ever consider how many false faces you have noticed in one day? It would be useless to try to count them, for two out of every three women are masked. They deny their natural face, for they seem to be ashamed of it. Every day is Hallow'een for them, regardless of the harm that they do to their skin. They know that the glory of their natural complexion, if they can have such a thing any more, is constantly waning, and therefore, day after day, they endeavor to keep up appearance with a fresh coat of varnish. Only one result can follow such a course, for varnish and paint were intended for wood; need we state the inference? Specialists will tell us that rouge hinders the pores of the body from performing their natural duties. It prevents them from properly feeding the cells

beneath the skin, and thus, from nourishing the flesh. Hence instead of beautifying the user, rouge really harms her. A short time ago, when a sweet young thing fainted in a stuffy car, a heartless doctor remarked, "Take her out and wash her face; she is suffocating from too much powder in the pores."

Were it not for this abuse of nature, one might commend the use of rouge by those who know how to apply it. But the fact is that many girls do not know how to use it. They put too much color on one spot, and none on another. They too closely resemble painted sign-boards; pretty at a distance, but on close view, ridiculous. Only those having the time and the means to follow a course in an art school should attempt what only an artist can do successfully.

Many young girls—let it be said without any show of gallantry—do not need cosmetics to beautify themselves, but merely yield to the prevailing fashion. They use lip-sticks, blacken their eye-brows, and make themselves look everything but what they are; they succeed in attracting attention, but very few of them look beautiful. Even negresses attempt to change their natural color, so much so, that you can scarcely tell whether they are fading or not.

However, to the use of cosmetics, at least one good result can be attributed; namely, it netted the Government during the past year $500,000 in war taxes.

REGIS E. WEHRHEIM, '21.

Goloshes.

THERE never was a time, apparently, when the desire to be in style did not rule the fickle damsel and the resourceful maiden lady. To-day it continues at its highest pitch. Incidentally this craving to keep up with the fashions has enriched the pockets of merchants and, we must add, in most cases made their customers look ridiculous.

One of the most successful of "bunco games" is the old one used by our New York purveyors of fashions. Season after season they advertise Parisian goods, whilst their partners in France advertise Broadway models. Though their profits are enormous, the only things carried across the ocean are the labels.

The latest fad, which arrived when our mild winter was about over, was the wearing of goloshes.

While mere man would be inclined to view the adoption of this new foot-protection as an indication of a sensible fad at last, said foot-covering is worn in such a manner that it neither gives protection nor affords beauty. Ninety-nine per cent. of the wearers render themselves hideous. If goloshes were bought in the right sizes, donned in damp, sloppy weather, and carefully buckled, we would be inclined to extend the hand of congratulation to the feminine half or two-thirds of the population. But—and also yet, alas and alack!—capricious mam'selle secures a pair which fit her like army shoes; if there are three or four buckles she hooks just one; and as soon as a mean, slushy day appears, off go the 'loshes and out she comes in silk stockings and low-cuts!

One thing that puzzles the other half or third of the population is this: why will girls spend hours marcel-waving and puffing their hair and arranging their complexion, and then climb into a pair of goloshes and spoil the whole impression?

Oh yes, you impress the men; but in what direction?

G. A. SCHROTH, '22.



Exchanges.

A COLLEGE magazine can not be judged by its cover pages. Nor can it stand on the merits of the past nor on the fame and influence of the school it represents. Again, the best magazine is not necessarily the one crammed full of every variety of literary production. The college journal which insists on quality, not quantity, and (this is especially mportant) the careful composition and arrangement of the contents is the college journal upon which can be stamped the great seal of approval.

There are quite a few of our contemporaries which qualify to our specifications for "being fit". Foremost among these is the *Boston College Stylus*. Invariably we find the same arrangement of content, the same smooth selection of variety. The January issue differs from its predecessors only in the fact that more attention is given to verse than heretofore.

"Homo Americanus" is the better of the two short stories. Smooth and interesting we vote the plot, while the handling of it merits high praise. Creative art employed in this case would enhance it as nothing else could. "Wells Again" is the more pretentious of the essays. The subject matter is well handled, although the author is guilty of inconsistency, not in the recital of facts or in the presentation of testimony, but in his own determination to deal out neither encomiums nor abuse. The verse as a whole is commendable, yet—so it seems to us of another milieu—lacks the fire and verve that is evident in the prose portions of the *Stylus*.

The Fordham Monthly is another school publication which has established for itself a very high place in the collegiate literary world. The essays, fiction and poetry attract the browsing student reader not a little. Of all the short stories —and they are all excellent—we award the prize to "The Moving Finger". It is a miniature masterpiece. The style is easy and fluent. The climax is swift, the denouement inevitable and yet surprising. The lesson goes home. "Slavery and the Confederacy" is by far the best of the essays. The author gives us some rather remarkable information concerning slavery and the south. Conciseness and clarity of thought lend an atmosphere of brightness and make the article 'newsy'. Among the editorials the one concerning Poe is especially timely and illuminating from an outside standpoint. The others are written in language that is throughout vigorous and appropriate. The humorous banter of "Fordhamensia" gives a cheery atmosphere to the closing pages of the journal.

In the January issue of *Dayton Exponent* we find much that is praiseworthy. The essays are handled rather neatly and interestingly. Editorials are timely and the Exchanges are very courteous. But—there is a woeful lack of fire and spirit. Short stories add a lot of interest and finish to any magazine, and especially to a college magazine. Will the *Exponent* take kindly to the suggestion? The story in this issue is good, but at times rather clumsy. For example, a lady judge would never "roar". Then, again, the conversation is not as smooth as it might be. However, the plot is good and, on the whole, the story is told in an engaging manner. We are also of opinion that rather too much space is allotted to athletics and outside matters. In a general way the paper seems to lack balance.

The issue of the *Minerval* before us is altogether too good to be passed over without a few comments. There are some defects, of course, but these are outweighed by excellence in other departments. The essay and short story departments are well represented. The essays are rather lengthy, but then the subject matter is big. "Nature's God" is a well-written paper done in smooth, flowing style. Of the short stories it is hard to choose between "Gilchrist of the London Star" and "On the Way to France". The former has a better plot, but thought and action transition is at times labored. The other story has a smooth but slightly over-worked plot. Both however are, in the main, capably written. The editorials are timely and very interesting. They deal with modern political problems and are executed in masterful style, with a sureness of grasp and a candor of expression that is refreshing to the reader.

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, '23.

CHRONICLE

Uptown School.

Retreat

The students entered on their annual three-day retreat on February 1. The instructions were given by the renowned missionary of the Holy Ghost Fathers' Irish Mission Band, Rev. Michael A. Kelly. Seldom has the student body listened to any speaker with such rapt attention. Undoubtedly he has charm. If proof were needed, witness the feat of keeping in the chapel a crowd of 630 earnest boys as quiet listeners until *12.15 post meridiem!* Not one of those boys would have missed the vivid anecdote of the two missionaries or the eulogy of the priest's mother, just for a mere meal. This is charm indeed; it is almost akin to hypnotism, but we were glad to be hypnotized by him. The flexible tenor voice, with its power and its tenderness ever at the speaker's command; the attitude of personal communication, man to man; the simple yet elegant language, abounding in illustrations of compelling beauty; but above all the uplifting and

inspiring doctrine, ever drawing the hearer to a more personal love of the Man-God—these are some, a few, of the elements into which an analyst might resolve the charm of Father Kelly. Not a boy went through that retreat but came out better than he entered.

MARION BOSTAPH, 4 H. A.

Lent

That the students entered seriously on the holy penitential season was indicated by many unmistakable signs: the fervor of the singing on Ash-Wednesday and other days of devotion; the numerous visits to the Blessed Sacrament and the pilgrimages around the Way of the Cross; and among the boarders, more frequent communion and greater piety at the Wednesday and Friday devotions.

Concerts

Not to deprive a large number of the many advantages accruing from the weekly entertainments, these were continued even through Lent, taking on however, a somewhat more serious tone. A very meritorious programme makes Commercial Night, February 6, stand out in memory.

Orchestra Selection—Fadette March.....Students' Orchestra
Prologue .....M. Myering
Vocal Solos—The Clang of the Forge .....Rev. F. X. Williams
When John McCormick Sings.....
Accompanist, Charles Ward
POEMS OF JOYCE KILMER—
Trees.....G. Brennan
The House With Nobody In It.....G. Pleins
The Servant Girl and Grocer's Boy.....J. Bloomer
Vocal Solos—Songs of Araby.....Rev. J. Dodwell
La Spagnola.....
Accompanist, Charles Ward
Orchestra Selection—All She'd Say Was Umh-Hum.....Students' Orchestra
Sketch—THE MYSTERIOUS MR. X
CAST
Jeff.....W. Maughn
Lew.....G. Brennan
Mr. X .....R. Maloy
SCENES—The Street. The Library
TIME—A Month Ago at Midnight
Orchestra Selection—Whispering ..... Students' Orchestra
This, That and the Other Thing. .....(From Weber and Fields)
Mike.....W. Maughn
Meyer.....W. Stebler
Sketch—THE HARD-HEARTED MR. SHINGUS

CAST

Jimmie, The Office Boy.....C. Boyle
Tillie, Ex-stenographer.....A. Viragh
Mr. Shingus, The Boss.....R. O'Connor

SCENE—Shingus' Office TIME—Not So Long Ago

Finale—Orchestra Selection—Nightingale .....Students' Orchestra

The Fourth High B entertained their friends on February 13. Their opponents in the debate got revenge for the defeat administered earlier in the term. We shall look forward with interest to the final contest between these rival classes.

March—AMERICAN LEGION.....Students' Orchestra
DECLAMATION—Selected.....A. J. Blieszner
Gavotte—BRIGHT EYES.....Students' Orchestra
Sketch—A HOLY TERROR

CAST

Moses.....Charles Cherdini
Aaron.....Alfred Ruffing
Hannibal.....Jack Davis
Mrs. Fizzy.....Vincent Kiesel

INSTRUMENTAL QUARTETTE.....Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana"
ZALLAH, Egyptian Intermezzo
Violins, William A. C. Jacko and Joseph Brumbaugh
Cello, F. McCaffrey, Piano, Charles A. Ward

Orchestra Selection—ANSWER.....Students' Orchestra

DEBATE—"Resolved, That an agreement entered into by the United States, England and Japan, to reduce naval armament, will tend to promote world peace."

Affirmative (Fourth High A)	Negative (Fourth High B)
Earl Gallagher	William Jacko
Paul G. Sullivan	Leo Curran
Marion Bostaph	Leo Schneider

A very high-class entertainment was that furnished by the Freshman class on February 20. Every number was excellent. Richard H. Ackerman deserves great credit for the showing made by the cast of "The Exile", who were coached in their parts by him. Two Belasco-like settings aided the capable performers in "putting over" their efforts. The debate was won by the Sophomores.

Overture.....Students' Orchestra
Address of Welcome.....J. Briley Walsh

Playlet

"THE EXILE"

By Richard Harding Davis

CAST

Jim Baird.....John Garrity

Dan Phelan.....Lawrence Quinn
Court Crier.....Charles O'Connor
Bob Haines .....John Cain
Bill Fox.....Bernard Kelly
Attorney Harvey.....John Deasy
Attorney Stoggart .....N. J. Schramm
Judge Truax .....Joseph Nee
Abe Barrows .....Christian Hoffmann

SCENE—Judges' Chambers of City Court House, Zapata City, Texas

TIME—Spring of 1914

Song.....Rev. John F. Dodwell
Readings.....R. D. Furlong
Song.....Master Lawrence Buckley
Orchestra Selection.....Students' Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, The Institution of the Open Shop will solve the present Labor Conflict.

Affirmative (Freshman)	Negative (Sophomore)
Joseph M. Rozenas	Edward J. Caye
Maurice W. Zurbuch	Stanley M. Dembinski
Joseph A. Nee	John L. Imhof

Chairman, Clement M. Strobel

Reading—"The Breaking of the Charm".....Lawrence Quinn
Sketch—A PAIR OF LUNATICS

CAST

Jack Fielding .....Richard H. Ackerman
Grace Manners.....Mercedes M. Hoffmann

SCENE—Sitting Room of the Alameda Home for the Insane

TIME—The Present

Exit March.....Students' Orchestra

On February 27 the feature of the programme was a playlet written by a member of the class, the Third High B. Candor compels us to state that the actors did not do justice to the playwright. Faults of diction and a lack of stage presence made a weak farce of what should have been a strong comedy. The debaters retrieved the honor of the class by defeating the Third High A.

"El Capitan", *Sousa*.....Students' Orchestra

Two-Act Playlet

"LET OUIJA DO IT"

By Joseph Cameron, H. S., '22

CAST

Ernest.....Ralph Leonard
Captain Ethelbert.....Joseph Cameron
Miss Patricia Neville.....Bernard Powers
Captain Larry Peck.....Robert Murray
Colonel Neville.....Francis Conlon

ACT I.

PLACE—Parlor in Home of Colonel Neville

TIME—Just after the close of the Late War

Violin Solo.....J. J. Brumbaugh
Waltz—"Sleepy Hollow", *Fowler*..... Students' Orchestra

ACT II.

PLACE—Library of Colonel Neville
TIME—After Dinner

Exit—"Margie"..... Students' Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, A newly-elected President of the United States should be inaugurated within thirty days after his election.

Affirmative (Third High B)	Negative (Third High A)
Charles Wyeth	Joseph Horrell
Lawrence O'Connell	Thomas Harnyak
Regis O'Brien	

Duquesnicula.

A FRESHMAN came up the other day, and asked very confidentially whether I had seen the pipe line under construction between the main building and the haunted house on the campus.

"That, I think," he intimated, "is a speak-easy conveyance, but don't you tell a soul."

"I won't," I replied, "not a soul will know it, but I'll just put it in the Duquesnicula."

This is a combination sandwich which is served about once a year: Three Germans and two Slavs took a Greek exam from a Polish professor on St. Patrick's day.

While riding in a South Side car along Carson Street, my companion started to mumble and mutter to himself. Sensing that something was the matter, I asked him what was up.

"Look at that store window back there. It is not only injury, but added insult."

I looked, and this ghostly headline met my eyes, "J. C. Call-again, Funeral Director." Of course the name was Colligan.

Prof. (in Virgil): "Oh, make it classic. Maybe you have heard of Lord Byron! When he wanted to talk of a dark night, he would say, 'the sable cloak of night.'"

Sluzy: "But, Father, that wouldn't apply here. This is about a lamb with black fleece."

Fisher: "Yes it would. You go to a furrier's and ask for sable, and you are handed either lamb, cat or dog fur."

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,"
So oldtime poets say;
"And there's many a sip in an innocent grip,"
Says the baggage clerk to-day.
—P. G. S.

The class was directed to write a composition describing a baseball game. Next day a shiftless student who was something of a wag handed in a blank paper with this legend on the first line,

RAIN—NO GAME.

In the Actual Business Department the workings of a brand new adding machine were being explained. One point was not quite clear to young K——. "What is it?" inquired the instructor.

"Can you make dates on that machine?" he asked, and wondered why everybody laughed.

In a Christian Doctrine examination, impediments to ordination were to be explained. One student from down the Ohio opined that "no one but gentlemen can advance to holy orders," and another, from Hazelwood, gave the astonishing information that "an aspirant who is dismembered cannot be ordained." P. S. He meant maimed.

A. KELLY–F. RILEY.



'VARSITY BASKETBALL.

'VARSITY, 25—W. & J., 27.

"The anticipation was vastly better than the reality" was old man Ouija's sage reply to W. & J.'s inquiry for his opinion of the Duke–Wash-Jeff game. The Presidents took on the Dukes as

something soft, and found them about as soft as a brick. On their own floor, surrounded by throngs of madly enthusiastic admirers, and having their own official, they barely managed to crawl off with a 27–25 victory. Duquesne lost the decision on points, but had her opponent draped on the ropes and screeching for smelling salts on the final gong.

A minute after the start of the contest, Carroll made good on a foul toss, and Conn caged a field goal. Harrison dropped a free throw through the rim; from then on it was nip and tuck till the last five minutes of the period, when W. & J. pulled ahead. The Dukes were a bit slow finding themselves, and seemed a trifle nervous. This shakiness wore off as the contest progressed. The half ended with Wash-Jeff in the lead, 19–12.

Ben Lubic must have told the Dukes something during the intermission, for they were a changed team in the second period. Harrison and Shaw did some brilliant scoring. At this juncture, Davies, Duke captain of last year, and a human pepper box, entered the game; soon the Red and Blue were within a point of the Presidents. Klinzing caged three out of four fouls attempted, and added a couple from the floor for good measure. Wash-Jeff, with the ball in their territory four-fifths of the time, seemed bewildered, and were able to maintain their scant margin only by the superb free-tossing of Carroll. Broderick, who had been playing a wonderful defensive game for Duquesne, came out of his shell, dribbled down the floor and deposited a beautiful running shot in the net, making it 26–24. The mob was in an uproar. Two minutes to play. The ball was tossed, there was a short scrimmage, and a foul was called on W. & J. Klinzing took careful aim and dropped the pellet through the rim. Again the toss-up; Davies recovered for Duquesne and the liveliest minute of the evening ensued. Time after time the over-anxious Dukes attempted long shots to see them roll around the rim and fall outside. Suddenly the whistle blew—another foul on Wash-Jeff. Klinzing, panting and dripping with perspiration from his terrific exertion, carefully balanced the sphere, toed the line, and tossed. Upward, in an arching curve, travelled the ball. It struck the banking-board, bounded, rolled around the rim, seemed to go in,—and dropped outside. Vebelunas made an heroic effort to toss it in, but failed. Thirty seconds to play.

Another penalty—this time a Duquesne man at fault. Carroll registered the last point. The ball was tossed again, Klinzing recovered and shot, unsuccessfully, and as the desperate

players attempted to knock the ball back, a shot rang out; the game was over. The Presidents had emerged a 27–25 victor.

It was a wonderful game, one of the most thrilling ever seen anywhere. W. & J. won, but she was not the better team. The brilliant foul-shooting of Carroll alone saved her from a most humiliating defeat. In every other department Duquesne was head and shoulders above her rival. She went down fighting gallantly as only Duquesne teams can fight. Line-up:

Duquesne		Washington & Jefferson
Klinzing	F.	Carroll
Harrison	F.	C. Conn
Vebelunas	C.	Ramsay
Shaw (c.)	G.	K. Conn
Broderick	G.	Kaiser

Substitution: Davies for Harrison.

Field goals: Klinzing 3, Broderick 2, Shaw 2, Carroll 2, Conn, 3.

Foul goals: Harrison, 7 out of 12; Klinzing, 4 out of 7; Carroll, 17 out of 20.

Referee—Wall, Scottdale.

'VARSITY, 20—MUSKINGUM, 26.

In an overconfident mood, the Dukes took on Muskingum college in their first game at Montefiore Hall. The result was disastrous, the Red and Blue losing by a 26–20 margin. Muskingum came "loaded for war," and their five-man defense broke up the Duke team-work with discouraging regularity. The shooting of Klinzing and Harrison was away off color, Vebelunas alone being up to snuff on the offense. The foul-shooting was extraordinarily poor. Broderick, Beck and Shaw played a good defensive game, but the long-shooting of the Buckeye forwards coupled with the deadly accuracy of Moore from the foul line, more than offset the neat work of the home guards. It was an "off" night for the Dukes to say the least.

'VARSITY, 41—THIEL, 25.

The following night, Lubic's men encountered Thiel on the same floor. They seemed to have recovered their form completely and played like champions. As a result they romped off with a 41–25 victory, evening up an old score with the up-staters. Klinzing registered nine from the field. The South Side star dropped 'em in from all angles with a technique and abandon

seldom displayed in actual contests. Harrison and Broderick accounted for about half-a-dozen apiece, while Vebby rang up three just to let 'em know he was on hand. Captain Ira Shaw put up a wonderful game at guard, until injured, and replaced by Beck, who continued the defense par excellence. The "Greenvillians" were simply out-classed. From the very tip-off when Vebby invariably got the jump on his opponent, until the ball was caged by Klinzling, or sunk via the free toss route by Harrison, the Duke supremacy showed itself. The Bluffites certainly are "the men who came back."

'Varsity, 38—Westminster, 24.

The 'Varsity figured on a victory over Westminster and got it, 38–24. The game was played in the Bluff gym. At some stages of the contest, the Dukes seemed inclined to loaf a bit, but showed flashes of their true form when their lead was endangered. Broderick and Beck were the outstanding stars of the fracas. Harrison played a clever floor game, and his foul-shooting, except in the early part of the second half, was excellent. As usual, Vebelunas out-jumped his opponent. Klinzing was forced to play under wraps due to a sore hand, but managed to ring up four field goals. Faucett's foul-shooting was largely responsible for Westminster's good showing.

'Varsity, 48—Bethany, 32.

The 'Varsity made a week-end trip to Bethany, being the main athletic attraction during that college's "million-dollar drive." The Dukes looked like the whole million dollars, and returned to the Smoky City with the West Virginians' scalp dangling merrily at their belt. The final score was 48–32.

Our original "lank and leany Chili Bean," Vebelunas, was the main cog in the works. The elongated southpaw jumper from Homestead, while he did little actual scoring, started the pill rolling by some hopping that rivalled the altitude records of Eddie Rickenbacker and Guynemer combined; not content with that, he kept the sphere rolling in the right direction by his passing till his team-mates hung up the field goal.

Klinzing garnered seven pretty ones in addition to counting eight out of eighteen from the foul line. Harrison and Broderick again landed six apiece. Beck, McNamara and Dean kept up the Duke reputation for an impenetrable defense.

Rourke and Kelly were the "men of sterling worth" for Bethany.

'VARSITY, 34—MARIETTA, 32.

Veni, vidi, vici.

Caesar's widely-known telegram to the Roman Senate might well have been written for the special benefit of our own Duke basketball team, and dispatched to "those who stayed at home" on Saturday, January 29th. On that evening the Red and Blue scored a signal triumph over "Greasy" Neale's Marietta passers. The Ohio boys had walloped Pitt the previous evening on the same floor. The fruits of victory are sweet.

Marietta was unable to penetrate the Duke defense. That's the whole story. Broderick, Beck and Shaw smothered the Black and White passing. Whiting, the visiting star, and Neale scored on long shots, but these were not consistent enough to run up a score.

Vebby batted 1,000 in the jumping league, not once failing to secure the hop on his lanky opponent. Harrison's foul shooting was quite the thing. Klinzing played his usual brilliant floor game, caging numerous difficult angle shots. The victory over Marietta gives Duquesne a big boost in the tri-state standing. Only Penn State stands between her and the flag.

P. G. SULLIVAN, '21.

WONDERFUL RECORD OF THE MCCOOK CLUB.

Early in the winter, the Junior boarders organized a basket ball team, and called it after Mr. Willis McCook, prominent lawyer of the city, and so far have won seventeen straight games, defeating all comers in their class. In spite of accidents and sickness, the members of the team have played good consistent ball. John Witt has been the real star of the team, although closely followed by Farwick. These two forwards are the class of the school. Maughn, the lightest member of the squad, plays a great game and is clever on long shots. Wilhelm usually sides with Maughn. Coyle and Murphy at center, are both good players, although Coyle has the call on account of his quickness and shooting ability. At guard, Ruffing and Emig usually get first call. Without a doubt, Ruffing is the best young guard in the school. Klaser and McCarthy pair well together and are good at breaking up plays. Kreuer, the latest arrival among the boarders, played several games and made good. At center we miss Vogel, who joined the day students shortly after the holidays.

Father "Mac" is coaching the boarders in his spare moments. The record of the boarders speaks for itself.

The following teams have been beaten:

North Jrs.,	42–10;	J. O'Neils,	30–14;
Rex Jrs.,	21–14;	Sharpsburg Tornadoes,	45–16;
J. O'Neils,	23–15,	Allentown Juniors,	26–24;
Celtic Club,	52–22;	Assumption Lyceum,	33–12;
Carey Club,	36–18;	Attowa Jrs.,	36–30;
Troop 37,	60–19;	Allentown Jrs.,	36–30;
P. V. Juniors,	42–12;	Sharpsburg Panthers,	1–0;
Leetsdale Minims,	29–15;	Sheriden Tigers,	46–11;
Mickey Five,	29–21;		
		Total,	597–283

JOHN L. CRONIN, President F. B. HILL, Treasurer

F. B. Hill Company

Grocers Specialties and Canned Goods

Terminal Warehouse, S. S., Pittsburgh

We specialize on No. 10 (Gallon Cans) Fancy Fruits and Vegetables in tin, for Institutions, Colleges, Hospitals, Convents, Hotels and Restaurants.

Your Checks Carry Two Names

—your name and the name of your bank.
The name of a strong banking institution on his or her checks is of value to the depositor.
Prestige counts.

Capital and Surplus, $11,000,000

Mellon National Bank

Smithfield St., Fifth and Oliver Aves.

Swindler & Scott Company

OF PITTSBURGH

DISTRIBUTORS OF THE FAMOUS "TROCO NUT BUTTER"

DRINK

Breakfast Cheer

COFFEE

The Coffee that starts you out in the morning with a

BIG BROAD SMILE

Sold by all first-class Grocers

Imported, Roasted and Packed by

THE

CAMPBELL & WOODS CO.

BASE BALL

GET INTO THE GAME

with

Spalding Equipment

Gloves, Mitts, Bats, Balls, Etc.



Our catalogue is now ready. It's yours for the asking.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
608 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa

Lead Kindly Light!

DUQUESNE MONTHLY



DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Vol. 28 APRIL, 1921 No. 7

Duquesne Monthly

APRIL, 1921

CONTENTS

The Defense of Napoleon	J. Briley Walsh	217
O'Brien Reforms	Thomas Lynch	220
The Results of the Crusades	Joseph M. Rozenas	224
Johnson in Quest of His Soup	Paul G. Sullivan	227
Editorial: —		
Spendthrift America	V. J. Rieland	241
The Penalty of Civilization	G. A. Schroth	242
Can Pittsburgh Be Beautified?	V. J. Rieland	243
Chronicle	R. E. H.-Ackerman	245
Alumni		248

D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York.

Courses leading to degrees in *Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Literature and Music*
Special preparation for High School Teaching.
Design and Painting, under Male Instructor.

RIGHT REV. WM. TURNER, D. D., Chancellor.

FACULTY:

Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy, and Men and Women Lay Specialists.

Holy Angels' Academy

In Connection with D'Youville College

College Preparatory and General Culture Courses. Music, Languages, Design and Painting. New York State Regents' Diplomas.

BOLD'S HOME-MADE BREAD

BAKED FRESH EVERY DAY.

It is so manifestly good and fresh that it produces a light, flaky crust that melts deliciously in the mouth, and there is no soaking in of the filling, nor sogginess, no indigestion. Every Loaf is of Uniform Excellence, the Standard by which others are judged.

AUGUST BOLD, 821-29 Industry St., Pittsburgh

Hallen

Photographer

Bell Phones: Hemlock 569
Hill 1327 R

Commercial Photography

Portraits in Crayon, Oil and Water Color Paintings

1405 Carson Street and Post Office Building, Mt. Oliver

WAGNER BROS. SHOE CO.

WHOLESALE SHOES

429 LIBERTY AVENUE PITTSBURGH

Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXVIII. APRIL, 1921 No. 7

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Address: Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh Postoffice, April 30, 1911

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1108. Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 22, 1918

VINCENT J. RIELAND, A. B., '21, Editor-in-Chief

Associate Editors

REGIS E. WEHRHEIM, A. B., '21 GERALD A. SCHROTH, A. B., '22

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, A. B., '23 . . . . . Exchanges

LEO J. MCINTYRE, A. B., '21 . . . . . Alumni

ROBERT G. REILLY, A. B., '23 . . . . College Notes

JOHN F. O'CONNOR, B. C. S., '23 . . . . . Finance Notes

FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, LL. B., '23 . . . . . Law Notes

RICHARD H. ACKERMAN, D. A., '21 . . Public Speaking Notes

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, H. S., '21 . . . . . Athletics

FRANCIS A. RILEY, H. S., '21 ALBERT C. KELLY, H. S., '21 Duquesnicula

Business Managers

PATRICK L. MCGRATH, A. B., '23 REGIS O'BRIEN, H. S., '22

Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVIII. APRIL, 1921 Number 7.

In Defense of Napoleon.

ENGLISH and American historians that have analyzed the character of Napoleon, at least the majority of these historians, have failed to recognize the peculiar trials that surrounded him. Yet the great emperor possessed a genius that mastered his temptations.

In Napoleon we readily see an amazing genius, rapidity of thought, equally sudden execution, tireless energy, ceaseless activity, and untiring devotion to his cause. His ability to direct the movements of half a million of soldiers in different parts of the world, and at the same time administer the government of his country, clearly stamp him as an excellent statesman and military leader.

Bonaparte was but a boy when the French Revolution was strewing Europe with slain armies. After struggling bravely for years for self-defense, France at length found her saviour in the young Corsican. Quelling the revolt of the sections in Paris, he was appointed to the command of the army of Italy. By his energy, skill, and more than all by his example, he restored order and confidence in his worn-out army. With less than forty thousand men he finished one of the most brilliant campaigns the world has ever witnessed.

On his return from campaigns in Egypt, Napoleon was made First Consul of France. The energy and ability, and above all the success, of the First Consul forced the continental powers of Europe to regard him with respect. The peace concluded at Amiens brought universal joy to all Europe. Peace being restored, Bonaparte applied his vast energies to the development of the resources of France. Men were amazed at the untiring energy and the amazing plans of Bonaparte. His genius gave a new birth to the nation. He developed France in every respect

and imparted an impulse to her growth that threatened to outstrip the greatness of England. England at first was fearful of France as a republic. France now tended toward a monarchy. From the superiority of his intellect, Bonaparte merged everything into his well-worked-out plans. Gradually he acquired more and more control. England, therefore, had no longer to fear the influence of a republic. She had to fear the too rapid growth of her ancient rival under the guidance of Napoleon's genius.

Nothing can be more false than the assertion that Napoleon sought to conquer Europe, and fell in carrying out his insane project. In youth, as all young soldiers are, he was desirous of military glory. His professsion was that of a military man, and he bent all his young energies to the task of excelling in it, and succeeded. But when he became Emperor of France, he reached the summit of his glory, and so he sought no more fame as a soldier. He aimed to establish colonies and to extend commerce, and so England began to worry, as she always did and always will do, about her own future and security. Napoleon was her only worry, and she assembled Europe to overthrow him. Thus England, when the proper pretext was obtained, commenced war on a peaceful people, and reduced them to slavery because of her own suspicion and jealously.

We can thus easily see that Napoleon had in view no such motive as conquering Europe. One great secret of Bonaparte's success is to be found in the union of two striking qualities of mind, which may be said to be opposite to each other. He possessed an impetuous mind and a judgment that was cool and correct. His mind moved with the rapidity of lightning, yet with precision and steadiness. In short, he could decide a question quickly and directly. It was this ability that placed Bonaparte in power over his adversaries. His plans were more skilfully laid than theirs. His schemes were accomplished before theirs were begun. His power of combination has never been equalled. The most extensive plans, involving the most complicated movements, were laid down with the clearness of a diagram in his gigantic mind. The ablest generals in Europe were taken by surprise by his unerring management. His brain contained everything.

As a military leader, he has no superior in ancient or modern times. He marched his victorious troops into almost every great capital of Europe. He overwhelmed the forces of Prussia, Austria, Russia and England. For a long time he waged a

successful war against them all combined. Exhausted at last, the great Emperor fell before superior numbers.

His military tactics correspond with the character of his mind. He always fell back on his own genius, and made a system of his own, adapted to the circumstance in which he was placed. He did not follow up what was called the scientific mode of conducting a campaign. He concentrated all his gigantic powers on one project at a time, and then turned them unexhausted on another. He grappled with and mastered each difficulty in turn.

He was brave and daring, and never scrupled to expose his life when necessary to success. His heroic courage was part of his very nature. This early gave him great command over his soldiers. They loved him to the last and stood by him always with great affection. Bonaparte had great power over the human heart. He could rouse his soldiers to the loftiest pitch of emotion by his irresistible appeals. "The Little Corporal" instilled in his men such a love of glory, that they were almost invincible in combat.

Another cause of his wonderful success was his untiring activity of mind and body. His power of endurance has seldom, if ever, been equalled. He allowed nothing to escape him.

A striking characteristic of the Corsican, which contributed much to his success was his self-reliance. He fell back on himself in every emergency of his life. When other men sought counsel, he fell back on his own mighty genius. Throughout his great career, we find him standing alone, calling none but himself to his aid.

Napoleon was a great statesman as well as a military leader. He was great not in theory alone, he was great in practice as well. That Napoleon in all this was ambitious no one doubts, but his ambition was connected with the welfare and glory of France. He was ambitious,—so are all great men. His ambition, however, was neither selfish, heartless nor cruel. Bonaparte was capable of great generosity, and exhibited pity in circumstances not to be expected from a military man. Repeated acts of kindness to his men was one of the cords which bound them to him. Yet his sympathies never interfered with his plans.

Napoleon was infinitely superior to all the sovereigns who endeavored to crush him. There was something noble in his ambition, for it sought to send the principles of liberty over the world. As an intellectual man he towered far above the

monarchs of Europe. When his power was broken, he threw himself into the hands of England, expecting generous but receiving the basest treatment. She banished him to an island in the midst of the ocean. Having caged him, she performed the task of guarding him. But not all this could dim the splendors of that genius whose great work was done.

When the prejudice, falsehood and hatred of his enemies shall disappear, and the world can gaze on this Corsican soldier rising to the throne of an emperor, his amazing genius will receive its true acknowledgment.

J. BRILEY WALSH, '24.



O'Brien Reforms.

WHILE traveling between Boston and New York one hot summer afternoon I fell into conversation with Colonel Green, a man who had won renown in the late war.

As the train pulled into Stantonville, one of tha summer resorts on the Sound, the Colonel glanced out the window and exclaimed,

"Why, there's an old friend of mine, Captain O'Brien. That fellow rose from private right up to first lieutenant while in France and has since been promoted to a captain. Captain O'Brien used to be quite a fighter in his day, but was addicted to the evil habit of drink. Prohibition has cured him and since he joined the church he has taken pleasure in trying to uplift every drunken man he sees. There he is, talking to that young man who just came out of that saloon."

"But why does he interest himself in drunken men?" I asked.

"Well," said the Colonel, "O'Brien, with several hundred young fellows were transferred to my regiment, which was being assembled under orders to move up to the front. He was a splendid soldier,—always ready for action,—one of the best men in the regiment, but he would have his drink.

"One day, about two weeks before the Argonne drive,

O'Brien brought a bottle of whiskey into camp, and, always gen erous, went about giving it to the boys. This was against orders, so I ordered one of my lieutenants to arrest him and put him in the guard-house. O'Brien found out that the officer was after him with a squad of men, and, full of mischief, he commenced dodging around behind the tents and earthworks to keep from being arrested. But pretty soon in trying to keep away from the men he ran square into the lieutenant.

"'Here you scoundrel!' said the officer, seizing O'Brien by the back of the neck, without giving him a chance to explain, 'Now you come right along to the guard-house! I'll fix you, you rascal!'

"But, in the excitement of the moment, O'Brien knocked the lieutenant down, and then realizing his offense went and gave himself up."

"What happened to O'Brien?" I asked.

"Well, O'Brien was tried before a court-martial for striking a superior officer, sentenced to be shot, and the sentence was sent to General John Pershing to be approved. Then poor O'Brien was held a prisoner awaiting a reply from headquarters."

"Did General Pershing approve the sentence?"

"Yes, he approved it."

"But how did O'Brien escape?" I again inquired.

"Well, the next day, before the approved sentence arrived, the Argonne drive commenced, and the 109th Division, of which my regiment was a part, was ordered forward. O'Brien, of course, had not been sent back and being the only prisoner in the guard-house was permitted to follow his company under guard of one man.

"We heard the German guns roaring in front all afternoon; we knew from this that the advance guards had already entered the fight, and that we would need all the men possible.

"About four in the afternoon we entered the rugged foothills that were directly in our path. All of a sudden our ranks began to be swept by machine-guns.

"As I galloped forward to give instructions I was startled by some one yelling to me. I turned and there was O'Brien.

"'Let me go, Colonel!' pleaded O'Brien; 'I don't want to see the boys get into this fight without me.'

'But you might escape, O'Brien. You know you are a prisoner.'

"'But heavens, Colonel! you sure aren't going to let me

stand idle while the rest are fighting!' and the tears came into his eyes.

"'Got to do it O'Brien,' I said, 'Rules are rules and I can't trust you.'

"Then," continued the Colonel, "the first two companies who had been held up by the enemy were ordered to charge. It was a dreadful sight! The German machine-guns mowed them down by the dozens and almost annihilated them, while all except one gun was taken.

"Then an order came from the division commander in the rear, which read: Colonel, you must clear the path, those guns are holding up the entire right wing.

"My men were now nearly tired out, and the dead and wounded lay all around us; but I managed to get them together, and made another charge. God! what a charge! My horse was killed under me. The men went forward under the deadly rain of machine-gun bullets. I was positive they would take that gun this time; then all of a sudden they wavered. The bullets poured like rain on them, and the advance men were all shot down. All the officers of the companies were either killed or wounded and reinforcements were at least a half mile away. I was sure all was lost. Just as I looked I saw a man rushing from the rear. He seized a dead man's rifle and hand grenades, pushed right through the dead and dying and reached the head of the column, and pushed on hurling grenades as he went. The boys saw him, took courage, and followed. In a moment I saw the brave fellow standing right beside the spot where deadly fire was coming from while the boys struggled up the side of the hill and emptied their guns into the nest.

"'The day is ours!' I shouted as I rushed forward.

"'Who was it rallied the company, boys?'

"'It was O'Brien,' said the boys in a yell, and as I looked the blood-smeared face of the private presented itself to me.

"'I couldn't help it, Colonel,' said O'Brien, 'I just couldn't stay back and see the boys fighting alone; so when the machine-guns opened up on us my guardian separated from me and I just rushed forward in time to meet the boys starting to retreat. And now, Colonel, I am again your prisoner.'

"That night," continued the Colonel, I sent a dispatch to General Pershing concerning the battle. I related to him the intrepid achievement of O'Brien; how he captured the gun and led the companies to victory; in fact saved the battle, and

begged him not approve O'Brien's sentence of death. In a few hours the messenger came back with the reply. The sentence had been approved before the battle, but General Pershing took his pen and wrote across the face of the paper:

"'The sentence of the court disapproved. Private Michael O'Brien is hereby promoted to a first lieutenant, for distinguished service on the field.'"

"What did O'Brien say when he heard about his promotion?" I asked.

"Well," replied the Colonel, "I read him the death sentence, and its approval first. O'Brien sank down, and his face fell on his arm and I heard a deep groan. Then he said, as his eyes filled with tears:

"'Well, Colonel, it is pretty tough, but I suppose I can go it if anyone else can.'

"'But here is another clause, O'Brien,' I said, 'On account of your splendid bravery yesterday, you have been promoted to a first lieutenant.'

"'What, me?' cried O'Brien.

"'Yes, Lieutenant O'Brien, you!'

"'Thank God!' burst out O'Brien.

"And that's the man you see standing there on that platform talking to that young man."

Thomas Lynch, '24.



The Results of the Crusades.

THE Crusades, which lasted from approximately 1100 to 1300, were, as every Christian should know, undertaken for the purpose of freeing the Christians from abuse and the Holy Land from degradation by the heathen Turks. These Crusades were made up of men from all parts of Europe—men determined to preserve their Christian faith and to risk their lives in doing so. Although, when the last Crusade was over, their general success was not such as it might have been, nevertheless, the beneficial results derived from their work cannot be overestimated. This essay, then, will very briefly point out all the possible results of the Crusades, and their effect upon the world at that time.

When we consider the different results of the Crusades, we may view them in the light of four separate headings: (1) The Political Results; (2) The Economic Results; (3) The Military Results; (4) The Intellectual Results. Each of these results had a direct influence upon the world at large of that day, and still determine the condition of affairs in our own time—as will be seen. We will consider each of these results separately.

Politically, the Crusades resulted in the rise of a series of new nations, in the weakening of Feudalism, in the development of cities, and in the strengthening of the Church. People now began to grow restless and to break away from one another, and thus a great migratory movement was brought about. New nations sprung up in different parts of Europe. Christianity was introduced into many out-of-the-way places, and was generally accepted wherever introduced. Thus, the Church was strengthened, and its religion was placed upon a pedestal above all other religions or beliefs. Furthermore, the Christian religion became a source of admiration and respect to all non-Christians who saw how the true Christians laid down their lives for their religion. This fact also was a cause for the conversion of many.

The development of cities and the weakening of Feudalism belong also under the economic results, which will be treated

now. Since trade and commerce were now being developed to a greater extent than ever before, new cities and ports came into existence. The city now became the place where commercial and industrial pursuits were carried on, and was a decided deviation from the city of old. Now, as a result of commerce, wealth was increased, and money replaced the old system of exchange. Thus, Feudalism was weakened, for it was solely based upon the system of exchange of things for things, or things for services.

Since many men had been killed off in the wars with the Turks, labor became scarcer and, therefore, dearer. The serf was now raised up from his too lowly position, and became more important in everyday dealings. He could not be forced to work for any particular lord, for his services were needed practically everywhere. The feudal lord could no longer receive his services for a measly grant of land, but was forced to pay him money, and dear money at that. Thus, again, Feudalism had its death knell sounded.

As the last of the economic results may be mentioned the introduction of new devices, edibles, and other things into Europe. Upon their return, the Crusaders brought back with them many kinds of silk and other cloths, Oriental rugs, glassware, and spices and fruit. They had also learned the use of windmills, and had become proficient in the use of the Oriental methods of agriculture. All these things were introduced into Europe, and were of a vast benefit to the Europeans.

The first and greatest of the military results was the preservation of the Eastern empire for a longer time than it would have otherwise existed. By pushing on the war into the enemy's territory, the Crusades gave Europe time, at least two hundred years longer, in which to develop its resources for combating the enemy, when attacked later on. Thus, Europe had learned, at least for a while, to take the offensive instead of the defensive.

Many new military changes as regards weapons and methods of defense also took place. The cross-bow, trumpet and horn, and plate armor were the newly introduced implements of war. The plate armor for man and horse took the place of the old heavy chain armor in use before the times of the Crusades. The latter proved unequal to the task of withstanding the thrusts of the heavy sword and lance of the age. As regards methods of defense, castles were built upon a large scale, merely as structures of defense. Of course, as was natural, this craze for building

also led to the building of many new kinds of structures in the line of churches, cathedrals, and other official seats. Thus, we may say that indirectly this was also a cause for the development of the different styles of medieval architecture.

As the final result of the Crusades, we find that the intellectual side of the age is in a stage of great development. The writings of Aristotle, and of the other great thinkers of the early times, were now introduced into all European centers of learning. Herein is one reason for the great development of universities, and for the output of great and learned men. Men became interested in the peoples of other lands, and there was a general tendency to become acquainted with their customs and doings. Geography was, therefore, studied upon a larger scale than ever before. It must also be remembered that to the Crusaders is due the distinction of having brought over from the East the system of Arabic numerals, and other Oriental developments in the line of science, medicine and agriculture.

The thought of the age broadened. Free thinking came into vogue. Men began to hold opinions even for the sake of argument. The world began to think too freely—in fact, so much so, that some time afterward it became steeped in the mire of heresy against the Church, which was only too natural. But this rather helped to strengthen the Church than to weaken it, when we look and see how nobly and with what success all heresy was combated.

Therefore, reviewing all the different results of the Crusades, we cannot help admiring how beneficial they were to the world, mostly to Europe, at that time. Their influence can still be felt even in our own day—for it is no hard matter to realize what may have happened to the world, had it not been for the Crusaders' offensive tactics against the Turks, who were always bent upon the destruction of Christianity and civilization. It is true, however, that they did not silence the Turk or even harm him to any great extent, but, nevertheless, whatever they did was done for the good of mankind in general. "God wills it," was their cry,—and with God as a leader they did their duty nobly, gloriously, and with a view towards the safety and betterment of conditions for mankind.

JOSEPH M. ROZENAS, '24.

Johnson in Quest of His Soup.

I.

THE grey December twilight slowly enveloped Schenley Park. A damp wind sighed through the leafless trees. Far below, beyond the Monongahela, lights began to appear. The mighty blast-furnaces of industrial Pittsburgh, like dragons belching fire and smoke, tinged the river with a ruddy glow. The hoarse siren of a towboat screeched as a fleet of barges laden with coal, the food of the metal monsters, approached the locks of the dam. The gloom deepened to darkness. The street lamps blinked once or twice, then cast their purplish glare on the mist-soaked Serpentine Driveway.

On a bench, a hundred feet or more from the road, almost on the brow of the hill overlooking the river, crouched the huddled figure of a rather slight man. His back was toward the drive, and whatever of his face might have been made visible by the angle at which his head was turned, was concealed by a depressed looking felt hat pulled low over his left eye, brim crushed by the hand pressed to his forehead. An overcoat of some dark material was drawn close about him. He had not moved for an hour now, nor had he uttered a sound. With unseeing eye he stared at the blackest spot in the inky landscape. There he sat, a dejected monument to Despair, the veritable picture of "Nothing to live for".

A workman passed along the road and by pure chance noticed the blot on the skyline.

"Another poor devil gone to pot," muttered the grimy son of toil to himself, and, thinking no more about it, went his way. Why should he waste thought or sympathy on the difficulties of an almost invisible stranger? Hadn't he troubles enough of his own, with a wife and four children, and Christmas coming next week?

Another fifteen minutes lapsed and a motor car packed with high school boys beginning the Yuletide holiday hove into view. For a second the powerful headlights rested on the man.

"Pipe the bird on the bench," remarked a sharp-eyed youngster. "Soon be another job for the morgue ambulance."

"Yep," commented a second lad sagely, "he's probably down and out; I've seen 'em that way before."

"Guess they'll fish him out of the old 'Monon' in a day or two," hazarded a third.

"Very crude, very crude," drawled the superior youth at the wheel. "Can't you think of a more artistic mode of committing suicide than drowning oneself? I'm sure—woops!"

The machine skidded dangerously, but quickly righted itself. All thought of the little man was driven quickly from the minds of the young men, and they too passed on unimpressed by what they had seen.

The drizzle increased to a steady, bone-chilling downpour. The added discomfort apparently aroused the man from his lethargy, for he shivered a bit and buried himself deeper in the folds of his coat.

The slight movement stirred his mental processes. He thought of himself, considered his position, and plunged into a deeper gloom. What had he to live for? Home? He laughed grimly and dismissed the idea as too ridiculous, too absurd. Friends? He used to imagine he had a few, but under the present circumstances he had grave doubts as to the strength of their friendship for him. Work? Yes, there was always work, plenty of it; too much of it. And he was tired, so tired. His force was spent, the spark of his ambition quenched in a sea of difficulties. For ten years he had been battered from pillar to post. In every corner of the world it had been the same. And to-night had come the last straw, the ultimate humiliation. Why should he go on? Why continue the struggle? Again he sank into a stupor.

II.

At the foot of the hill whereon sat the little despairing man, a B. and O. freight train rumbled by. Suddenly a tall, angular form detached itself from the protecting shadow on the roof of a box-car, nimbly bounded to the ladder at the end and swung itself from the swiftly-moving car to the cinders of the steep embankment. A few short steps of the long legs, then one large foot found an unstable lump of coal, and down plunged the lengthy figure, bringing up with a splash in an oozing puddle at the foot of the incline.

The tramp picked himself up, grinned ruefully, recovered his hat which had fallen off, and squeezed the worst of the mud from his sodden garments. He looked around him curiously, but no one was in sight. A familiar ache in his mid-section told him that he was hungry, even more hungry than usual. Well, there was only one way to get a meal, rustle it up. He knew the district only as a man can know his home town and from past experiences judged that he would have little trouble in "bumming his supper."

A twenty minutes' walk brought the lengthy-limbed knight

of the brake rods to lower Oakland. Here was his hunting ground. Selecting a likely-looking house, he made his way to the rear and mounted the steps to the back porch. A vigorous rap on the door brought no response; nor did a second or a third. He concluded that this place was "no go."

On two succeeding attempts he met with the closed-door policy and a bull-dog respectively. The suddenly assumed inhospitality of the neighborhood puzzled him. He distinctly remembered previous occasions when he had been dined almost royally in some of these very dwellings. Yes, he even recalled one young housewife who had gone so far as to give him a turkey "drumstick", underdone a trifle to be sure, "a la newlywed", and somewhat tough, but, nevertheless, a "drumstick". The memory of it stirred his heart and made his mouth water.

He trudged down the street, and chancing to glance at a front porch, noticed a folded newspaper lying thereon. The windows of the house were dark, betokening the absence of the family. The cautious soul of him decided it would be safe to appropriate the paper. Not once did it occur to him to force an entrance into the building, and see what might be loose inside. He had long ago decided that such risks were too great. He had gone on the road to avoid being "cooped up." What he fondly termed his "nervous temperament" would not permit him to remain long in one place, hence he would run no chance of being detained by the state for an extended period. Accordingly he was content with the paper, betaking himself and it to a corner drugstore, where in the light from the window he began to read.

The first item to catch his eye explained his failure to get a sympathetic response out of the Oakland neighborhood. On the preceding evening a less honorable member of the brotherhood had figuratively bitten the hand that fed him by black-jacking the cook, and ransacked a house on the very street where our friend of the mud-soaked raiment was standing.

The lengthy box-car tourist was not naturally a philosopher, but several years on the road had taught him to accept the inevitable. He surveyed himself in the drugstore and was forced to admit that his chances for a hospitable reception in this particular locality were no brighter than the color of his oozing "brogans."

His knowledge of the city informed him that the two residential sections nearest Oakland were Shadyside and Squirrel

Hill. The former was perhaps ten blocks away and well-known to him. The latter lay beyond Schenley Park and was a new district, built for the most part in the past few years, during which the tramps had spent little time in Pittsburgh. As a consequence he was unfamiliar with it. Altogether Shadyside was the best bet.

He started in the direction of Forbes Street, and had traversed less than half a block when his eye lit on the approaching form of a policeman. The bluecoat was in the light at the moment and the vagabond was lucky enough to be in darkness. With admirable celerity the meal-seeker decided that Squirrel Hill was infinitely preferable to Shadyside and reversed his course before the minion of the law noticed him. With swinging strides and urged on by an empty stomach, the gaunt form set out for the Wilmot Street Bridge, the connecting link between Oakland, the park, Squirrel Hill, and his supper.

III.

Half an hour elapsed. Our wandering friend found that his memory of the geography of upper Schenley Park was not so good as he had imagined it. He faced the embarassing proposition of deciding which of three intersecting roads led to the Murdoch Avenue entrance to the park and Squirrel Hill. He chose the most likely-looking one and followed.

A fifteen minutes walk served to convince him that his choice had not been a wise one. The chilling rain had soaked whatever of his clothes had been left unwet by his dive into the puddle. The night was not bitter cold, but neither are mid-December nights ever warm. There was a most uncomfortable chill in the air. He shivered, turned up his scanty coat collar, and turned off to his left across country.

Presently he struck another road. Again he veered to his left, this time to follow the highway. The park was deserted. Not a soul had he seen since he had altered his course to avoid the policeman. He wished vaguely he had taken his chances with the roundsman. A night in the lock-up with bread and water fare would be better than the present situation, for by this time, as he sadly realized, it was too late to even hope for a back door "handout." The well-regulated families of Squirrel Hill would have long since dined, washed the dishes, and gone to the "movies."

Even as these ideas flitted through his brain, the badly-

befuddled long distance pedestrian rounded a bend. His face, which had been twisted into a rueful grin by his half-whimsical thoughts and the natural squint of a man walking in the rain, broke into a smile of recognition. Here was a scene well-known to him, the brow of a hill and far below, two of Pittsburgh's claims to fame, the brilliantly glowing mills and the dark Monongahela.

Many a time had he beheld this picture. He remembered the spot well. At the foot of this very hill he had recently disembarked on this ill-fated quest for dinner. Benches had been placed there for the convenience of those who wished to view the "Iron City" by night—or for that matter by day. The place and the seats combined to form a favorite rendezvous for the traveling gentry, especially during warm weather. On more than one occasion he had slept there himself.

It occurred to him that perhaps one or two of the brethren might chance to be there to-night. With this in mind he quickened his step and peered keenly into the gloom. As he came nearer his eye lit on a figure crouched on one of the benches. His heart jumped half the length of his empty stomach. Here was the possibility of a meal!

With characteristic caution the food-hunter approached the man on the bench. His feet made no sound on the damp turf, so that he reached a point behind a tree, quite close to the gloomy form without discovery. Here he paused to reconnoitre. He surveyed as much of the stranger as was visible in the faint light, and decided that here was no ordinary "bum." There was an expensive air about the man noticeable even in the darkness. A ray from an arc light sent a spark of fire from a diamond on the unknown's finger to the vagabond's eye.

The tramp considered his plan of campaign carefully. His prospect was evidently a person of means; hence he must be worked for a cash donation. A clear case for a "hard-luck story." But was it so clear? The prosperous looking individual on the bench seemed to be in a state of absolute dejection. People in such a condition are not usually inclined to listen with a sympathetic ear to the woes of others. On the other hand they are even less likely to respond to a direct appeal for pecuniary aid. "Misery loves company," but not well enough to part with the "long green" for it.

The "Weary Willie" who was also a half-famished "Willie," concluded that the "tale of tough treatment" was his only hope.

Hastily, yet with astonishing thoroughness, he ran his mind over the numerous fantasies of ill-fortune conjured by the imaginations of various popular authors whose works he had perused. None of these suited the present contingency. His victim-to-be looked not at all agreeable. Reluctantly he decided that to this man he must tell the truth, his own little, private, honest-to-goodness, "hard-luck story."

With well-nigh Napoleonic strategy, the "brake-rod king" withdrew a hundred feet or so and began to whistle a more or less popular air; this to warn the gentleman of the diamond ring of our hero's approach, thus eliminating the element of surprise and the consequent antipathy of a person toward one who startles him. As he neared the bench a second time, still whistling and formulating the opening sentences of his speech, the doeful figure raised its head for the first time in two hours—for, though the tramp knew it not, the sorrowful man had been in identically the same position long before he—the "vag"—had taken his cold plunge some hundred yards below.

"Evening, sir," greeted the tramp cheerfully, coming up to the seat.

"Evening," grunted the man over his shoulder with a notable lack of cordiality.

"He was huddled on the left end of the bench. The tramp ensconced himself on the right.

"You don't look over-cheerful to-night, sir," ventured the hopeful knight of the road.

"I'm not," shortly.

For a moment both sat silent, the wayfarer contemplating the stranger's back. A wisp of something cotton-like stuck out from the skinny cheek.

"Side-whiskers!" muttered the hungry one under his breath almost reverently. "Must be mighty rich. Too bad this conscience o' mine won't let me knock him for a goal, and assume control o' the cash on hand. Well," philosophically, "we'll do the best we can under the circumstances."

He resumed the conversation aloud.

"Maybe you'd enjoy hearin' my story, sir," he suggested. "I've had some pretty tough luck myself. It might cheer you up some to hear it."

The man turned half way round and pondered a moment. He'd troubles enough of his own without listening to those of somebody else. Still he had often heard that the griefs of others

made one's own seem light by comparison, and though he took little stock in their ability to do much in the present case, he could afford to overlook no bet.

"Go ahead," he urged grudgingly, turning full around. "But wait till I light a cigar."

He produced a perfecto from his cigar case and stuck it between his teeth. From a vest pocket he pulled a Wheeling stogie. This he bestowed on his newest acquaintance. The recipient of the stogie struck a match and held it for the other to light up. In the flare he noticed that the little man bore a most artistic black eye. The discoloring began at the bridge of the nose where it was a sickly blue, ran the gamut of colors to the region of the left eye-brow where it was almost inky, and thence to the eyebrow, resuming there its original sickly blue. A ghastly thing to look at, indeed. The tramp was struck with ready sympathy.

"You've a horrible eye there, sir," he remarked. "Did you bump—?"

Never mind my eye," growled the owner of the injured optic, puffing at the lighted cigar. "I asked you to talk about yourself, not me."

"Very well, sir." He bit some four inches from his unlighted stogie, disregarding the admonitions of all pure food experts, past and present, in an endeavor to placate his insistent stomach.

"I'll try to make my story a bit humorous," began the vagabond, "though it isn't that at all to my way of thinking. However, it may cheer you up, and if it does, suggestively, "you might slip me the price of a meal."

"Perhaps I might."

"At present I travel under the monicker of "Smoky City" Bill, but my right name is William Johnson. By birth I'm a Pittsburgher, by inclination I'm a globe-trotter, and by circumstances I'm a bum. I'm so honest that it frequently embarasses me. I never drink since the country went dry and I only swear on special occasions. Eight years ago my friends swore I'd never gamble when I was broke; I haven't done it since. I've no great aversion to work, but am rather unfamiliar with it. I have number twelve feet, several corns, and wear various parts of a pair of number eleven shoes. I'm six-feet-two in my stockings when I wear 'em, and weigh a hundred-and-sixty-five pounds before dinner. I'm fond of dogs, very affectionate, and my favorite color is cerise. In conclusion, I've a most ungodly

appetite that strikes the hours of six, twelve, and six on my ribs every day."

"Umph," grunted the unimpressed listener.

"I'm a college man which accounts for my ability to speak English instead of United States; but the only degree I ever got was an M. P. M.—Master of Pedular Mileage—and I didn't get that from my university.

"My trouble began eleven years ago when I was a junior in college here. I was great for social stuff and something of a 'prom' leader. One night at a party I saw a certain girl and immediately had an attack of acute heart disease. Later in the evening I met her and the ailment became chronic. Her name was Helene Lawton. She—"

The little man suddenly sat up straight and shuddered violently. He coughed twice.

"You're catching cold, sir!" exclaimed "Smoky City" Bill. "Perhaps I'd better take you home?"

"Home nothing!" Te bewhiskered jaw snapped as the thin little man made a gesture of repulsion. "Finish your story."

"She seemed to take quite a fancy to me," continued the tramp, "and soon we got to going out together pretty often. Of course I was only a student and hadn't a great deal of money, so our excursions were limited to a theatre and maybe a dance a week. I did the best I could; I had to have tobacco money.

"I met her in February. By the time spring rolled around I'd worn out two door-mats and four sets of doorbell batteries at her house, just calling on her. She liked it, too.

"Helene was something of an athlete, being captain of her school's basketball team. I taught her the fine points of tennis, the elements of golf, and even gave her a couple of boxing lessons after a girl she knew had been held up by a thug one night."

"You taught her to box, eh?" growled he of the side whiskers.

"Yep, and believe me, she could hit."

Bill was not finding his auditor at all congenial. He felt his chance of even a belated dinner slipping from him, and continued desperately.

"Things went beautifully till about the first of May. Then J. Mortimer Wilkes hove on the horizon. J. Mortimer was thin, thirty-nine, and a self-made millionaire. He was one of those birds who spend the best part of their lives with their nose to the

financial grindstone, get a lump of money, chronic dyspepsia, and Sunday supplement write-ups, are considered eminently successful business men, and are the object of the envy of the saphead multitudes. In reality they're no business men at all, for they've traded their health and youth for a pile of money whose intrinsic value isn't worth a tenth of its weight in mush.

"Anyway, Wilkes was one of these, and just as Old Pop Time was calling him up for the fortieth round, Mortimer got 'hep' to himself. He met the fair Helene, and as is the custom, his 'young man's fancy' lightly turned to thoughts of theatres, dinner parties, and last but not least, milliners' bills in the future. At an age when many a man is regretting his twenty-sixth affair, the wealthy Mr. Wilkes was gamboling in the brilliant moonshine of his first romance.

"As is usually the case, old Mort hopped in on all four automobiles. For a week he made a grand splurge. I was cut out entirely. Of course he had a perfect right to do his durndest, and take advantage of the circumstances. I don't blame him at all.

"Naturally I couldn't strike a millionaire's pace, and had to run a poor second. The only time I could see her was when the old boy had an aitack of dyspepsia and wasn't allowed out. Inside of two weeks I felt her attitude toward me changing. She looked on me as a 'piker.' I really wasn't one at all. My family was very well fixed and I had a decent allowance which I had no aversion to spending.

"I guess girls don't take these things into consideration though, for they always fall for the boy with the cash on hand. They don't seem to realize that a college man rarely has an income of his own. They don't take him seriously when anyone else is in sight. I suppose they yearn for the 'higher life' which is evidently situated far above football games and 'frat' parties.

"To make a long story short, I felt myself slipping in Helene's estimation. I faced the necessity of forcing the issue or losing all. I must propose. I had originally intended to save this delightful formality for the Junior 'prom' in June. After carefully reviewing the matter, I decided to act quickly.

"A moonlight auto ride was obviously the ticket. The moonlight was easy enough to get—our old friend Diana being scheduled for her monthly spree two nights hence. To acquire an automobile was something else again. I confided my problem to the fertile brain of Jack Hardy, my room-mate—the family

was living in California and I was staying at a boarding-house. After some thought Jack suggested that I borrow Mr. McCarron's car. McCarron was president of the college and as a result owned a machine which was kept in a private garage in a nearby alley.

"I failed to wax enthusiastic over the idea, but my pal said it had been done several times before by fellows he knew and no one had been caught. The door of the garage had one of those locks which even a child can understand, and the prexy being terribly absent-minded usually left the engine key in the lock. I was persuaded.

"That night I called up Helene, made the date, and said a prayer that Mortimer would have dyspepsia the day after tomorrow so that he wouldn't appear on the scene and gum the works.

"My prayer seemed to have been answered. Things went perfectly—up to a certain point. Then the devil broke loose. I'd got the machine out easily under cover of darkness, and was whizzing along a side street. I slowed down at a crossing to let a wagon pass, and who came along but McCarron himself on foot.

"The old boy was supposed to be near-sighted, but he spotted his car all right, and in the dark, too. He called a cop and had me 'pinched.' Instead of meeting Helene I spent the night behind bars which were neither of music nor of brass.

"By the next morning prexy had cooled down enough to withdraw the criminal charge against me, and they let me go. The university likewise let me go—with discouraging abruptness. The same evening I received a telegram from California announcing that my own guv'nor had also dispensed with me.

"I went over to see Helene. A new maid answered the door.

"'Is Miss Lawton in?' I queried.

"'Not at present,' replied the maid.

"'Do you know when she will return?' I asked.

"'No, sir,' she returned.

"'Can you tell where I could locate her?' I persisted.

"The girl peered at me suspiciously.

"'Are you a reporter?' she demanded.

"'My word, no,' I denied soothingly, 'but I'm a very intimate friend of Miss Lawton's, and am extremely anxious to speak to her.'

"The maid advanced a step or two toward me and lowered her voice.

"'Are you quite sure, you're a very good friend of Miss Helene's?' she whispered.

"'Quite certain, I affirmed, nodding my head reassuringly.

"'Then I'll tell you,' she said. 'Miss Helene was waiting for a young man to call last night. He didn't arrive. About nine o'clock Mr. Mortimer Wilkes came. They talked quite confidentially for a few moments in the drawing-room. Later they went out in Mr. Wilkes's car and they haven't returned since. This morning Mr. Lawton received a telegram announcing that they had eloped to Wellsburg and were married.'

"I turned away quickly muttering something about millionaires and dyspepsia, leaving the maid astonished on the doorstep. That was the last straw. I stayed around Pittsburgh till my money gave out, tried a couple of jobs, but was too restless to keep 'em, then drifted onto the road. I've been seeing the country ever since. Furthermore I expect to continue my travels for some time to come.

"After I've seen all there is to see, I may go out to California and effect a reconciliation with the family. Then I'll write a book of my experiences and publish it—under an assumed name, for by that time I'll be highly respectable and it'd never do to let the neighbors know I was once a hobo.

"That's the end of my story. Now you know my whole past, present, and future, and it isn't everyone I'd tell 'em to. I've had a pretty tough time of it, what?"

"Gr-r-r," growled the thin one, rising. During the past ten minutes he had become more and more nervous, clinching and unclenching his hands.

Bill likewise rose, but his heart sank; another dinner gone "flooey"!

"I'm afraid you weren't much interested in what I had to say," he complained.

"So you taught her to box," gritted the little man.

"Yes, why what—?"

"Take that!"

Heeding an uncontrollable impulse and putting all his strength reinforced by a veritable frenzy, born of too long suffering and outraged patience, into a single frantic "blow," the harmless-looking, bewhiskered old chap swung a bony fist flush on the point of the unprotected jaw of the astonished tramp. Down went "Smoky City" Bill, his head bumping the iron leg of the bench smartly. It was a clean knockout.

With a scared face, the quick-fire "walloper" knelt beside his victim and hastily examined him. Nothing serious the matter; he emitted a sigh of relief. Drawing a note-book and pencil from his pocket, he scribbled hastily for a moment. He tore out the page and thrust it and a dark paper into an already used envelope. With shaking fingers he placed the envelope in the unconscious tramp's coat pocket and strode hastily away.

Five minutes later William Johnson, alias "Smoky City" Bill, came back to earth. His instinctive "Where am I?" was answered not even by an echo. Ruefully rubbing his jaw and head he assumed a sitting position. Things became clearer to him. He remembered what had happened, but for the life of him could assign no reason for his erstwhile companion's action. Bill was deeply grieved. He felt that much energy and many words had been expended on the empty air. Such ingratitude pained him—in more ways than one.

A shiver passed over the gaunt frame. Instinctively he drew his collar closer and thrust his hands into his coat pockets.

"Hello! What's this?" he ejaculated, his hand clutching an unfamiliar object in the left pocket. He drew forth the envelope placed there a few moments before by his late assistant. "We'll have to look at this in the light."

He hurried to a spot where the arclight cast a glow brilliant enough to permit reading. There he glanced at the name of the envelope. It was not his, nor did he immediately recognize it, yet it seemed familiar.

"J. M. Wilkes," he mused, "J. M. Wilkes, J. *Mortimer* Wilkes! Good Lord!"

Eagerly he snatched the two papers from the envelope, and noted joyously that one was a ten-dollar bill; the other was a note.

He read it:

"Mr. William Johnson,
Schenley Park, City.

Dear Sir:

Your humor is rotten and your story rank. As an entertainer you're a miserable failure. You're responsible for most of my trouble—you taught that woman to box! As a result, behold my eye. For ten years she has practiced on me; I've been bumped from New York to Naples and back again. As my better half she has been an excellent sparring partner. I assure you, sir, you are more fortunate than you deserve to be. The woman's disposition is positively ferocious.

"Nevertheless I feel indebted to you for two things, though I am certain you have no knowledge of what they are. Let me make myself clear. Before I saw you I could think of no explanation for the condition of my eye. Now, of course, I was attacked by a tramp while walking in the park. My skinned knuckles will testify in my behalf. Secondly, since I find myself able to account for a person of your size, I feel confident of my ability to cope with my wife—defensively. I thank you.

"Enclosed you will find ten dollars, a slight token of my gratitude.

"Very sincerely,

J. MORTIMER WILKES."

"Smoky City" Bill smiled a trifle bitterly.

"Maybe I'm lucky at that," he muttered to himself, a vivid memory of a highly-colored optic recurring to his mind. With rapid strides the half-famished vagabond set out on the now familiar road to Forbes Street and the nearest restaurant. So ends the tale of Johnson's adventurous search for supper.

* * * *

Now according to all the traditions of the short story, this narrative should terminate with the accomplishment of the purpose set forth in the title, namely, when Johnson ended his quest for dinner. However, in the interest of truth, we must violate all law and precedent by appending an anti-climax.

After a hearty meal the wandering Mr. Johnson felt more comfortable physically and less perturbed mentally. In the warm afterglow of self-satisfaction that usually succeeds a good dinner, Bill's feeling of outraged innocence gave way to a mood of benevolence. He pondered fondly over bygone days. Quite naturally his thoughts went back to the once-beloved Helene Lawton.

So Helene had led Wilkes a merry chase. Perhaps she realized by this time that she would have been better off as Mrs. Bill Johnson. But would he himself have enjoyed life as her husband? Suppose the dear girl had developed pugilistic tendencies and exploited them on Bill? Not a pleasant thought.

Verily, the woman was a tartar. Hadn't she jilted Love for Ready Money, then made Ready Money look like a bogus check. Bad medicine, indeed. To use a phrase that is more expressive than elegant, she "done 'em both dirt." If her marital relations were not happy, she certainly deserved all she got—and then some.

Still—. Through the drifting mists of his imagination there rose in bold relief the face of a girl. It was a pretty, oval face, a laughing face, with deep-set violet eyes, straight little nose, whimsical lips, and determined little chin—a face set off by coils of chestnut hair.

Something in Bill Johnson's left side gave a sudden jump. simultaneously a suspicion struck him. He growled ominously to himself.

"If I thought that little rat'd do it, I'd—" He broke off, rose hastily from the table, paid his bill, and vanished through the door.

* * * *

The following morning, Mrs. J. Mortimer Wilkes's maid handed her a letter. As is the custom of women the world over, Mrs. Wilkes examined the outside of the envelope minutely before opening it, wondering meanwhile what it contained and who had written it. She found no clew to either, though the script was vaguely familiar, and passed to the inside.

"Dearest Helene," it ran, "for ten long years I have written no word to you. Through these dark ages I have quenched the gnawing fires of love in my breast; but to-night I find myself compelled to send this note of warning. Your husband, through circumstances over which I had no control, though I was an unwilling instrument, has gained such confidence in his fistic prowess that he aims to dispute your domestic sovereignty. If you would continue your reign heed the following: in your next argument he will retaliate, leading with a right swing. See to it that you are close to a wooden wall or brick mantel-piece, preferably the latter. When he swings, you merely side-step, allowing him to break his knuckles on the stone or wood. You may then massage him at your leisure. I think this bit of strategy will prove effective; if not, I fear that bric-a-bac is the only remedy.

"As ever thine,

"Your adoring William (Johnson)."

[AUTHOR'S NOTE.—Ain't love an awful thing?]

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, H. S., '21.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Spendthrift America.

WE GENEROUS Americans feel that we are being very much imposed upon when we are asked to make a small contribution towards the starving women and children of Ireland, Poland and China. Yet what would be the feelings of these poor unfortunates were they to discover that the sum of $60,000,000 was squandered in luxuries last year! It is not to be wondered at that among the European nations we have gained the shameful title of spendthrifts. The moment a boy leaves school and obtains a job, he feels that if he merely pays his board his obligations towards home are satisfied and the rest of his salary can be squandered. He immediately becomes a sport, foolishly wasting his money on girls and clothes. Over $15,000,000 was spent for candy last year, and a large part of this may be attributed to the young men who endeavor by this means to win the favor of some fair maid. Theaters and dance halls come in for a not inconsiderable share of his earnings.

This extravagance and waste is carried on to a far greater degree by the present generation of women and girls. Very frequently their entire salaries are spent on dress alone, which, from the viewpoint of quantity, at the present time should be a small item. However, the present day mademoiselles seem to feel entirely out of place and style unless garbed in silks and satins which even in small quantities command large prices. The result of this is that the girls feel that if they merely clothe themselves their duties are ended, never thinking of assisting in bearing the expenses of home. In order that their complexions may be on a par with their garments, the fair sex in this country expended the small sum of $10,000,000 in cosmetics.

Is it any wonder then that the American people are labeled "Spendthrifts"?

V. J. RIELAND, '21.

The Penalty of Civilization.

WHAT is it that suddenly puts an end to our sleep, starts the baby on a wild rampage, and sours the sweetest of dispositions? What is responsible for fifty per cent. of the profanity that we hear—and utter? What has turned quiet, peace-loving men into raving maniacs, and has caused many noble projects to be given up in despair?

The one thing that is responsible for such a variety of unhappiness is the innocent telephone. This wonderful invention of Alexander Graham Bell was intended as a great, nay an indispensable aid to humanity; as a matter of fact, however, someone has left a switch open somewhere, and we are now constantly receiving the jolts therefrom.

After a careful study of the instrument and its operation, the conclusion is borne in upon us that fully 99 per cent. of the inconvenience connected with the 'phone is due to the carelessness and incompetence of the operators. But why should the operators be either careless or incompetent? They have pleasant working environment, are treated as perfect ladies, and receive good compensation. They are obliged to spend a number of weeks learning their art. Still, with all these precautions, they render the company's patrons a service that, to say the least, is very unsatisfactory.

Why does the operator ask for the number three or four times and then give us the wrong one; why does she insist on plugging into a busy line or crossing the connections; why does she interrupt an important conversation to tell us "Deposit five cents if you wish to continue," and then cut us off before we can reach our coin supply; why, above all, does she call us out of bed at two A. M. and ask us to excuse the call because she has 3421 instead of 3241?

Before attempting to use the telephone a person should have his life insured; for either he will starve to death while waiting to be connected with his party, or he will be threatened with heart failure through a too sudden compliance with his request.

Let us not, however, be too hard on the poor, fickle operators;

for although they cause us much pain and anxiety, all in all we have no truer friends than they are. These little girls could, if they chose, break up many homes, spoil business deals, set friend against friend and brother against brother, and turn our lives upside down. They are the confidants of all our secrets. They know whether Smith is lying or not when he 'phones home that he is detained at the office. They know whether Bobby is speaking from home or the corner-stone when he can't come to school on account of a toothache. They give us the correct time and the latest score a million times a month if we so desire.

Therefore, instead of eternally complaining about these poor public servants, let us think of the big debt we owe them, and keep on looking for the millennium.

GERALD A. SCHROTH, '22.

Can Pittsburgh Be Beautified?

THE prevalent opinion of Europeans regarding us, which the war in no wise altered, is that the sole aim of the average American is to accumulate a pile of money just as quickly as possible. In their eyes, we have no time for beauty or art: all must be sacrificed that the craving for gold may be sated.

Any one hailing from foreign shores under the foregoing impression, who should chance to visit Pittsburgh, would, we greatly fear, only leave our city with his opinion confirmed. Approaching our metropolis from surroundings of great natural beauty, he would find within its limits no regard for beauty either natural or artificial. Hillsides, river banks, and sweeping valleys he would see robbed of the appealing grace that is theirs by right, the bare rock gouged out on the natural charms hidden behind unsightly bill-boards; streets that might be broad and tree-lined he would find narrow, poorly paved, and lined with telegraph poles and wires; neighborhoods, otherwise homelike and inviting, marred by the proximity of unlovely slums or unlovelier factories. "What a sordid existence these Pittsburghers must lead!" this foreigner would be forced to exclaim.

Owing to the activities of the Civic Club, the Chamber of Commerce, and, more recently, the Citizens' Committee on City Plan, some progress has been made toward improving the appearance of our city. The smoke nuisance has been very consider-

ably lessened, so that Pittsburgh can no longer be justly labeled "the Smoky City". There has been some widening of streets, some regulating of traffic, some extension of playground facilities. Numerous other improvements, however, are not merely expedient, but imperative.

The extensive use of motor vehicles has made our transportation problem more complex. Some action must be taken with regard to the improvement of our highways; not only should many of them be repaved, but the majority of them should be widened. And why not devote a little time to making them somewhat more attractive? The word "boulevard" suggests a broad road with graceful curves winding in and out amongst a profusion of shady trees; but one looks in vain for such attractions along the treeless wastes of Bigelow, our one long "boulevard" One of the most traversed of our city thoroughfares is Penn Avenue. Consider the appearance of this street from Eleventh Street to Thirty-fourth, and then answer this question: "Can anyone enjoy a trip out Penn Avenue?" Indeed, not one of the main arteries leading out of the Triangle—Second, Forbes, Fifth, Center, Liberty, Penn—but is marred at one or several places by sections of the most unkempt and disreputable slums, two, three, four or more blocks in length.

For the last twenty-five years public-spirited citizens have been suggesting such measures as subways, boulevards, street-widening, zoning and more recreation spots; but while New York and Philadelphia have built their subways, St. Louis, Detroit and Cleveland have set aside their civic centers, petty politicians have kept Pittsburgh almost at a standstill.

One of the greatest projects in contemplation for the improvement of our city's beauty is the erection of a Memorial at the Point in honor of the heroes who made the supreme sacrifice in the world war. At present the Point is a sore spot for all who take any pride in our city. It is only proper and fitting that the point where the Ohio is born, a place so renowned in early American history, should become the site of a Memorial to our soldier dead. For such a dedication both the old and the new world furnish ample precedent.

V. J. RIELAND, '21.



CHRONICLE

Uptown School.

During the month of March the officers of the Students' Sodalities were elected. Those of the Sodality of the Holy Ghost are the following: prefect, Regis Wehrheim; assistants, Charles Ward and Gerald Schroth; secretary, Leo McIntyre; treasurer, Leo Watterson; librarian, Jerome Marecki; standard bearer, John Pawlowski. Sodality of the Blessed Sacrament: prefect, Patrick McGrath; assistant, John Deasy; secretary, Charles Cherdini; treasurer, Paul Sullivan; standard bearer, James Burke. Sodality of the Holy Angels, First Division: prefect, John Curran; assistant, Thomas Quigley; librarian, Joseph Mikolajewski; treasurer, John Funk; standard bearer, Joseph McDonald. Second Division: prefect, Paul Keefe; assistant, Edward Moran; treasurer, John Kent; standard bearer, Vincent Hoffmann. Third Division: prefect, John T. Flanigan; assistants, J. McCartney and Charles G. Roehrig; secretary, Charles Gilday; treasurer, J. Opferman; librarian, William Burns; standard bearer, James Burns. Immaculate Heart Sodality: prefect, J. C. O'Donnell; assistants, R. O'Connor and W. Hassett; secretary, P. Buerkle; treasurer, W. Maughn; librarian, L. A. Glitchier; standard bearer, F. Lunardini. The reception of new members is to take place on the Solemnity of Saint Joseph, April 13.

Sodality Officers

Two highly meritorious entertainments were staged in the University auditorium during March, both attracting exceptionally large audiences. Quite a novelty was the minstrel show put on by the Second High B on March 6. Practically the whole class took part, responding nobly to the coaching of their energetic leader, Father McGuigan. One of the best debates of the year was the Seniors' and Juniors' discussion of the question of the annexation of outlying boroughs to the city. While there was possibly more of the fire of oratory on the negative side, there was more cool, convincing logic on the affirmative, to which, accordingly, the decision was awarded.

Concerts and Debates

Opening March—Parade of The Templars..... Orchestra
Composed by Walter K. Abrogast of Pittsburgh

Two-Step—Dixie Lullaby.....Orchestra
Monologue—Catching a Train. ..... Leo McIntyre
Trombone Solo—Sweet Dream of Mine.....G. Doran
Accompanist, Charles Ward
Piano Duet—Poet and Peasant.....Charles Ward, Fred Emig
March—Dixieland.....Orchestra

MINSTREL SHOW

PART I.

Interlocutor.....John Curran

End Men . . { Leo Loughren, C. Cunningham, I. Huber, C. Kim

Opening Chorus—Avalon
Recitation—When I Am Grown Up.....F. Heilman
Recitation—Nobody's Mule.....H. Goff
Song—Carolina Sunshine..... J. Curran and Chorus
Recitation—Baffled Champeen.....Richard Vogel
Around the Circuit.. .....G. Schaub, N. Schaub, H. Arch, J. O'Brien
Mandolin Solo.....J. Curran
Overture—Crown of Jewels.....Orchestra

PART II.

Song—Blowing Bubbles.....F. Heilman and Chorus
Recitation—Theology in de Quarters.....Q. Witt
Quintet—You Git Up .....
F. McCarthy, Joseph Reilly, Leo Brice, Leonard Haberl, C. Mulvihill
Quartet—Broadway Rose, Floatin' Down Thru Cotton Town, Way Down Home.....
C. Curran, J. Curran, L. Snyder, T. McHenry
Recitation—Learned Negro .....Ivan V. Huber
Recitation—Kentucky Philosophy.....Leo Loughren
Song—Strutters' Ball.....I. Huber and Chorus
Fox-Trot—Blue Diamond..... Orchestra
Song—Mother of Mine .....V. Rieland
March—Mothers of Democracy..... Orchestra
DEBATE—Resolved, That the Boroughs Surrounding Pittsburgh Should Vote to be Annexed to the City.

Chairman, Regis Wehrheim

Affirmative (Seniors)	Negative (Juniors)
Charles Ward	Jerome Marecki
Stanley Gujski	Herman Sieber

The Sophomores sustained the reputation they have long since acquired, in the St. Patrick's Night entertainment which it fell to their lot to handle. Unquestionably, none of the serious dramatic efforts of the year was more gripping from first to last than "The Defense of Shannon Bridge". Though short, it had all the elements of intense dramatic appeal—pathos, suspense. mystery, climax. Father John Malloy deserves to be con-

gratulated, both on the performance of the cast, and on the appropriate mounting of the play. The afterpiece was just what was wanted to send the audience home smiling. An indispensible item of this "Irish night" programme was the music, which was hugely enjoyed throughout.

Selection—Moore's Melodies.....Students' Orchestra
Song—The Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Halls (1921 version by Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.).....Rev. John F. Malloy
Accompanist, Charles Ward
One-Act Tragedy—The Defense of Shannon Bridge.

CAST

Corporal Daniel Darrell.....Francis J. O'Connor
Private Larry McCabe.....John L. Imhof
Private Darby Cregan .....Robert G. Reilly
Lieutenant John Ryan .....John J. Laffey
Private Con O'Mara.....James P. O'Connor
Captain Hugh Ryan ....Edward J. Caye

Scene—The Gatehouse of Shannon Bridge.
Time—Midnight, March 17, 1650.
Period—The Cromwellian Invasion of Ireland.

Selection—Irish Medley.....Students' Orchestra
Song—The Soldiers' Song .....Rev. Edward Malloy
DEBATE—Resolved, That the Navy of the United States Should Be the Largest Afloat.

Chairman, Joseph A. Nee

Affirmative (Freshmen)	Negative (Sophomores)
John A. Deasy	Paul A. McCrory
Chris J. Hoffmann	Thomas J. Mahony
Charles O'Connor	Robert G. Reilly

Selection.....Students' Orchestra
Playlet—Joshing the Janitor.

CAST

Sam, the Janitor.....Clement M. Strobel
Mr. Jones, his Employer.....William E. Boggs

Third Term Examinations

The third term examinations were held immediately before the Easter recess. In addition to the written tests, orals were held in mathematics and sciences. On the re-opening of school, the results were announced. The following students ranked first in their respective classes (College Department) H. J. Heilmann, R. G. Reilly, J. M. Rozenas, Z. F. Novicki, J. W. Cain; (Commercial) O. A. Kossler, J. C. O'Donnell, P. J. Buerkle, P. M. Becker; (Scientific) L. E. Barth, R. W. Leonard, F. J. Emig, M. J. Reisdorf; (Academic) R. Slusarski W. Jacko, F. R. Harrison, D. De Silvio, T. J. Quigley, J. K. Allen, H. A. Goff, S. M. Sourla, A. D. McDermott, G. C. Miller, C. F. Gilday, M. A. Carey, W. L. Gleba.

The following students, also, who attained 85 per cent. or over it, are entitled to mention and congratulations: E. J. Caye, W. E. Boggs, J. L. Imhof, C. M. Strobel, J. J. Burke, L. A. Kornman, G. F. Vaia, P. G. Sullivan, C. Mhley, J. M. Maxwell, J. J. Los, J. H. Styka, H. Fitzsimmons, G. J. Finnegan, L. Mikolajewski, A. Cendrowski, R. E. Vogel, F. T. Heilmann, I. V. Huber, J. F. Reilly, J. J. O'Donnell, F. Hosczyk, E. J. Cunningham, A. A. Laurent, E. K. Brogan, L. J. Bradley, R. F. McDermott, E. B. Ross, F. M. Loebig, J. J. Colligan, C. B. Foley, H. R. Vogel, J. M. Lambert, F. B. Carroll, I. J. Cleary, C. T. Wyeth, M. S. Dudich, J. Balint and J. Olko.

Two hundred and seventy honor cards were awarded, indicating that over forty-five per cent. of the students stand high in all their classes.

Additional Equipment

The Department of Physics rejoices in the acquisition of a complete new wireless telegraph apparatus, which Mr. Quinlan, assistant professor of physics, is busy demonstrating in and out of class hours to a numerous and enthusiastic clientele.

A complete system of personal call bells for the various floors of the administration building has lately been installed; likewise, six new electric gongs, conveniently located in the main building, in the science hall, in St. John's hall and on the campus, replace the old style assembly and dismissal bells to which generations of students were accustomed.

There are now five telephones in the uptown school for the use of students, professors, and administration.

R. E. H.

School of Dramatic Art and Public Speaking.

Since its inauguration, nearly ten years ago, this department has trained quite a number of aspirants for the stage. Naturally, in so brief an interval, none of them has as yet attained celebrity, but several have secured recognition as members of stock or traveling companies.

In the course of the current year, students of Dramatic Art have had ample opportunity to appear before audiences, both on the University stage and in many parish theatres of the vicinity. As particularly successful performances, we might mention "A Happy Pair", "The Beau of Bath", "The Exile", "A Pair of Lunatics", and "The Bells". The "big play," for which rehearsals are about to commence, is James Forbes' four-act comedy, "The Commuters".

As one might expect, the majority of our students aim simply at fitting themselves for appearance as public speakers on the platform or in the legislative halls. There was a time when an understanding of the art was thought necessary only for lawyers and clergymen. But at the present day we see no such distinction; among our students may be found teachers, business people, and others, impressed with the belief that if they wish to succeed in their chosen callings, they must be able to impress their views on others by means of the spoken word. Business men who have hitherto been unable to influence their colleagues at directors' meetings, or their clients in sales dealings, are finding in our classes the remedy for their inefficiency. This department is also "teaching the teacher" to get better results by a more interesting and more life-like interpretation of the matter he must transmit to his pupils. It is indeed impossible to overestimate the amount of good directly traceable to the Duquesne University Department of Speech Arts.

R. H. ACKERMAN, D. A., '21.

Alumni.

AFTER JOHN B. BUCKLEY had graduated from the commercial department, he served for eight years as a member of the staff, teaching stenography and other commercial branches, and providing for future advancement by attending the Evening School of Accounts. During and since the war he has been in the Government service at Washington, D. C., in the capacity of Military and Naval Insurance Book-keeper at the War Risk Insurance Bureau. Recently he placed with the Civil Service Commission an application for the position of Resident Auditor. We are pleased to hear from official sources that he has satisfied all requirements.

FRED W. RIES, Esq., first to register in our Law School and prominent amongst the Knights of Columbus, is proving a marked success as general agent in Western Pennsylvania for the Canada Life Assurance Co. He has associated with him, in his offices in the Union Arcade, Anthony Enz, Bernard Schneider and several other of our graduates, all of whom, we are informed, find their work and their surroundings of the most congenial character.

WILLIAM H. MCCLAFFERTY and his brother MAX have hand-

some and much frequented offices in the Magee Building, 336 Fourth Avenue. Though they make a specialty of bank safes, they are also interested in real estate, mortgages, insurance, bonds, and business opportunities in general.

JOSEPH HABROWSKI has found it more remunerative to exchange teaching for business. His versatility finds ample scope in his present position of Manager in the Hazelwood–Glenwood Department Store.

DR. CYRIL LAUER, with reputation enhanced by two years' daily experience at the battle front in Flanders and elsewhere along the fighting line, is serving a constantly growing clientele at 44th and Butler Streets.

THE P. R. R. so values the services of TOM FORD that, no matter how many men are laid off in its various departments, it always finds a desk for this graduate of our commercial department. The classical foundation he laid in the academic department gave him a mastery of English, and his solid grounding in the intricacies of mathematics made him reliable in matters of detail. At present he is stenographer in the detective department of the greatest railroad system in the country.

DR. EDWARD A. WEISSER announces the removal of his offices from the Empire Building to Suite 806, May Building, Liberty Street and Fifth Avenue. We congratulate Dr. Weisser, a former president of our Alumni Association, on his extensive practice, an achievement for which his studies have eminently qualified him. After his graduation from D. U., he entered the University of Pennsylvania; he took a post graduate course in the University of Heidelberg, and completed his training with the world's leading oculist, Dr. De Wecker of Paris.

THE DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY CLUB, composed of graduates of the College Department beginning with 1911, at its regular meeting recently voted all the members of the 1921 class eligible for enrollment. It celebrated its tenth anniversary on February 22, with a smoker and bowling party in St. Henry's Lyceum.

J. A. MCEVOY, after an absence of four years from Western Pennsylvania, dropped in on us lately, and informed us that he has been fortunate as an oil producer in Oklahoma. His offices are established in Tulsa. At present he is operating four wells on three thousand acres of land in Oklahoma and Kansas. The life of a well averages five years, and each barrel of oil nets him one dollar seventy-five cents.

Lead Kindly Light!

DUQUESNE MONTHLY



DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Vol. 28 MAY, 1921 No. 8

Duquesne Monthly

MAY, 1921

CONTENTS

Torches	Michael A. Cusick	253
Catholic Education the Basis of True Americanization	Vincent J. Rieland	254
The Terrors of Solitude	Paul J. Miller	257
Waiting for the May	D. F. MacCarthy	258
The Irish Republic	Charles V. O'Connor	259
A Sacrifice Hit	J. M. Cameron	262
"Whispering"	Paul G. Sullivan	265
The Coward	Joseph S. Nee	270
Editorial: —		
Maytime	Gerald Schroth	272
Moving Day	Regis E. Wehrheim	272
Fanatic Legislation	V. J. Rieland	273
Cardinal Gibbons Advice to Boys	V. J. Rieland	274
Exchanges	Clement M. Strobel	275
The Spring Play		277
Chronicle		278
Athletics	Sullivan-Cameron	281

D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York.

Courses leading to degrees in *Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Literature and Music*
Special preparation for High School Teaching.
Design and Painting, under Male Instructor.

RIGHT REV. WM. TURNER, D. D., Chancellor.

FACULTY:

Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy, and Men and Women Lay Specialists.

Holy Angels' Academy

In Connection with D'Youville College

College Preparatory and General Culture Courses. Music, Languages, Design and Painting. New York State Regents' Diplomas.

BOLD'S HOME-MADE BREAD

BAKED FRESH EVERY DAY.

It is so manifestly good and fresh that it produces a light, flaky crust that melts deliciously in the mouth, and there is no soaking in of the filling, nor sogginess, no indigestion. Every Loaf is of Uniform Excellence, the Standard by which others are judged.

AUGUST BOLD, 821-29 Industry St., Pittsburgh

Hallen

Photographer

Bell Phones: Hemlock 569
Hill 1327 R

Commercial Photography

Portraits in Crayon, Oil and Water Color Paintings

1405 Carson Street and Post Office Building, Mt. Oliver

WAGNER BROS. SHOE CO.

WHOLESALE SHOES

429 LIBERTY AVENUE PITTSBURGH

Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXVIII. MAY, 1921 No. 8

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Address: Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh Postoffice, April 30, 1911

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1108. Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 22, 1918

VINCENT J. RIELAND, A. B., '21, Editor-in-Chief

Associate Editors

REGIS E. WEHRHEIM, A. B., '21 GERALD A. SCHROTH, A. B., '22

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, A. B., '23 . . . . Exchanges

LEO J. MCINTYRE, A. B., '21 . . . . . Alumni

ROBERT G. REILLY, A. B., '23 . . . . College Notes

JOHN F. O'CONNOR, B. C. S., '23 . . . . Finance Notes

FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, LL. B., '23 . . . . Law Notes

RICHARD H. ACKERMAN, D. A., '21 . . Public Speaking Notes

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, H. S., '21 . . . . Athletics

FRANCIS A. RILEY, H. S., '21 ALBERT C. KELLY, H. S., '21 Duquesnicula

Business Managers

PATRICK L. MCGRATH, A. B., '23 REGIS O'BRIEN, H. S., '22

Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVIII. MAY, 1921 Number 8.

Torches.

FAITH is a light that steadies
My steps on a road untrod;
He travels erect and securely
Who walks with a light from God.

Hope is a light that beckons
And cheers with its promise fair;
Whate'er be the pains of the present,
Undimmed is its radiance there!

Charity, fire of heaven,
Both light and warmth bestows,
Cheers me here while I tarry
And brightens eternal repose.

MICHAEL A. CUSICK, '22.





Catholic Education the Basis of True Americanization.*

IF THIS Republic, under which we live, is to endure, and to transmit to generations of Americans yet unborn the blessings all enjoy; if in the Providence of God, America is to hold the proud place she now occupies, or to gain a still higher place among the nations of the world, she will accomplish this precisely and only through the Christian education of her people. Neglect this Christian education, and the future of the government we all love and revere is beset with a thousand dangers, which will inevitably cause its downfall.

The principal end of every educational system is to train and form the children to be true and loyal citizens. For the production of the ideal citizen and for the preservation of good order among men, three qualifications are necessary, viz.: authority, liberty, and religion, or the corresponding subjects in which these exist, the State, the individual, and the Church. The State is vested with powers which the individual is bound to obey, while, on the other hand, the individual possesses God-given rights over which the State has no jurisdiction. Very frequently one or other of these endeavors to exceed its rights; and, to curb the tendency of despotism on the one hand and of anarchy on the other, Religion must intervene. In the Church we find the guiding hand, that justly preserves harmony among all classes, ever mindful of the rights and privileges of the ideal citizen.

What is needed for good citizenship? What does society demand of the ideal American? It demands that he be loyal to his country, zealous in her defense, faithful in the observance of her laws, conscientious in the payment of taxes for her support and maintenance. It demands that he be scrupulous in observing his oaths and vows, just in the fulfillment of his contracts and obligations, honest in his dealings and truthful in his promises. In a word it demands that "he render to all men their dues, tribute to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honor to whom honor"—that he "render to Caesar

* Written for the Oratorical Contest, May 1, 1921.

the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." Good citizenship demands these virtues. But, let me ask you, how can they be practiced without motives? And moreover, since man has passions and self-interest to overcome, these motives must be strong and powerful.

What motives, apart from religion, are forcible enough to exact of man that obedience which he owes to society and to the laws of his country? Is it the dread of civil punishment? Civil power has no jurisdiction over the heart, which is the seat of rebellion, and the secret chamber where dark crimes are formed. The civil power cannot enter the soul and quell the tumults raging there. It cannot invade the domestic circle to expel the intemperance and immorality that wreck so much happiness there. If the civil sword, even with the aid of religion, can scarcely restrain public disorders, how impossible would be the attempt to do so without the assistance of moral and religious influence!

There are many who consider mental culture a cure for every moral disorder. The experience of other nations as well as our own shows it to be a great illusion to suppose that intellectual development of itself, without the aid of religion, is sufficient to make us virtuous men, or that the moral status of a people is to be determined by the widespread diffusion of purely secular knowledge. When the Roman Empire had reached the highest stage of mental culture, it was sunk in the lowest depths of corruption and vice. The Persian Empire, according to Plato, perished on account of the vicious education of its leaders. Here in the United States, it does not appear that crime recedes as public education advances. Statistics, I fear, would go far to prove the contrary to be true. Our newspapers are every day filled with startling accounts of cleverly planned burglaries, hold-ups, premediated murders and acts of refined licentiousness. These crimes are committed by persons possessing a well-disciplined mind uncontrolled by morality and religion.

If then, neither the vengence of the civil power, nor the natural love of justice, nor the influence of culture and education, nor all these motives combined, can suffice to produce the ideal citizen, whither shall we turn that we may find an adequate incentive to exact of us loyal obedience to the laws of our country? This incentive is found only in religion. Convince me of the existence of a Divine Legislator, the supreme source of all law; convince me there is no power except from God; convince

me that there is a Providence that sees my thoughts as well as my actions: then you place before me a monitor that impells me to virtue; you set before my conscience a living witness who pursues me in darkness and in light, in the sanctuary of home as well as in the arena of life.

Religion, must, therefore, in some way enter into the life of the ideal citizen. This, however, is impossible if the religious training of the child is neglected. If the seeds of religious principles be not deeply sown in the hearts of the young, it is useless to look in maturing years for the fair flower and fruit of righteous conduct.

Mindful of this, the Catholic Church early implants these religious principles in the little ones of the fold. While their tender minds are yet unsullied and uncontaminated by false doctrines or false principles of action, they are instructed and drilled in the true conception of the ideal citizen. They are daily reminded of the divine example given them by the world's most perfect citizen, by Him whose love for his children was so great that He suffered the ignominious death on the cross for their salvation. They are instructed in the virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity, without which society would cease to exist. Above all, they are taught that they must ever be true and perfect Christians, for it is only in the true and perfect Christian, firmly adhering to his religion, that the true American is realized.

The Fathers of our Republic conceived it according to the most Christian ideals—of equal rights and equal opportunities for all—of respect for the innate nobility of man—of recognition for the dominion of God. Without fear of contradiction, I can assert that nowhere to-day, so well as in the Catholic school—primary, secondary, collegiate, and university—are our future citizens being trained and moulded according to American ideals. The Catholic school is the safest bulwark of our government, the hope of our nation, the true and fearless guardian of that priceless heritage, our American Liberty.

VINCENT J. RIELAND, '21.



The Terrors of Solitude.

AS SHE stood in the doorway waving a last good-bye to the occupants of the family cutter, which was just rounding the bend in the road that would lose it to sight, Mary Rodgers already began to feel lonely.

A few moments later, when she had shut the cabin door to the white world without, and approached the cheerful fire, she began to reproach herself in true mountaineer fashion for giving way to such feelings, for to one born and bred in the solitude of the mountains, loneliness is a thing unknown. Her mother, father and two brothers were off to visit a neighbor some thirteen miles away, but Mary, for unknown reasons, had elected to remain at home.

"How early they have started!" she mused half-aloud, as she seated herself in the big comfortable armchair that stood directly before the fire, and took up her interrupted story in a volume of Poe. One would think this rather an ill-chosen book for the solitude of being alone in a wind-swept cabin, set high up in the heart of a mountain range, in the awful silence of winter; but what did it matter to Mary, accustomed as she was to being alone?

Hours passed, and so interested was the girl in her reading, that she failed to notice the dying out of the fire, until a birchen log, burned through, fell with a shower of sparks. She gave a decided start, and then silently chiding herself for her nervousness, settled down again to her book. And then she began to feel afraid. How quiet it seemed! What was wrong? Oh, yes. The clock was stopped. How thoughtless of her not to have noticed it before. Oh well, what did it matter? She was too comfortable to get up and rewind it.

The girl tried to go on with her story, but strange to say, the printed page became a blur, and she felt unseen eyes upon her. She wanted to scream from pure fright, but somehow she could not utter a sound.

And then she remembered the picture of her deceased uncle hanging on the opposite wall.

"It is his eyes which I feel looking at me," she decided half-aloud, after she had sat immovable for some time, and the fear had almost left her. Mary arose, and crossing the room, turned the troublesome picture around to the wall.

* * * * *

The girl read on and on. Out of doors the wind wailed in

mournful undulations and whistled over the mouth of the chimney.

Minutes passed, and then the girl started up from the chair in terror. Her eyes became wide and staring, and she raised a trembling hand to her lips. There it was again.

Clank! Clank! Clank! Clank!

Directly above her, it seemed that a chain was being dragged back and forth over the wooden floor. And then, nameless horror, the chain began to move toward the enclosed stairway in the corner of the living-room. The girl could not cry out, and stood rooted to the spot.

Clank! Clank! the chain moved down the first step. Clank! down the second. Moments later—it seemed hours to the frightened girl—the chain was within a few steps of the bottom.

There was a terrified shriek of hysteria, and then Babe, Mary's dog, burst into the room, dragging his chain.

With a cry that was a sob, the girl clasped her pet to her·

PAUL J. MILLER, H. S., '21.

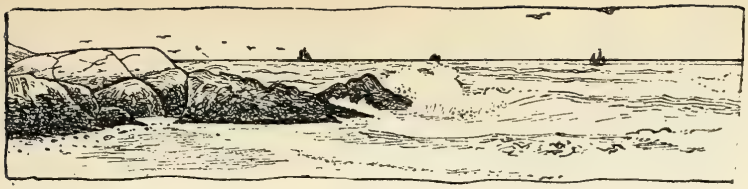


Waiting for the May.

AH! MY heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting—
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the seaside billows
Or the water-wooing willows,
Where in laughter and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

D. F. MACCARTHY.



The Irish Republic.*

FOR more than 700 blood-stained years, brave and noble Irishmen have fought with tongue, pen and sword for the freedom of the Emerald Isle. During this long period of continued oppression, held in rebellious submission by the brute force of foreign armies, the Irish have never ceased to protest against this infamous suppression of their independence. In spite of dark dungeons, bleak prisons, exile and the firing squad's volley of death, the love of freedom, the hope for independence, has brightly burned in the breasts of Erin's heroic sons. Her best and bravest blood has been shed to prove to the world, that Ireland has never sold her birthright,—that she deserves, and is determined to attain, the freedom demanded by every people, race and nation.

Irishmen, noble, great-hearted and gallant, have fought for freedom in almost every country on earth; and they have been successful in all but one,—the fight for their own right and liberty as a nation. On every battlefield of thls glorious Republic, Irish blood has bought the allegiance of Americans to Ireland's deathless cause. Her heroic sons have ever prayed for that great day when Robert Emmet's epitaph can be written in accordance with his expressed desire. Foreign armies have laden Ireland's body with chains,—tortured her with cruelties, starvation and pain,—bruised her soul with the ignominy of slavery, but they could not imprison her spirit, nor bind with chains her love of liberty.

At last, after long centuries of expectation, there came the first spark of hope for success. On January 21st, 1919, the Irish Parliament, at Dublin, issued a Declaration of Independence. The Republic of Ireland, the dream of ages, is now a fact, though every Irishman in Ireland be hanged for treason to-night. Not for nothing have her sons sacrificed wealth, position, home, and even life itself, in political and actual rebellion, under the iron heel of the conqueror. The sacrifice of these noble martyrs on the altars of Irish freedom are at last bearing blossoms,— blos-

* Written for the Oratorical Contest, May 1, 1921.

soms that cannot be killed by the heaviest frost of tyrannical force,—blossoms, just blossoms, yet they give promise of the glorious fruits to follow. England has finally been convinced that while she can kill the Irish, she can never make Englishmen of them.

The hold of England on Ireland was never weaker than now. The despot's vaunted "iron grasp" is weakening and slipping. Just when England seemed stronger than ever before and Ireland more helpless, fate played a card and England's power over Ireland began to fade. An idea, old as courage, is accomplishing what force could never do. That idea is the right of self-determination. Before its irresistible onslaught, the mighty British Empire will stand, helpless and beaten. The haughty "mistress of the seas" will find that she cannot fight with armed force an idea that is growing infinitely every moment.

Our American forefathers waged a war for independence, that marks the beginning of one of the greatest epochs in the history of the world; yet their reasons for throwing off the English yoke pale almost into insignificance beside those of the Irish. Our colonies were not overrun by a horde of hired assassins, blood-thirsty murderers, recruited from the ranks of criminals and convicts. No, we did not have these to plunder our lands, to burn our crops and homes, to slaughter our women and children, with a fiendish efficiency that must make the Prince of Darkness laugh aloud in his hellish glee. We did not have Ireland's final and conclusive reason for asking independence. Her people are not English, as the colonists mainly were. She was invaded, robbed, crushed, starved, goaded to desperation by every species of intolerance that a diabolical ingenuity could devise.

Some English apologists tell us that the Irish are not so badly treated now, and that we should "let the dead past bury its dead." This may be in some small measure true, but it is not from any kindness or change of heart on the part of the English government. They realized that force was a losing policy, and they are trying to recover. But it is too late. No matter what England does now, the Irish will have their freedom regardless of the cost.

Ireland does not ask for other peoples' lands nor for indemnities, although the blood of her heroes has stained the battlefields of France. All she asks is that the foreign garrison be withdrawn from her lands,—lands which have been violated not for

four years, as was Belgium, but for seven hundred years. If Ireland should make the same claim for restoration and indemnity that Belgium made, it would pauperize the British Empire to pay it. Seven hundred years of violence cannot be wiped out by anything less than full freedom and justification of every hero who shed his blood that Erin might be free.

Deep let it sink in Irish hearts, the story of their Isle,
And waken thoughts of tend'rest love, and burning wrath
the while.
And, press upon them one by one, the fruits of English
sway,
And blend the wrongs of bygone times with this their
fight to-day,
And show their fathers' constancy, by truest instinct led,
To loathe, and battle with the power that on their
substance fed.
And let in place beside their own, the world's vast page
to tell,
That never lived the nation yet, could rule another well.
Thus, thus their cause shall gather strength, no feeling
vague or blind,
But stamped by passion on the heart, by reason on the
mind.
Let it go forth, a mightier foe to England's power
than all
The rifles of America,—the armaments of Gaul.
It shall go forth, and woe to them, who bar or thwart
its way:
'Tis God's own light, all Heavenly bright; we care not
who says nay!

CHARLES V. O'CONNOR, '24.



A Sacrifice Hit.

IN ONE of our large Eastern colleges, not many years ago, there was a student. All of which does not mean much.

There are thousands of students in large Eastern colleges. They are the unfortunate victims of aspiring writers who tell of all their escapades and glories. However, to be the hero of a college story, one must be the popular school idol. You've all read of them—tall, clear-eyed, debonair youths who have only to look at a man to convince him of anything at all. This student was different. He was a stranger to the Hall of Fame. He was almost unknown. He was a nonentity, a sort of necessary evil, and not very necessary at that.

Terence O'Roon was Irish and he had auburn hair. He was as good to look upon as the averange college student, but not more so. He was usually above the average in his studies, but not far above. Now, friend reader, you think you have read a description of the hero in contrast with the ordinary person I mentioned before. You have not. They are one and the same person. How, you ask, can an Irishman be ordinary? I admit that it is not characteristic of the race, but the exception proves the rule, you know, and this story and its hero are merely the exceptions.

Terence, as I said before, was ordinary, and therefore susceptible to feminine charm, if not *vice versa.* He succumbed to the charms of a brown-eyed, peppermint-and-jasmine co-ed. Cupid had him roped and branded, and was now leading him to the slaughter. The mere thought of that last dance with Betty (beautiful name, that) swept him off his feet.

There you have in a nutshell the reason why Terence tried out for the college baseball team. Terence tried hard, and the result was that he made the team. Even though he was but a substitute, he could wear the coveted uniform. He would at last be able to play on the old diamond before his own class-mates. He would show them! Here was his chance, the CHANCE! It loomed large before him, but it was his. He was being weighed in the balance and he would not be found wanting.

Now that he was a member of the team, Terence was above the clouds. He swam in ether. The angels were his playmates.

For the first time in his college days, Terence was really happy. It was his senior year, too. His last shot at the longed-for quarry. He would make sure of his aim. And then, there was Betty. How he longed for her smile and word of congratulation. O happy days! Youth is so sanguine.

For two weeks Terence lived in a rosy atmosphere and a baseball uniform. When he practiced, he made the most of everything that came his way. Brilliant catches were every day occurrences with Terence, for hadn't Betty smiled upon him?

The day came on which the team was scheduled to play one of the greatest colleges in the state. The morning dragged by slowly, and the day seemed like a year. The students ate their lunches in haste and hurried to the field. The team was there idly knocking the ball around. Their nervousness was ill-concealed.

Terence was there with the rest. His day had come. When he left the field that night he would no longer be the goat. He would be somebody. Perhaps the hero of the game! Then, he knew that Betty was in the stands. He would show her that he was as good a player as any of them. Perhaps he was better.

The game started. Terence was in the field. All during the game the rooters disturbed the unoffending air. Terence was deaf to it all. He knew Betty was watching his every move. He did his best, which was just ordinary.

Came the last half of the ninth. The visitors were a run ahead. Terence walked in from the field like a man in a dream. He was still thinking of Betty.

Terence did not notice anything around him. He had a vague feeling that a man had just struck out. He made up his mind in a hazy way not to do the same. Someone jerked his arm, and he heard the fellows say "You're up!" It sounded as if he had heard it from miles away. He grinned foolishly.

Suddenly he was wide awake. His brain worked with lightning speed. He grabbed his favorite bat and looked out to the field. There were men on second and third. A thought struck him. He would hang his portrait in the Hall of Fame to-day. He would not try to make a long, spectacular hit. He would sacrifice, scoring the man on third and putting the winning run on third. The next man up was the surest hitter on the team and could surely bring in the winning run. His would be a noble sacrifice in more ways than one. Here was his last time to

bat for the school. The hit he had been longing for could never be his.

The pitcher put the first ball right over. Even a hitter like Terence could have killed it. But Terence stuck to his resolve. He bunted. He ran as fast as he could to first, but the ball was there ahead of him. He was out. However, he thought, the tying run was in. He was once more above the clouds. He thought of Betty, and of the smile she would give him. He thought of the word of approval from the coach.

All this flashed through Terence's mind as he walked from first to the bench. He glanced toward the plate where Ross should have been swinging his mighty bat. Ross was not there. The catcher was taking off his mask and mitt and the pitcher was walking to the bench. He was mildly surprised. He looked to the coach for the explanation.

"You fathead!" he hissed, "you could have killed that ball!"

Startled, Terence looked around him. The stands were fast emptying. Then the horrible truth flashed upon him.

HE HAD MADE THE LAST OUT!

J. M. CAMERON, H. S., '22.



"Whispering."

A GOOD many volumes have been written concerning the magic spell of music. Likewise a good many battles have been won chiefly through the inspiring effect of some martial or patriotic air. And who can say how many fair ladies have lost their hearts to gallant young cavaliers, merely because the aforesaid g. y. c.'s happened to be able to pull a sentimental song out of a guitar or some kindred evil at the psychological moment? All these things and many another have been accomplished by the well-known variety of sound waves that "hath charms to sooth the savage beast"—or is it "breast"?

In fact, music has interfered with almost every contest in history, from the time Adam chewed an apple to the tune of "Get Out and Get Under," till it decided the late world's series. The manner in which it played its part in the series is responsible for this literary effort.

The story opens in a college town at a college "hop." The time of year is late October, the dance being the Hallowe'en masquerade.

Hector Martin, 'Varsity first baseman, stood in the doorway of the smoking-room, puffing a cigarette. The incongruity of the cigarette with his Romeo costume affected him not. Beside him stood his room-mate, Allie Gilmore, a young man whose literary tendencies had won him the position of sporting editor of the college weekly. Allie would undoubtedly have looked the perfect Mephistopheles had he not neglected to remove his horn-rimmed spectacles.

As the curtain rises they are deeply engaged in conversation. Martin is speaking.

"She's some peach, all right," commented the first-sacker, "one of those little bobbed-haired 'almost blondes,' the kind that make you want to fight for 'em. Her name's Dorothy Kendall, and I've the next dance with her. There goes the music now. See you later."

The orchestra struck up the opening strains of "Whispering", as Hector strode off to claim his partner.

At four o'clock the following morning, three hours after the dance, Hector Martin was still regaling his room-mate with impassioned phrases, in which the main figure of speech was "Dorothy." Each flow of oratory would end up with "and they played 'Whispering'," followed by a whistled rendition of the piece with more or less appropriate variations. Finally in desperation Allie shut off the raving with a well-aimed shoe.

Among his other accomplishments, Hector harbored some ability as a football player, being right half-back on the 'Varsity. The team had a good season that year and entered the final game with a clean slate. But the opposing aggregation were regular tartars, and the last five minutes of play found them three points ahead.

Now it was the custom at Hector's college for the student band to play at all football games. At this critical juncture the band began "Whispering". The effect was magic. Hector, who had been playing a rather listless game, stiffened suddenly. His signal was called, he took the ball, hit off tackle like a battering-ram, and ran forty yards for a touchdown, winning the game. And Allie Gilmore, in the stands, saw all this, and made a mental note of it.

The mid-year examinations came and went, and at their conclusion Hector and Allie were summoned to the president's sanctum, where they were told in a few choice words that they could undoubtedly make better use of their time elsewhere than in college, and that certainly they could make no more use of it. Thus ends their scholastic career.

Six months later found Allie working in the sporting department of a Smoky City daily. Hector by virtue of an accident to another player and an uncanny ability to wallop the ball was holding down the initial sack for the Buckos, Smoky City's entrant in the National League race. That was in June.

By mid-September the Buckos had cinched the flag and Hector was batting .364. Then came the slump. For six games Martin garnered nary a hit. The official figures at the end of the season gave him a percentage of .295. With matters in this stage, the world's series with the Indians began.

Never was a series more bitterly fought. Eight long, heart-rending games were played with neither team having an advantage. At the end of the eighth contest, the score in games stood at four all.

The flip of a coin decided that the final contest would be played in the Smoky City, That night the teams left Forest City in special trains. They arrived in the Buckos' home town early in the morning to find the city baseball-mad. The game was scheduled to start at two P. M. At eight in the morning twenty thousand fans were massed about the ball park clamoring for admisslon. One o'clock found forty thousand inside and another forty thousand jammed outside, threatening momentarily to

storm the gates, the greatest crowd in the history of baseball.

Two o'clock. A bell rang. The band ceased playing, and the umpire, removing his cap, faced the crowd. A sudden hush.

"Batt—rees for to—day's game," he bawled, "Vails and McRiehl for the Indians, Haddens and Flitt for the Buckos."

The Buckos ran to their stations on the field, Charley Haddens, the old master, taking his place on the mound, gracefully tossed a few to Flitt, and the game was on.

For fifteen nerve-racking innings the teams battled, neither scoring a run. For fifteen long innings, Allie Gilmore sat in the *Chronicle's* office, telephone receiver glued to his ear, receiving news of every ball and strike and passing it on to a man at a typewriter close by. And in those fifteen innings Allie received no word of a bingle by Hector Martin. Six times had his pal faced Vails, and each time he had popped a weak fly or rolled an easy grounder. Once he had struck out.

In the sixteenth came the break: with two out, "Spider" Crowell, short-stop of the Indians, worked Haddens for a pass. On the next pitch he stole second, sliding in safely a millionth of a second before Whitlaw, Bucko second-sacker, could put the ball on him.

Three more pitches and the count stood two and two. Jenson, the Indian left-fielder, was at bat. Haddens wound up slowly and delivered a beautiful "drop." Jenson, over-anxious, failed to meet the ball squarely and sent a wicked twister down the first-base line.

Hector set himself to make the play. It looked easy enough. The pellet dusted along swiftly. Nearer and nearer it rolled. Then a terrible thing happened; the ball struck a pebble and bounded sharply to the left. Hector made a frantic lunge, struck the sphere with his mitt and knocked it to the stands. Crowell scored standing up. The damage was done!

The next batter was an easy victim, via the strike-out route. The Buckos strode to their dugout with do-or-die looks on their faces.

Whitlaw led off. He grounded viciously to Crowell, who threw him out at first. The crowd groaned. Flitt, the iron-jawed catcher, took his position at the plate, dug in his spikes and laid a fast one to left for a clean single. The mob whooped crazily.

McCormick, batting for Haddens, dropped a Texas leaguer

behind third, and Flitt was held at second. The wild-eyed rooters went off in a delirium of joyous expectation. Two on and one out.

Higby, the doughty Bucko left-fielder, faced the Indian south-paw, grim determination in his every line. He tried valiantly, but his best effort was a long fly to right which advanced both runners a station. Ferry at the bat.

Hector Martin rose nervously from the bench, and selected a pair of bats. He followed Ferry. Suppose the fleet center-fielder shoud walk and pass the buck to him. Could he break the jinx? He spat on his hands and swung the clubs lustily.

Even as Hector did this, Allie Gilmore in a fever of excitement was talking over the wire to the sporting editor of the *Chronicle.*

"Is Hector going to bat for himself?" demanded Allie.

"Yep," informed the editor. "Ball one on Ferry."

There was a pause as Allie breathed a fervent prayer for an idea.

"Ball two. They're walking Ferry purposely to get Martin."

Then the idea struck Allie. It was one chance in a hundred, but it might work.

"Is that band still there?" he shouted wildly.

"Yes," came the reply. "Ball three."

"Then for God's sake tell 'em to play 'Whispering', and play it quick. I'll explain later."

The editor was a man of action. He asked no questions. As the umpire called "Ball four," filling the bases, a copy boy delivered a terse order to the bandmaster to start "Whispering" inside of five seconds, if he wished to leave the park alive.

The bandmaster looked surprised, as the piece was months out of date, but he also being a man of action, passed the word to his men to dig out the required music, and if they hadn't the sheets, to play from memory.

Meanwhile, Hector Martin had stepped into the batter's box, the frantic pleas of the multitude to "do something," ringing in his ears. Could he "do it"?

Vails wound up deliberately and shot a terrific one across the outside corner. Hector let it pass.

"Strike one!" bawled the umpire.

The next one was a fast curve. He fouled it into the stands. Two and none! What a "hole"!

A new ball was tossed in. Vails returned it high and wide. Hector failed to " bite."

" Ball one ! "

The catcher crouched low and signed for a high one on the inside. Even as the signal flashed to the pitcher, the bandmaster swung his baton, and the musicians blared forth with " Whispering ".

Before three notes had been played, Martin recognized the tune. He turned instinctively to the stands, his mind reverting to a ball-room scene and a little " bobbed-haired almost-blonde." His grip on the bat tightened. Vails wound up and let the pellet fly. It streaked toward the plate—high and on the inside. Hector, his thoughts returning to the business on hand, turned quickly, just in time to meet it.

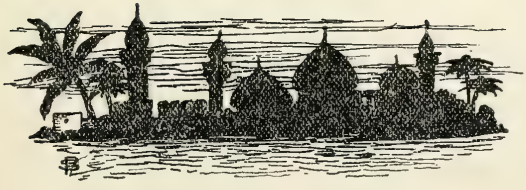
" Crash ! "

There was a loud groan. Hector Martin, a look of anguish on his face, sank into the dust across the plate. The ball had struck him fairly between the eyes ! They carried him off the field unconscious.

Well, that's about all there is to the story, except that of course Hector's being hit forced in Flitt with the tying run, and Vails was so unnerved by the incident that he pitched the next one clean in to the grandstand, scoring McCormick, with the run that won the world's championship.

And, oh yes ! We forgot to mention that Hector Martin is scheduled to marry a girl named Dorothy Kendall in June. They say the wedding march will be " Whispering ".

Paul G. Sullivan, H. S., '21.



The Coward.

THE young men from St. Anthony's Military Academy were enjoying their weekly hike through the surrounding country one beautiful May afternoon. Nature was just beginning to cloak herself with blossoming verdure. Young leaves and wild flowers were struggling to spread themselves to the sun. The air was filled with the varied songs of birds busily weaving their nests among the cherry blossoms. The spirit of youth and jollity filled the air.

Someone proposed a race. The suggestion met with general approval. Soon twelve young men were lined up at the starting point. The finish was to be an old well by the Cotter farm-house about half a mile down the road.

"Go!" shouted the referee, and immediately twelve young athletes dashed along the road. On and on they sped, each exerting every nerve and muscle to the utmost. But soon the superior prowess of one brawny lad, Dan McHenry, showed itself and he gradually drew away from his competitors. Never once slackening his speed he finished a full hundred yards ahead of the nearest contestant, Tom McDonald.

A cheer arose from the rest of the students as they saw his triumphant wave. He turned to the well for a drink of water. As he lifted the cup a frightful scream escaped from his lips and he sank to his knees. His eyes were fixed as if by some magic spell on a long, slimy copperhead, noiselessly gliding upon the Cotter baby, that played nearby, unaware of its great danger. McDonald after finishing rushed to his side and cried alarmedly, "Dan! What's the matter?"

But Dan only extended his trembling arm towards the baby. Tom looked, and recoiled in horror, but only for an instant. The venomous reptile was only a few feet from the child. He snatched up a fallen branch, and with one glance of contempt at the trembling figure, dashed forward. He raised the club aloft and brought it crashing down on the head of the reptile just as it was about to strike. The rest of the students, who had arrived just as he performed this heroic act, burst into a lusty cheer. Then turning they cast angry and scornful looks at the trembling winner. McHenry slunk away ashamed and disgraced.

The news of the incident spread over the whole school. Tom became the pride of the students while Dan lived in misery and disgrace, shunned by everyone, and only referred to as "the coward."

May merged into June, and preparations were being made

for the annual play. The evening of the play arrived, the whole student body was seated in the auditorium waiting for the curtain to rise. Suddenly a lurid flame flashed from two crossed electric wires behind the scenery. All lights went out. The sparks ignited the scenery and soon the stage was a mass of flames. A mad rush for the exits began and confusion reigned everywhere. In some manner all managed to flee to the campus.

The students were ordered to form companies at once. Upon doing this the captain of Company A, Tom McDonald, was found to be missing. A hurried search in the other companies revealed no trace of him.

"He was in the dressing-room before the accident," cried one fellow, "but I thought he came out safely."

Word soon spread among the boys that Tom was still in the burning building. All hope of saving him was despaired of, for it was certain death to enter that mass of flames. But before anyone could stop him the figure of an athletic-looking young fellow was seen to dart into the fiery hall.

"It's The Coward!" shouted the crowd. "Stop him!"

But he kept on through the suffocating smoke and stifling heat. Struggling blindly forward, he at last reached the dressing-room. The heat was intense, each breath scorched his throat and nostrils, but on he went until he stumbled over the senseless body of Tom. Picking him up, once more he faced the flames. His strength was ebbing and his senses failing, but with almost superhuman grit he kept on. Once he stumbled and lay still, his limbs refusing to act; but again he gritted his teeth and struggled through the disordered hall. At last he emerged from the burning structure with his human burden. A mighty cheer burst from every throat as he fell senseless to the ground.

He awoke in a cheerful room in the city hospital surrounded by an admiring but anxious group of students.

"Where is Tom?" he cried excitedly.

"Never mind, Dan. He is safe and well," explained a doctor, "but you had a narrow escape yourself."

"Oh, don't mind about me," said Dan. "I'm only a worthless coward. You know," he said falteringly as a lump rose in his throat, "the mere sight of a snake casts an awful fear or charm over me so that I cannot move. Please, fellows, forgive me. I have tried my best to redeem myself."

The moist eyes of his fellow-students answered him better than the most eloquent speech.

JOSEPH S. NEE, '24.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Maytime.

NO MONTH of the school year is so delightful as May; none seems to pass so quickly. The lawn is green again, and dotted with dandelions. The Fathers' walk is shaded once more, and the purple iris blooms along the whole length of the building. All day long, except in class and study periods, the ball diamonds, the tennis courts and the handball alleys are in use. Evening after evening, we gather before the altar of the Blessed Mother to sing her praises.

Alas! the time is almost too pleasant for work. The open air is the place for us; a little limbering up, or perhaps a serious game, is all that we have ambition for. We all know the symptoms—it is "vernal lassitude." But shall we yield? May, we must remember, is the last full month of the school year, and every hour is doubly precious.

Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to *wait*

for vacation time.

GERALD SCHROTH, '22.

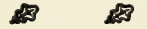
Moving Day.

THE time is at hand, when people prepare to pack their belongings, not their accoutrements for a hunting trip or some such vacation, but their furniture and household goods, for the arrival of the moving van. With a heavy heart, many a poor mother is quietly suffering; for she knows not, with her small means, where to find shelter for herself and for her

little ones. To her, the present rents are excessive, and the small wages of a poor man with a large family, if he is so fortunate as to have any income at all, cannot shelter, clothe, and feed one comfortably.

But beside this annual occurrence, a new difficulty presents itself on this year's programme. May the first, the so-styled moving day, happens to fall on a Sunday. However, according to the Blue Laws, prevalent in the State of Pennsylvania, the transfer of storage, etc., on the Sabbath is forbidden. But what can one do? Can the landlord oust his tenants on the expiration of their lease, or must they be granted a day of grace? This problem has been brought before the legislature, but no definite answer has yet been received. What a pity, if the people are required to move on the Lord's Day! Give the tenants a day's grace.

REGIS E. WEHRHEIM, '21.



Fanatic Legislation.

THE denizens of a certain western city are courting notoriety in a novel manner. In loud, commanding tones, they announced to the universe that they had forever expelled from their midst "the prince of this world" with all his legions. Theatres, movies, dance halls, tobacco in all its forms, were eternally banished. Theirs was to be the model city.

Pitiful fanaticism! All the things these reformers (!) aim to abolish, instead of being instruments of evil, are, in the hands of sensible people, agencies for good, whose beneficent influence can be surpassed only by that of the Church herself. Human beings must have some form of amusement, and to debar them utterly from its indulgence will most assuredly not make them virtuous.

Let these well-wishers of humanity see to it (if they can) that the shows entering their town are clean and respectable as well as entertaining; let them demand that their movie-houses abolish pictures that show crimes and scandals, or that ridicule religion; let them allow the younger set to hold dances where the proprieties are observed: and then they will find that virtue can flourish even in an atmosphere of pleasure.

V. J. RIELAND, '21.

Cardinal Gibbons' Advice to Boys.

ALTHOUGH the mortal remains of that great prince of the Church and representative American, James Cardinal Gibbons, have been laid to rest, it is our good fortune to preserve the nuggets of wisdom that fell from his lips. On every phase of life, social, political, religious, he was always ready to offer words of enlightenment and encouragement. It is the good fortune of the editor to possess a small discourse given to a friend while traveling on a train. It contains a world of wisdom, which it would be well for every student to ponder.

"It is an old, old saying that the boy is the father of the man, but I wonder if boys have ever stopped to think what it means. It means that the boy is the most important thing in the world. Think of that. Let me have the boy to work with and train, and I don't care who looks after the rest of the world, for in a few years the boy will be the rest of the world. The boys of to-day are the men with responsibilities, the men who are doing big things—to-morrow. They should remember that.

"What is success in life? Success is nothing more nor less than doing well the things we have to do every day. Success is duty performed, that is all. There can be no greater success than that. The boy who does every day the little things he is set to do, and does them well, has succeeded. When he becomes a man he is still a success, if he performs his everyday tasks and duties faithfully. There may be no fame, no sounding of trumpets for him, but he is a success.

"Fame is an accident, anyhow; it doesn't matter. Fame is pleasant, but after all, is it a bit more pleasant to be famous than to be a common man, unknown, perhaps, but with a knowledge that the duties that have lain before him have been done?

"The qualities most desirable in a boy are faithfulness, plodding perseverance, persistance in doing whatever is set for him to do. These things will gain him success where genius would fail, unless it is that sort of genius which is nothing more than infinite hard work. That is the best genius, hard, steady, careful work. It is the real genius."

V. J. RIELAND, '21.

Exchanges.

AN EDITORIAL in the *St. Vincent College Journal* advocates the establishment of an American Academy of Literature. It affirms "America's ability to control her own destinies and hand down to posterity a standardized set of guiding principles that shall reap their fruits in the works of the great masters yet to come." The theme is worked out with cogent argument and literary grace. Timely and interesting are the other contributions to the editorial pages. "The Judge's Gratitude" is a clever piece of fiction, in which the young man who is desirous of becoming the judge's son-in-law saves "his honor's" life and property in the discharge of his duties as a secret service man. A strong plea for the starving millions of Europe is made in the article "Shall We Too Pass Them By?" While we admire the style we cannot see the logic of coupling Ireland and "Kulturland" in the same plea. "Enter, the Woman in Politics", is a well-written paper giving the pros and cons for suffrage. Is not the day for neutrality passed? Good literary criticism is that on "Newman's 'Lead, Kindly Light'". The "charm and appeal behind this lyric of the soul" are well accounted for in a careful analysis, for which the biographical introduction paves the way.

"Boy, Page the Surgeon", a short story, and "Life's Day", a poem, stand out as the best in the March number of *The Mountaineer.* The story proves quite a surprise; it is far better than the title would indicate. The plot is not new and not everywhere expertly handled, but this is redeemed by originality of expression and real power of description. "Life's Day" is a simple yet appealing bit of verse that contains both truth and poetry. "The Birthplace of Religious Liberty" is a comprehensive historical essay setting forth the founding of Maryland and her struggles to maintain the ideals of religious freedom of which the first Lord Baltimore was the exponent and defender. "St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland", is an expository paper full of information on a topic of perennial interest. "The Advantages of Inter-collegiate Boxing" are dealt with concisely and persuasively. The editorial on "Razzing" is timely, pointed, and convincing. The "Local Chat" is of the breeziest.

The University Symposium is true to its name; most noteworthy about this journal is its well-balanced programme. A poem, two stories, two essays, a biography, editorials and local items make up its *table des matières.* "The Popularity of Prohibition" deals seriously with a serious question; amongst other points this one is made, that at present "twenty-three per cent.

of the population [of the U. S. A.] may impose its will upon the entire country, and less than five per cent. of the population may flout the will of ninety-five per cent." "A Problem and a Solution" is an illuminating treatment of the complicated industrial problems of to-day, well reasoned and well documented. A frank and impartial statement of the case is followed with the suggestion of a remedy, which is none other than that of acting according to the motto, "Men are square." Examples are cited of how this has worked out in practice, and the warning is voiced that unless Lincoln's insistance on government of, by and for the people, is applied to industrial matters, revolution is sure to follow. "Thomas Edward Shields—A Tribute" is gracefully and sincerely written. Of the short stories, we prefer "When the Country Calls". It is a reflection of life, smoothly told, with considerable novelty in the plot. "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi" is a racy, rapid fire, preposterous bit of sport fiction that, despite its improbability, commands interest and attention—typically American, ultra-modern.

The spring number of the *D'Youville Magazine* is, like its predecessors, unique among college magazines. Its appeal is not through stories, essays, yarns and quips, but almost solely through masterly critical reviews. The D'Youville girl wings her flight aloft and soars through the rarer atmosphere breathed by the master minds of literature. "An Art of Poetry" voices a veiled command: "if you would be a writer, go study the master writers and then do as they did." We heartily approve the sentiment, that "Americans too readily accept the novel, sensational and sentimental nonsense that is wished on them by second-rate novelists and poets." The subtle use of vocabulary, the simple, lucid, yet withal charming style, excites and maintains interest. "The Art of Paradise Lost" is a worth-while dissertation on Milton's splendid epic, illustrated with representative quotations. The blind poet's power of description, his lofty thoughts and peculiarities of expression, are emphasized in unprofessiorial language. There are judicious reviews of Belloc, Tomilson, and De La Mare.

We welcome several new exchanges, *St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle,* from Philadelphia, and *Le Petit Seminaire,* from Chicago, and only hope their later efforts will be as successful as their first venture has been.

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, '23.

The Spring Play.

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM

RED MASQUERS'

SPRING ENTERTAINMENT

Friday, April 1, 1921

A PAIR OF LUNATICS

by W. R. Walkes

CHARACTERS

George Fielding.....*Richard H. Ackerman*
Clara Manners.....*Mercedes M. Hoffmann*

SCENE:

Sitting room of the Saratoga Home for the Insane. TIME: The present.

THE BELLS

(as played by the late Sir Henry Irving)

CHARACTERS

Catherine.....*Cora Nill*
Hans.....*Chris Hoffmann*
Sozel.....*Margaret Roberts*
Annette.....*Teddy Tolputt*
Walter.....*Vincent Burby*
Christian.....*Clement Strobel*
MATHIAS....*Richard H. Ackerman*
Doctor Zimmer...*Joseph Brumbaugh*
Notary.....*John McKeown*
Clerk of Court.....*Eugene Murphy*
Judge.....*Leo Schneider*
Mesmerist.....*Thomas Mahony*

THE SCENES

ACT I. A room in the Burgomaster's house. Dec. 24, 1833.

ACT II. Best room in the Burgomaster's house. Dec. 26, 1833.

ACT III., Scene 1. Bedroom in the Burgomaster's house. Evening.

Scene 2. The dream of Mathias.

Play produced under the direction of RICHARD H. ACKERMAN

Settings designed by Rev. John F. Malloy

Vocal Music arranged by Rev. F. X. Williams

Instrumental Music arranged by Prof. C. B. Weis

THE foregoing programme draws attention to what was unquestionably the most ambitious and the most successful theatrical production ever attempted on the University stage. Passing over the delightful curtain raiser, "A Pair of Lunatics", we must give a fuller comment to "The Bells". This fine old tragedy has been done hundreds of times by actors of such standing as Richard Mansfield, Henry Irving and James O'Neil. It was no small undertaking for a student of the School of Dramatic Art to coach the play and enact the leading role; but in both respects Richard Ackerman acquitted himself with

eminent success. The dream scene, in which Mathias, under hypnotic influence, re-enacts the murder of the Jew, was a profoundly impressive climax, for which all that went before had well prepared the way. The supporting company was individually and collectively strong.

The stage pictures were extremely effective, the Alsatian costumes, the special scenery, and the lighting, all contributing their part. For weeks previous to the performance, a large staff of volunteers worked at fever heat as carpenters and painters. Besides building the beautiful settings of the second and third acts, they produced a new "grandfather's clock" and a real spinning-wheel. Here we must give due credit to James Fahey, stage carpenter; Henry Goff, Eugene Murphy, John O'Donnell and Francis McGowan, painters; Herbert Haberl and William Kreuer, electricians; Maurice Klaser, Anthony Fisher, Raymond O'Connor, and John Kirby, stage crew; and Adelbert Mulcahey, Joseph Kelly and James Clair, property men. The effect of the whole performance was also considerably heightened by the incidental music furnished by Professor Weis. The orchestra and glee club filled in the intervals with some splendidly executed numbers.

CHRONICLE

Uptown School.

The Very Rev. President attended the funeral of Cardinal Gibbons in Baltimore. He was also a member of the commission sent from Pittsburgh to welcome Cardinal Dougherty on his return to his metropolitan city and to present to the new prince of the church a letter of congratulation from the diocese of Pittsburgh. This letter was a real work of art, bound in leather and illuminated in gold and colors by Mr. G. E. Gustafson, a graduate of Duquesne University School of Accounts.

Very Rev. President

Three entertainments were given in April. On the 3rd, three divisions of the First High participated in a show brimful of youthful spirit and vim.

Overture.....Students' Orchestra
A Word of Welcome.....John M. Lambert
Vocal Solo—My Mammy.....Mark Brooker
Recitation—The Wreck of the Hesperus.....Jerome Flynn
Playlet—The Schoolmaster.....First High E
Timothy Tullyhorn.....John McCartney
Dr. Pellet.....Eugene Kenfield
Samuel Simpson.....John Balint
Cornet Solo.....Albert Amrhein
A Mock Trial.....First High C
Duquesne University vs. James Dolan
Judge.....Jerome Good
Clerk.....Joseph McLaughlin
Attorney for the Plaintiff.....Vincent Deer
Attorney for the Defendant.....Gilbert Carney
James Dolan, the boy.....Valentine Ganter
The Father.....Paul Callaghan
The Mother.....Joseph Stephens
The Prefect of Discipline.....John McCartan
Percy Meadowlark.....Hugh Rush
The Jurors.....
Regis Conti Albert Shiring
Raymond Meis Edward Sulewski
Piano Solo.....Joseph Strini
Selection.....Orchestra
Solo, Dialogue, and Trio by the First High B Troupe.....
Francis A. Dwyer Regis C. Bryson
George C. Miller Lawrence V. Buckley
Sketch—What Became of the False Teeth.....
Mr. Jenkins.....Irving Cleary
Mrs. Jenkins.....John Kozicki
Dr. Flint.....Walter Barrett
Rastus.....James Murphy
Scene—A Sitting Room
Exit March.....Orchestra

The Second High C held their "class night" on April 8th. While only a small representation of the class had volunteered, these gave a good account of themselves.

Music.....Students' Orchestra
Recitation—Jimmy Brown's Sister's Wedding.....Stanley Anuskiewicz
Playlet—The Stupid Witness
The Witness.....E. Kelley
The Lawyer.....J. Good
The Judge.....S. Sourla
Waltz—Sweet Spring.....Students' Orchestra
Playlet—A Capable Servant
The Servant.....A. Mulcahy
Dudley Ashton.....S. Sourla
Uncle Jerry.....J. Good

Violin Solo.....F. Doelbor
Exit March.....Students' Orchestra

It remained for the Fourth High to close the year's series of weekly entertainments. This they did on April 17, with a big bill furnished by both divisions. Division A ran true to form for originality, dash, and musical ability, in a highly diverting tabloid best described by its sub-title, "A South Sea Extravaganza". Division B lived up to its reputation in a minstrel show of considerable merit, and won a close decision on the debate.

March—Ben Hur, *Hall*.....Students' Orchestra

Part I.—Fourth High A

THE CAPTIVATING CASTAWAY

A South Sea Extravaganza, by Paul G. Sullivan

CHARACTERS

Bill Smith, the Motion Picture Director.....Victor O. Friday
Jimmy Jefferson, the Camera Man.....Francis J. Grunder
Tele Sansfil, the Property Man.....Marion J. Bostaph
Cecil Harold du Mont, Movie Star.....Paul G. Sullivan
Bill Sims, an Able Seaman.....Edward J. Gaffney
Ulysses Gadson, the Colored Chef.....Joseph J. Dolan
Chu Chu, King of the Island of Gumbo.....Eugene A. Conti
Yum Yum, His Queen.....James Vitullo
Chow, the Princess.....Francis A. Riley
Hombru, Prime Minister.....Sidney W. Madden
Dotty Dixon, a Movie Heroine, Engaged to Du Mont.....Edward F. Kelly
Lieut. Moore of the *Koko Maru*.....Albert C. Kelly
Cannibals.....

A. Fisher	R. Guthrie	J. Hoffmann
P. Miller	J. Monaghan	R. Slusarski

Other Movie Actors—T. Sullivan, C. Moran, Robert Murphy

Place—Coast of the Tropical Island of Gumbo

SCENE 1—6 P. M. on a Summer's Evening
SCENE 2—9 P. M. The Same Night
SCENE 3—7:30. Two Nights Later

One Step—Bells of St. Mary's, *Adams*.....Orchestra
Intermezzo—Strut Miss Lizzie.....Orchestra

* * * * *

Part II.—Fourth High B

VARIETY MINSTREL

Interlocutor.....Charles Cherdini

End Men—Leo Curran Vincent Kiesel
Rex Mansmann William McGarry

Opening Number—Chorus—My Mammy, Carolina Sunshine
Recitation—The Puzzled Dutchman.....George Absalom
Recitation—A Case of Perplexity.....V. P. Burby

Violin Solo—Cavatina.....William Jacko
Dialogue—We Are All Letters.....A. Friedrich and T. Noroski
Song—Avalon .....Harry Krepley and Chorus
Waltz—The Spirit of Love, *Hall*.....Orchestra
Dialogue—Street Side Conversation.....B. Appel and A. Snyder
Song—I'd Love to Fall Asleep and Wake Up in My Mammy's Arms.....
A. Schneider and Chorus
Violin Duet..... J. Haney and J. Lennox
Quintet—Little Boy's Troubles.....
J. Witt, L. Snyder, A. Ey, H. Krepley, A. Gallagher
Closing Chorus—Broadway Rose.....Minstrel Troupe

* * * * *

DEBATE—Resolved, That Pittsburgh Should Follow the Daylight Saving Plan This Year

Affirmative (Fourth B) C. Cherdini, L. Snyder, V. Burby
Negative (Fourth A) A. Kelly, T. Sullivan, T. Thornton

Polish Minister at D. U.

On April 29th the University was honored with a visit from Prince Casimir Lubomirski, Minister of the Polish Republic to the national government. He was accompanied by Dr. Z. Kurnikowski, Polish consul at Pittsburgh, and Mr. Piekarski. The Prince is a fine scholar, having degrees in law, political science and forestry. He expressed great satisfaction at all that he saw in the various departments of the University.

Coming Events

The Public Speaking Contest is scheduled for May 1, and the Big Play, "The Commuters", for May 24 and 25.



'VARSITY.

THE 'Varsity Baseball team has been playing in hard luck. On paper the Dukes have no superior in the Tri-State district, but in the actual games they have been woefully weak. This weakness is apparent especially in the defense. The team seems to have plenty of potential hitting strength, although

in several contests, the "punch" has been lacking at the critical moment. Undoubtedly there is a lack of concerted action. This is due to the fact that few of the men have played on college teams before. This roughness will wear off as the season progresses.

The 'Varsity is strong. There is a good man in every position and the substitutes are of high calibre. The pitching department is excellent. Vebelunas has done some wonderful slab work; he has great natural "stuff", but at times does not receive the support he should receive. Erlain, the slugging south-paw, is going good, but he too has encountered some tough breaks. Mareski is pitching his usual heady game. McGrath has been troubled with a sore arm, but the recalcitrant "soup-bone" is rounding into form nicely. If Pat regains his old-time form we'll see some great hurling on the Bluff. O'Neill is holding down the hot corner in big league style. The Greenfield boy is also hitting 'em out. His pal, Ryan, is playing a neat game at short. His endless chatter keeps his team-mates on edge; here's hoping he keeps it up. Kilday guards the Keystone sack; he is a player of the Cutshaw type, steady, a timely hitter, and a good base-runner—in short, a real "find". Our old friend Klinzing is on first, and bats in the clean-up position. "Moon" as a ball-player is on a par with "Moon" as a floor star—nuf ced. McKnight and Tenney, the Oakland fork-handers, leave little to be desired in their respective positions of left and center fields. Both swing a wicked willow. Captain Cramer and Al Ridge are the "sugar" back of the bat. They can wallop the apple too. Horne has played good ball when he has had the chance. He will be ripe for a regular job next year.

All the team needs is team work. When we get that we'll clean 'em all up. The scores to May 1st follow:

Duquesne 1, Carnegie Tech 4	Duquesne 1, Bucknell 4
Duquesne 2, Martinsburg 5	Duquesne 11, Grove City 13
Duquesne 1, Susquehanna 7	Duquesne 8, Thiel 5
Duquesne 7, Indiana Normal 8	Duquesne 2, Juniata 3

P. G. SULLIVAN, '21.

PREPS.

The second team, composed of the best material in the High Schools, is this year called the D. U. Preps. Now that the dust has cleared away, we shall try to count their victories. Sixteen schools, local and otherwise, were scheduled to face our champs.

Some surprisingly good baseball has been played, and again some that was surprisingly poor, but their virtues outnumber their faults. While we are speaking of virtues, justice demands that we call attention to the prime quality first-basing of Sullivan and the superb hurling of McQuade. They play errorless ball. Wilinski's smoking pitches also put a few in the refrigerator. The war clubs of Rooney, Snyder, Keefe, Titz and Cherdini kept the horsehide glancing out of enemy gloves all during the season. Many games were cinched by the timely arrival of Finn, McCaffrey, Bick, Micher and Gallagher. The scores to date:

D. U. Preps. 9, Pittsburgh Academy 0.
D. U. Preps. 30, Fifth Avenue High 1.
D. U. Preps. (forfeit) 0, Allegheny High 9.
D. U. Preps. 16, St. Mary's 3.
D. U. Preps. 17, Shadyside Academy 2.
D. U. Preps. 9, Allegheny Vocational 5.
D. U. Preps. 6, Aspinwall 5 (ten innings).

JOSEPH M. CAMERON, '22.

JUNIORS.

After much serious effort the Coach has been able to get together the best working combination possible for this year's Junior team and thus far he has been very well satisfied with the present line-up. The election of a Captain resulted in the almost unanimous choice of William Zapf, the stellar short-stop of last year's Minim team. The pitching staff, consisting of Maughn, Connolly and Carmody, has been tried and not found wanting. Kane and Hurley, with Wissenbach as second string man, made a good selection for the catching department. Boyle is doing fine work at first; Loughren at second, Bullion at short, and Wilson at third, complete a very smooth working infield. The outer works are taken care of by J. Witt at right, Zapf at middle and Clary at left. Murphy, Kirby and Klaser are being carried as utility men.

To date thirteen games have been played, and the Juniors have lost two of them. By far the most interesting of these games have been those with Sacred Heart High, Riverside High, and St. Michael's Casino. The Sacred Heart game went fourteen innings and was won by the Juniors, 7–5. Maughn relieved Connolly after the fifth inning and pitched a very steady game. The Riverside game was won by the score 3–1, and marked the beginning of Carmody's career as a pitcher. This

lad let down the High School boys with not a clean single, though errors accounted for two scratchy hits. The St. Michael's game deserves a place of honor in our Chronicle for the reason that most of these players were men and they had a three run lead when the Juniors found themselves and in one inning scored six runs, the entire batting order of the Juniors coming to the plate before the inning was over. The final score was 7–3 in favor of the Juniors.

The following is a list of the games played to date, with scores and Junior batteries:

Juniors 7, P. V. Jrs. 5. Maughn and Kane.

Juniors 1, Crafton H. 0. Gunde and Kane. (Called in third, rain).

Juniors 5, Business High 5. Connolly and Kane. (Seven innings, by agreement).

Juniors 8, Southern 45. Gunde, Maughn and Gilday.

Juniors 13, St. Luke's 1. Maughn and Kane.

Juniors 5, St. Rosalia's 6. Gunde, Maughn and Kane.

Juniors 7, Sacred Heart 5. Maughn and Connolly, Hurley and Kane (14 innings).

Juniors 4, Agnetians 6. Connolly and Maughn, Kane and Wissenbach.

Juniors 5, St. Thomas's 4. Maughn and Kane.

Juniors 9, St. Matthew's 7. Connolly and Kane.

Juniors 3, Riverside H. 1. Carmody and Kane.

Juniors 7, Casino 3. Maughn and Kane.



Alumni.

THE Duquesne University Club will hold its annual banquet in June, as part of the exercises of commencement week. The 1921 Bachelors of Arts will be the guests of the club, and will be formally initiated at the business meeting following the banquet. JOSEPH S. SZEPE, Esq., J. J. MCCLOSKEY, and F. J. LIGDAY have been appointed membership committee.

IT IS our sad duty to record the death of four of our oldest alumni: REV. THOMAS MAHON, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Kent, Ohio; EDWARD W. MIHM, who held important positions with the Queen and Crescent R. R., in Pittsburgh, the south, and the northwest; JAMES P. WALL, who was for many years prominent in the industrial, political, civic and religious life of the North Side; and MAXIMILIAM F. IHMSEN, a journalist of national prominence, since 1908 publisher of the *Los Angeles Examiner.* It was Mr. Ihmsen who wrote the first accounts of the Johnstown Flood in 1888; later he was connected with the *New York Herald* and the *New York Journal.* May they rest in peace!

DR. JOHN O'DONNELL, a former boarder from Donora, Pa., is now an interne at Allegheny General Hospital. He received his degree from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, last summer, in the same class as Doctors HODGSON, HOWARD and SEARLE, now doing duty as internes at St. Joseph's Hospital, South Side, Pittsburgh.

MARTIN J. COYNE has the air of a prosperous business gentleman. As district representative of the Caulk Dental Supply Co., with headquarters in the Diamond Bank Building, he has a rich territory for his activities, and he seems to be making the very best of them.

DR. FREDERICK MURRAY JACOB was married on April 14th to Miss Mary Regina Frauenheim, daughter of Mrs. Edward J. Frauenheim of South Rebecca Street, Pittsburgh. Archbishop Canevin performed the ceremony which took place in St. Paul's Cathedral.

ON April 27th, at West Newton, Pa., occurred the marriage of RALPH J. CRISTE and Miss Josephine DeBarr.

A. FLOYD MITCHELL with all his blushing military honors thick upon him on his return from the glorious battlefields of France capitulated to the charms of Julia Agnes Barry, to whom he was recently married. Our warmest congratulations to all these newly-wedded Alumni.

VALLERY MADDEN, who was a top sergeant on the ordnance during the war, is now displaying the efficiency there acquired as purchasing agent for the Pittsburgh Transformer Co.

The Holy Ghost Fathers' Missions in Africa and America.

THE Holy Ghost Order was the first order of missionaries to respond to the call made by ihe American Bishops at the Third Council of Baltimore in 1837, for missionaries to minister to the freed slaves who had returned to Africa.

Father Barron, Vicar-General of Philadelphia, was sent by the Bishops of this country to Rome, where he was consecrated Bishop for West Africa. He first went to France to seek laborers for his vineyard; and the Venerable Father Libermann, one of the founders of the present Holy Ghost Order, offered to him the services of his spiritual sons.

FIRST MISSIONARIES: AFRICA—Seven Holy Ghost Fathers set out for Africa with Bishop Barron on September 13, 1843. Broken in health, the Bishop was soon forced to return to America, where he died whilst ministering to the fever-stricken in Savannah. From that day to this the Holy Ghost Fathers have labored quietly but effectively in the African missions.

PRESENT MISSIONS: AFRICA—Within 78 years over 800 members of the Order have fallen victims to the treacherous climate of the Dark Continent. In recent years the Fathers have, some at least, enjoyed a long life, because they have learned to take the proper precautions. At present the Holy Ghost Order is in charge of 10 Vicariates-Apostolic, over which its own Bishops preside; 6 Prefectures-Apostolic, over which its own Monsignori preside; and 4 very extensive mission districts which have not been raised as yet to the rank of Prefectures. Throughout Equatorial Africa are scattered 165 Holy Ghost mission residences and 1154 mission stations. Within the territory confided to the Order there are about 49 million Pagans and about 345,000 Catholics. Last year (1920) at those missions 1139 couples were united in Christian wedlock; Catechumens numbered 112,000; about 980,000 Holy Communions were distributed.

NATIVE PRIESTS—As soon as possible natives were trained to take an active part in the evangelization of their own country. In 1919 there were under the direction of the Order 16 native priests, 10 seminaries, 22 native lay brothers, 39 native nuns and 2356 native catechists.

AMERICA: BRAZIL—At the present time the Order has charge of the Teffe District of Brazil. 20 of its members are working along the banks of the Amazon.

WEST INDIES—In the West Indies the Order conducts colleges whose colored students take the Oxford examinations.

U. S. A.—The first Fathers arrived from Europe, Novem-

ber 19, 1872, but it was not until 1878 that the formal recruitment of members began. In this year the Order opened a college at Pittsburgh for the higher education of the youth of the city, and as a means of recruiting members for the missionary life among the most abandoned, particularly the negroes of Africa and America.

COLORED MISSIONS IN THE U. S. A.—On August 1, 1889, a colored mission was opened in Philadelphia and one at Pittsburgh. At present 16 colored missions are confided to the Order in the United States, scattered over 11 dioceses. There are 28 Fathers laboring in these missions and 20 of these are graduates of Cornwells Heights and Ferndale, the Junior and Senior seminaries of the Order in this country. In 1919, 321 adult negro converts were received into the church at these missions and over 192,000 Holy Communions were distributed.

MISSION SEMINARIES—Missionaries for these missions among the negroes in Africa and America are prepared for their work at the Order's Apostolic Colleges and Seminaries which are to be found in Rome, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Portugal, England, Ireland, Canada and the United States of America.

At Cornwells Heights, Pennsylvania, there is an Apostolic College where aspirants to the mission career make their preparatory studies.

At Ferndale, near Darien, Connecticut, there is a Novitiate and Major Seminary for the philosophers and theologians of the Order.

For any further information address THE HOLY GHOST FATHERS, Darien, Connecticut, or Cornwells Heights, Pa.

Doubleday-Hill Electric Co.

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

719-21 Liberty Avenue Pittsburgh, Pa

JOHN L. CRONIN, President F. B. HILL, Treasurer

F. B. Hill Company

Grocers Specialties and Canned Goods

Terminal Warehouse, S. S., Pittsburgh

We specialize on No. 10 (Gallon Cans) Fancy Fruits and Vegetables in tin, for Institutions, Colleges, Hospitals, Convents, Hotels and Restaurants.

Your Checks Carry Two Names

—your name and the name of your bank. The name of a strong banking institution on his or her checks is of value to the depositor. Prestige counts.

Capital and Surplus, $11,000,000

Mellon National Bank

Smithfield St., Fifth and Oliver Aves.

Swindler & Scott Company

OF PITTSBURGH

DISTRIBUTORS OF THE FAMOUS "TROCO NUT BUTTER"

DRINK

Breakfast Cheer

COFFEE

The Coffee that starts you out in the morning with a

BIG BROAD SMILE

Sold by all first-class Grocers

Imported, Roasted and Packed by

THE

CAMPBELL & WOODS CO.

BASE BALL

GET INTO THE GAME

with

Spalding Equipment

Gloves, Mitts, Bats, Balls, Etc.



Our catalogue is now ready. It's yours for the asking.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

608 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa

Lead Kindly Light!

DUQUESNE MONTHLY



DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Vol. 28 JUNE, 1921 No. 9

Duquesne Monthly

JUNE, 1921

CONTENTS

What Laws Can Not Do	Regis E. Wehrheim	289
Cardinal Gibbons	V. J. Rieland	291
The Ethics of the Bar	Allen S. Amdur	293
What the High School Course Means	Paul G. Sullivan	296
The Homerun Smash	Marion Bostaph	298
The Making of Wills	F. A. Wolf	300
Editorial: —		
The Year's End	V. J. Rieland	306
Bishop Boyle	V. J. R.	306
Concerning the City Streets,	Paul G. Sullivan	307
Commencement		309
The Big Play		315
Chronicle		317
Alumni		318
Athletica		319
Duquesnicula	Kelly–Riley	322

D'YOUVILLE COLLEGE

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Grey Nuns

A College for Women, chartered by Act of Legislature of the State of New York. Registered with the University of the State of New York.

Courses leading to degrees in *Arts, Science, Pedagogy, Literature and Music*
Special preparation for High School Teaching.
Design and Painting, under Male Instructor.

RIGHT REV. WM. TURNER, D. D., Chancellor.

FACULTY :

Members of the Grey Nuns' Community, Members of the Clergy, and Men and Women Lay Specialists.

Holy Angels' Academy

In Connection with D'Youville College

College Preparatory and General Culture Courses. Music, Languages, Design and Painting. New York State Regents' Diplomas.

BOLD'S HOME-MADE BREAD

BAKED FRESH EVERY DAY.

It is so manifestly good and fresh that it produces a light, flaky crust that melts deliciously in the mouth, and there is no soaking in of the filling, nor sogginess, no indigestion.

Every Loaf is of Uniform Excellence, the Standard by which others are judged.

AUGUST BOLD, 821-29 Industry St., Pittsburgh

Hallen

Photographer

Bell Phones: Hemlock 569
Hill 1327 R

Commercial Photography

Portraits in Crayon, Oil and Water Color Paintings

1405 Carson Street and Post Office Building, Mt. Oliver

WAGNER BROS. SHOE CO.

WHOLESALE SHOES

429 LIBERTY AVENUE PITTSBURGH

Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXVIII. JUNE, 1921 No. 9

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Address: Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Entered as second-class matter, at the Pittsburgh Postoffice, April 30, 1911

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1108. Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 22, 1918

VINCENT J. RIELAND, A. B., '21, Editor-in-Chief

Associate Editors

REGIS E. WEHRHEIM, A. B., '21 GERALD A. SCHROTH, A. B., '22

CLEMENT M. STROBEL, A. B., '23 . . . . Exchanges

LEO J. MCINTYRE, A. B., '21 . . . . . Alumni

ROBERT G. REILLY, A. B., '23 . . . . College Notes

JOHN F. O'CONNOR, B. C. S., '23 . . . . Finance Notes

FRANCIS J. LIGDAY, LL. B., '23 . . . . Law Notes

RICHARD H. ACKERMAN, D. A., '21 . . Public Speaking Notes

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, H. S., '21 . . . . Athletics

FRANCIS A. RILEY, H. S., '21 ALBERT C. KELLY, H. S., '21 Duquesnicula

Business Managers

PATRICK L. MCGRATH, A. B., '23 REGIS O'BRIEN, H. S., '22

Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXVIII. JUNE, 1921 Number 9.

What Laws Can Not Do.

VALEDICTORY.

IN AMERICAN halls of legislation, as well as in foreign diplomatic circles, most efforts are being directed toward making people better through legislation. These activities are so maneuvered that they may not seem to interfere with Liberty, which is the foundation of our glorious Declaration of Independence. Liberty, as we all conceive it, is not the license to choose between good and evil, but, as St. Thomas says, it is the freedom to choose between things which are equally good. In such instances, the state's rights should not interfere with the individual's. Lately, however, the National Congress, the state legislatures, the city councils, have been considering a multitude of bills, of laws, of ordinances, all directed toward making people behave. Some of these have been put on the statute books. "The liquor traffic has filled our homes with misery, and lessened our industrial efficiency. Let us pass a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks, and all will be well. The movies are sensational, demoralizing to young and old. Let us pass a law to censor every film, and all will be well. Too few people go to church on Sundays, and too many amuse themselves on the Lord's day. Let us pass a law, a blue law, and all will be well." Such is our mode of reasoning: wherever evil shows its head, pass a law, enact restraining legislation, draw up ordinances of suppression, and straightway the monster must vanish!

The endeavor to make people good solely through legislation is indeed a mistaken policy, for men cannot be compelled to be good. As long as they are endowed with human nature, the impulses to evil will not be overcome by a mere civil law, nor will the fear of punishment alone deter a man from following the

dictates of interest or passion. The inclinations of man form his habits; and where is the man who can speedily change from one habit to its direct opposite? A thing does not become a habit until it is internal, until it has become part of ourselves; and when it has acquired this characteristic, only a force equally intimate to us will be able to counteract its powerful influence.

Again, the endeavor to make people good by legislation is an unjust policy, for it is an infringement of the free control of one's actions, a right guaranteed by our Constitution. Every good citizen admits the state's claim to repress crime and punish fraud, but he resents as unjust the assumption of power to control his indifferent actions. The policy of enforcing goodness leads to the false principle that Might and not Right must govern. Moreover, such a policy must indeed be disastrous, for, as facts have recently abundantly demonstrated, it results in wide-spread contempt for all law, not merely the laws that occasioned it. Thus it leads to anarchy, the abuse, the overthrow of all that is just and honorable.

No: Legislation alone is not a panacea for the evils that afflict the world. We have seen the futility of the prohibition laws. We have seen the futility of the Blue Laws. What therefore can be done? The only real way to make people good is to change them from within. The intellect and will, two springs of all human emotion, two directors of all human action, must themselves be trained and directed; and Education alone can lead these spiritual faculties toward an exalted goal. Only through Education, just such an Education as is given by our Christian schools the country over, can goodness be acquired; through such an Education as we have received and for which we shall be eternally grateful,—an Education for which we thank thee now, Duquesne, our *Alma Mater!*

Very Reverend President, to you we owe an immense debt of gratitude. Your paternal solicitude has ever been active in our behalf; so much so, that words cannot fully convey our feeling of appreciation. Our hearts are overflowing with thankfulness, but we are as mutes who can not express their desires. Very Reverend President, the graduating class bids you a loving farewell.

Reverend Fathers and Professors, to you we must say a parting word. If we have arrived at any degree of knowledge, if we have advanced on the road toward perfection, entire credit is due to you. In true Christlike spirit you have given all for the

benefit of those confided to your care. Forgive our frequent failings, as only natural mistakes of frail humanity, and hold nothing but good will for the devoted graduates who must now bid you farewell.

A final word to my fellow graduates. 'Tis true that the morrow will find us separated in body, but in spirit we shall always remain united. We must remember that our professors and superiors have zealously trained us for the battle of life; that they have given us our shields and have supplied us with the necessary weapons; but they cannot fight our battles. We must do that. So, armed with a firm faith and a true sense of right, let us show the fruit of their labors, let us fill our positions in life with courage and confidence; and especially let us always remain true to our fellow-man, true to our country, true to our church, and true to our God.

REGIS E. WEHRHEIM, B. A., '21.

James Cardinal Gibbons, the Ideal American.

BALMES, the Spanish writer, says: "The mysterious hand which governs the universe seems to hold for every crisis an extraordinary man. At the proper moment this man presents himself. He advances, himself ignorant whither he is going, but he advances with firm step towards the accomplishment of the high mission for which Providence has destined him."

In no nation whose history is recorded among the writings of men, is this fact more apparent than in our own. Although existing only a century and a half, the United States has produced several men whose names will be inscribed among the world's immortals as long as history will be written. The entire world reveres the name of Washington as a model of patriotism and courage: the name of Lincoln has become a synonym for patience and charity: while, united to these two, forming an American trinity as it were, stands the name of James Cardinal Gibbons. In him we find the patriotism and courage of Washington united with the patience and charity of Lincoln to form the greatest

American of the Twentieth Century. Just as the Supreme Ruler allotted to Washington the task of founding our nation: just as He decreed that to Lincoln should fall the task of preserving our nation, in like manner did He raise up Cardinal Gibbons to place our nation among the foremost Christian nations of the world.

When Cardinal Gibbons was born, the adherents of his faith in this country numbered 600,000, under one Archbishop and ten Bishops: they now number 18,000,000, under two Cardinals, fifteen Archbishops and a hundred Bishops. His name is the keystone and center of the modern history of the Church in the United States. It sums up, as no other single name can do, her marvelous progress in our country and her high standing among the mighty forces of the nation. We might truly say that the Church in America grew with him, for under his wise leadership she was strengthened and fortified, and through him, in large degree, she attained to the respect that is to-day accorded her

For fully a third of a century he has ranked among America's contribution to the world's immortals. As the model of Christian patriot and sage, he commands the reverence of millions of his countrymen, while the world in general looks upon him as an interpreter of our institutions, whose bold expressions in that regard left no unfriendly feeling behind them. The names of Newman, Manning, Pope Leo the Thirteenth, are names not only revered and honored by the Catholic Church, but to the world at large they are pregnant with great meaning. To these must be added the name of James Cardinal Gibbons. His name shall ever stand foremost among churchmen as the defender of progress in the Church and of free institutions in the State. His memorial will be the enduring legion, the marching army, of his own deeds; the unceasing messages of hope with which he lightened the burden of his brothers; his fruitful efforts for the Church and its gospel; his championship of the laborer and of all those who plod obscurely through the grey walks of life; his scholarship and his writings; his tolerance and his patriotism.

In an age of social and political unrest, Cardinal Gibbons stood as a model and guide, as the Ideal American. In his life we find portrayed the qualities which he himself advocated. As he advocated faith, in him we find this virtue cultivated to a degree surpassed by no other. It was his great faith in the American people that enabled him to secure a victory for Labor when that body was threatened with excommunication. As he preached

tolerance, he was the most tolerant American since the days of Lincoln. Following his own advice, he forgot the prejudices that separated him from other men and remembered the great ties that bind us all together as children of God traveling the road of life together. A firm advocate of patience, he was a model of patience. Whether as a chaplain comforting the dying victims of Gettysburg, or as a bishop laboring among the sparsely settled mountains of North Carolina, or as a Cardinal pleading the cause of American Labor before a misinformed jury of prelates, he was ever a model of patience. How long he waited for events to work themselves out! How uncomplainingly he bore with obstruction and contradiction! How forcibly did he exemplify the divine patience of the Redeemer!

While we mourn and must suffer in his loss, yet in our tears we must rejoice. His life has been a blessing to his countrymen. Americans, no matter to what denomination they belong, pause in silence before the grave in which he rests. There, wrapped in his robes of red, lies a prince among men. The voice, now still, was never raised in civic or religious strife. It ever pleaded for justice for his own Catholic brethren, for liberty for suffering humanity wherever found. A Patriarch of God, a great American, is no more. Though he walked with Popes and Presidents, though he bent beneath the weight of honors, though he towered even among the great men of his time, he was ever simple and frank and open, a great Cardinal, a true priest, a staunch patriot and a lovable man.

Along the western coast of our country, shielding the central plains as it were, stretches the vast chain of the Rockies. High above its ponderous mass, rearing its head to unbelievable heights, rises a single peak whose snow-clad summit towers majestically over the entire continent. And as the traveler gazes in awe towards the lofty peak of Mount McKinley, so will the future historian vision, among the truly great men of the Twentieth Century, the majestic figure of James Cardinal Gibbons.

V. J. RIELAND, B. A., '21.



The Ethics of the Bar.

THERE has long been a tendency on the part of some to criticize and disparage the effectiveness of our present system for the administration of justice, by questioning the sincerity of the Bench and the integrity of the Bar. This spirit of fault-finding exists, however, more in fancy than in fact, and upon close analysis, is found to be greatly overdrawn. For every detractor, there are a thousand men and women who trust their lawyer implicitly, in their most intimate and vital affairs, with all the frankness of personal friendship,—and who are justified in their trust! Let us briefly examine the causes and conditions giving rise to this real attitude of respect and confidence on the part of the general public.

To begin with, the attorney is a highly trained specialist. Before being admitted to practice, he must possess not only a profound technical knowledge of the law, but also a broad cultural background, the standards of which are being raised from year to year. In addition, the prospective advocate is carefully and earnestly inculcated with the ideals which motivate and the ethics which govern the members of the Bar. These rules of conduct are contained in substance in the oath of office which is administered to the attorney on being admitted. It reads as follows:

"You do solemnly swear that you will support the constitution of the United States and the constitution of this commonwealth, and you will behave yourself in the office of attorney within this court according to the best of your learning and ability, and with all good fidelity, as well to the court as to the client; that you will use no falsehood nor delay any person's cause for lucre or malice."

It must be borne in mind that the attorney is an officer of the court, a minister of justice. It is his duty to encourage and foster reverence for law and order and government, the foundations upon which are built the entire structure of society.

Besides this, he is the agent of his client, and, as such, must devote to his cause, loyally and ungrudgingly, all his learning, experience, industry and skill. He makes his client's cause his

own, sympathizes with him, takes his point of view,—becomes in spirit as well as in fact his advocate.

On account of the peculiar relation existing between them, the client must trust to the integrity of his lawyer his fortune, his reputation, his domestic peace, the welfare of those nearest and dearest to him,—aye, his life itself. He bares his soul in confidence, and the communications thus made are absolutely privileged and are forever sealed in the attorney's breast.

Towards his professional brethren, he must conduct himself with the good faith, the candor and the courtesy befitting the dignity of his calling. To win the respect of the Bar is his ambition; and this can be acquired only by real learning, strictest integrity and scrupulous regard for the rights of others. He realizes fully the truth of the words, "A good name is more to be desired than great riches."

Last, but not least, is the duty which the lawyer owes to himself, to follow the dictates of his own conscience, not that of his client; to do only that which he believes is just and righteous; to obey, if you please to call it so, the Higher Law, administered by the Searcher of all hearts in the court of ultimate appeal, the judgment seat of the Eternal.

Thus the lawyer devotes his whole life to the service of his fellow-man, promoting justice and protecting liberty. His only assets are his personal qualifications and the public esteem these win for him. In no other profession is moral worth so soon recognized as in that of the law; in none is it subjected to severer scrutiny by the public. Not only must his character be without a stain,—it must be absolutely above suspicion.

To be sure, there are some who fail to live up to these standards and some who fall by the wayside, as is inevitable among imperfect men. Yet these derelictions are few and far between, and when they do occur, come as a surprise and a shock to the community. The punishment meted out to such offenders is certain and severe. In some cases, it will be a criminal prosecution instituted by the commonwealth; in some it will be the condemnation and opprobrium of the Bar; while in others, it will be disbarment, which is professional death.

By these means, the Bar upholds its code of honor and preserves its sacred heritage. Inspired by glorious tradition and imbued with lofty ideals, it will continue to serve its historic mission,—the maintenance of the law and the liberty which it guards.

Allen S. Amdur, LL. B., '21.



What the High School Course Means to the Graduate.

THERE is an end to all things. It may seem vague and far away in the dim, distant future, but sooner or later it must come. It is the law of Life; it is Kismet. Of all things natural there is a beginning, a rise, a decline, and then the end. Thus has the rule ever been. Thus it has been written in the history of empires, in the annals of forgotten races, in the careers of the conquerors. All things must end.

And so it is with our high school course. It, too, must end. Four long years ago our class assembled for its first recitation period. For four long years we've worked together, played together, chummed together. In those years we have formed real friendships, friendships that will stand the test of time, friendships that we may think of in future years as still existing, firm as they are to-day.

And what changes have these four years wrought! We ourselves have grown from boyhood to young manhood. We entered Duquesne as a crowd of youngsters, fresh from the grade schools, full of grade school ideas, regarding teachers as natural enemies; we leave her finished high school products, imbued with high school ideals and a lively school spirit, realizing the true position of instructors as friends and guides. We came to Duquesne with no set object in life, drifters on the sea of learning; we leave her, guided by her steady hand, well on the course to our life work.

Almost as great as the change in the character of the class, is the change in its personnel. Many a face, familiar to us in our first, second, and third years, is no longer before us. Many a chap who sat with us as lower classmen has been forced by circumstances to leave Duquesne to take his place in the world. May they have the best of luck! New men have joined the class and, touched by the magic of its spirit, have become part of it, regular fellows, working always for the good of their "pals." And let me say here that the original class has ever been quick to admit these regular fellows to full membership in its circle. By this process we have built up a class spirit of which we are justly proud, a bond of attachment amongst ourselves the like of

which has never before been witnessed at Duquesne. We pray that it will live as long as *we* live.

But great as have been these changes, we are about to make a greater one. High school has transformed us from boys to young men. The next few years will see us come into legal manhood. It is for this that high school has prepared us; it is for this that we have toiled since the beginning of our scholastic careers, for this we have taxed our minds and racked our brains for more than a decade. Let us hope our efforts have not been in vain. The task before us is difficult, but we must face it, conquer it. For all of us the change is radical; another year may find us scattered to the four quarters of the globe, some at college preparing for the professions or business, others already at their post in the world of commerce. But wherever we may be, near or far, in school or out, rich or poor, sick or well, we shall look back on these four years as bright spots in our lives. We have had our ups and downs, our little troubles and trifling squabbles, for true friendship, like true love, can ne'er run smooth; but all that is past and gone and now we well may wear a smile, a smile, perhaps, of achievement; a smile, more likely, to hide a manly tear—the thought of parting is hard indeed.

But our time is drawing to a close. A few short moments and our class will be no more. And there is still a duty to be performed, a duty that must be attended to before we separate. Our present circumstance was not attained by our efforts alone. There are those to whom we are indebted for our success beyond all power of repayment. To these we may show our appreciation in two ways: by verbal thanks, which means little; and by making as much as possible of our careers, which means much. May we never fail to justify their expectations!

So, before we part, let us express our undying gratitude, first of all to our parents, whose struggle and sacrifice have made our education possible, who have ever stood by us, in fair weather or foul, and who will ever be true believers in our character and ability; second to our friends, whose encouraging words have helped us over many a rough spot, third, to our professors who have borne the brunt of the hardest work of all, making us work; fourth, to those who bear the unenviable task of enforcing discipline, and to everyone connected with the University, who has contributed to our comfort and advancement; and lastly to good old Duquesne, the grandest school that ever guided a fellow from entrance to commencement.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, H. S., '21.

The Home-run Smash!

A SWELTERING June sun was directing its decidedly unwelcome beams down upon a certain baseball diamond when—

"Wowie! Look at that ball travel! Right over the fence, too! Go to it, Bennie—that ball went so far the outfielder went after it on a motorcycle!" And turning to a companion this spectator remarked:

"Say, Bill, if that lad Bennie don't land a stellar job in a big league before he shaves for the first time, I'll eat my hat—with the rim thrown in, too! It would be a downright injustice to Baseballdom if he goes and joins a profession, as I hear he intends to do. Such sterling talent, O my!" And the speaker again concentrated his attention and the service of his stentorian lungs on the game, which, I might add, was being played—and played hotly—by Bennie's school and Barnumtown "Uni". But the latter was losing ground, thanks to Bennie's batwork and consistency at first base;—well, here's the words, the music went something like—no!—it would be a sin to publish the score.

But there was a spectator in the enthusiastically cheering crowd who watched Bennie queerly—watched his every move and play—in silence. A person next to him slyly said aside to a friend:

"One of those old fogies seeing baseball for the first time, I guess."

Carl Coogan, the miracle manager of the Gigantics, smiled to himself. He thrust his bronzed hand into his pocket and handed to them three or four "comps", cheerfully adding:

"Come down Friday morning—you act as though you are interested in Bennie too."

He said no more, and after the game made his way deftly to the players' quarters, but it was a few minutes before he could penetrate the throng of admirers around Bennie.

"Bennie, shake. I'm Coogan of the Gigantics. I've had my weather eye on you for some time, and you've shown me you got the stuff in you. I would consider it a favor if you will come down to the grounds Friday at 9 sharp. Will you?"

Did Bennie go? Will a duck swim?

There was no happier boy under that evening's sun than Bennie, when he related the manager's interview to his widowed mother. Sufficient to say his grand old mother shared in her only son's joy. He spent the evening talking over what they could do if he made good on the team. That dreamed-of apart-

ment would be realized, and they would never again feel the pinch of want.

Did Bennie make good? Will a duck swim a second time?

To make a short story shorter, Manager Coogan found in Bennie vastly greater possibilities than his fondest dreams had anticipated. This "find" made Coogan's fortune and securely established his place in the baseball universe.

Now I will transfer the scene of action to quite a different place—to quite a different city—to the scene of the machinations of the baseball syndicate.

The physically as well as financially opulent owners of the teams, members of the International baseball league, are met in secret congress.

The president of the association, rising after a general debate among the members, announces this decision:

"Friends:—Everything went like clockwork last season, thanks to your splendid management, and I need not dwell upon the fortune we raked off. Not even the keenest fan smelt a rat. This season I propose to do even better, and then after we have cleared enough for the present, to sell out. I have decided to let the Runnel team be pennant winner this season. The management of the details I leave to the captains of the respective teams. But I want to warn you that if we make a single blunder, you know right well where we will land! The meeting is adjourned."

The following season was a fast one. First one club led, only to be overtaken by another, and so on. After the smoke had cleared away at the end of the season, we find Runnel and the Gigantics crossing bats to decide the winner of the pennant. From ocean to ocean the public surged with enthusiasm and expectation. Mad bets ran into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. More comment and prophesying were bantered than on the world war itself.

The game is about to begin. Manager Coogan has received "orders" from the "man higher up." He takes Bennie aside and delivers them to him.

"Remember, the score will be tie when you face the pitcher in the last inning. You are to strike out—them's orders, understand!" And Coogan took his coaching seat in the box leisurely.

At this moment a black cloud passed over the glaring face of the sun and the water spigots of the heavens were turned on full force. Rain checks were hastily issued, and the game postponed until the following day, for it was decided beforehand that ideal

conditions must prevail or no game would be played that day.

Fortunately the next day ideal weather conditions did prevail—and the stadium groaned under even a larger crowd than the preceding day.

Bennie was astonished! the final inning spun around like the pointer on a roulette table, pointing to him to bat, just as the manager had said.

"It's my instructions," Bennie mumbled to himself, while the pitcher went through a series of bodily contortions, technically known as "winding up."

Coogan in the box had three fingers down.

"One strike!"

Bennie smiled, it was his rôle.

"Two strikes!"

Fortunes hung in the balance! The crowd held its breath as the pitcher confidently spun one over the pan, and Bennie deliberately—

Crack! and ran for all he was worth. The crowd broke into a tremendous cheer. As Bennie lightly leaped off home plate the center-fielder's head reappeared over the top of the fence, but it was too late—the Gigantics were proclaimed victors and pennant winners.

As the players filed into the club room the manager wrathfully intercepted Bennie:

"Bennie, you've ruined me and ruined yourself by that blunder—here come the directors now."

The silk-hatted gentlemen rushed in, fuming with rage, and shaking their fists vigorously at Coogan and Bennie.

"You fools, lunkheads! didn't you get your orders? You knew the syndicate's money was all out in bets on Runnel! You've ruined us!"

Bennie did something strange. He waited calmly until they were through raving, then blew a few short, soft blasts on a whistle, and ten men in soft black hats entered silently. Turning again to the surprised, and now understanding directors, he addressed them thus:

"When Coogan gave me your orders yesterday morning I saw right through the despicable fabric of American professional baseball! I knew the whole bunch of you were mean crooks, defrauding the unsuspecting sporting public of its hard-earned money—so I trotted over to the detective agency and blew the whole story to the sergeant. Yes sir, American baseball will not

be a clean sport until all the scoundrels like you have been run down and lodged in the cooler. I didn't expect to get so many of you. This is the end of my baseball career, but I've learned the lesson. I'm a plain man from now on. Clean sport, huh!"

Marion Bostaph, H. S., '21.



The Making of Wills.

THE making of wills is a matter that concerns probably the greater number of us. It merits particular attention in communities like ours where the right of private property is held to be one of the fundamental rights of the individual. It is also bound to assume importance where, through a wide diffusion of wealth, many, if not a majority of the people, have a reasonable expectation of being possessed at death of an accumulation of goods. The crowning complement of this ownership, our moral teachers say, is the right not only to the use of wealth during life, but also to its disposition after death,—effected by the last testament, or will.

It is not my purpose to discuss the law of wills with all its ramifications,—relating to the proper form, the capacity of the maker, the execution, probate, and construction of the instrument, the rights of legatees and devisees under its provisions, and the rights of heirs to contest it. It could not be hoped to cover such a comprehensive field in the space of a brief paper. Besides, the situation and circumstances of individuals are widely different, requiring treatment of the law from a great number of divergent standpoints. However, there are a few guiding principles that should always be borne in mind,—principles that are applicable not only to the man of large, but also to the man of small, means.

It may be conceded, as a legal proposition, that an owner may generally do as he pleases with his property. If he desires to throw his money into the river, it is regarded as nobody's concern but his own. Therefore, it follows, as a general principle, that what a man does in devising his lands and bequeathing his goods is upheld by the law, provided he was of sound mind and not under the improper influence of another. In the words of one of the late Justices of our Supreme Court, a man's will is

"the most solemn instrument he can execute." Consequently, the intention he expresses in it is to be carried out with the utmost faith.

But the tendency to abuse this power has resulted in the law's placing some restrictions on the right to will. These are not many and relate mostly to the postponement of the enjoyment of property for great and indefinite lengths of time. They were occasioned mostly by the desire that often exists in men to perpetuate their names by the founding of great and rich families. The records show many notorious instances where men, contrary to the public good and benevolence to their immediate families, have suspended all power to enjoy their wealth until some future generation. Our courts have always taken a decided stand against this, and during the eighteenth century formulated the celebrated rule against perpetuities. Under this rule and our statute against accumulations, a testator's right to give as he pleases is unimpaired, but he cannot postpone the enjoyment of his benefaction, or continue its accumulation for some future and remote generation. But aside from this, the law puts little restraint in his way.

There is, however, another class of restrictions, probably very rarely kept in view by one making post mortem disposition of his assets, namely, those dictated by the precepts of the moral law. These find their most important application in the relation of the testator to his family, and in the relation of the testator to charity.

A most vexing problem arises when a person deliberately passes over his children or near relatives and gives all to strangers, or to charities. Of course, a man has a legal right to do this, if he so chooses. There is slight interference on the part of the law in this respect. A married person cannot totally disinherit his or her spouse, because the law enables the slighted party, by merely filing an election to take against the will, to receive a certain share of the estate,—either a third or a half thereof, as the circumstances warrant, together with certain exemptions. Again, a will made by a party is revoked by a subsequent marriage or by the subsequent birth of a child, in so far as the interests of the other party to the marriage or the afterborn child are concerned. However, there is no legal rule prohibiting a person from cutting out from the enjoyment of his estate, his children or his near kindred.

Back in the Middle Ages, a man did not have the full power

to dispose of his property after death. He could not devise his real estate at all until the time of Henry VIII. This, however, was due to the public policy of the State in favoring primogeniture as a means of preserving the powerful families. But, over his personal property, his power in this respect was also hampered. Of this species of wealth, Swinburne, an old writer, tells us, he could bequeath only sometimes the whole, sometimes the half, and sometimes the third,—varying with his having no wife and children, or his having only wife or children, or his having both wife and children. Under the law of many European countries, following the Institutes of the Emperor Justinian, a certain part of a man's property is required for his wife and children. While the deceased, under our system of jurisprudence, has, by imperceptible alterations, acquired the right to will all of his estate, it does not always follow that he may arbitrarily pursue his own fancy and caprice in doing so.

A man is morally bound to provide for his wife, children, and parents, and possibly for his brothers and sisters who are dependent upon him. This applies not only during life, but also after his death. And, as Pope Leo XIII. has said, a father cannot properly effect this duty "except by the ownership of lucrative property which he can transmit by inheritance." Even where they are not dependent, he should not overlook his next of kin. They should be, by virtue of natural love, the first object of his bounty, and have, within reason, an expectation on his generosity. As the late Cardinal Gibbons said, "a person should, of course, see that the members of his or her family are provided for, as charity begins at home."

In this connection, testators very often make a sad mistake They give to children. But, in doing so, they fail to avoid discrimination and favoritism. Sometimes, the affection of a parent centres in one child. Under the law, as has just been said, there is nothing to prevent a man from giving all to his favorite. It may also be said that what a man possesses is his, and no one has a right to complain if disappointed in the expectation of a gift. Yet experience teaches that there is no greater disturbing element to family harmony, nor a source more prolific in contested will cases, than this very thing. The bestowment of his goods on one child rather than equally and justly upon all usually creates opposition and hatred among those whose fraternal affections are accentuated by the tie of blood. If not strict justice, prudence will cause the testator, where there is no

weighty reason to the contrary, to promote harmony and not foment discord among his children by this means.

However, presuming that a person has sufficient to provide amply for those by law and nature dependent upon him, and to give justly to those who rightfully entertain some expectation from his bounty, is his moral duty fulfilled by making distribution solely among them? Certainly it may be said that one is not morally bound to go any farther than taking care of his own. Yet, Pope Leo XIII. has answered this very question decisively. That venerable Pontiff, citing numerous texts from Revelation, has laid down the principle that one's ownership of corporeal goods is restricted, after "what (one's) necessity demands has been supplied and one's standing fairly taken thought for," to the application to the needy; and that while this might not be a duty enforced by human law, yet it is demanded by a higher law. Summing up this obligation, he says: "Whoever has received from the divine bounty a large share of temporal blessings, whether they be external and corporeal, or gifts of the mind, has received them for the perfection of his own nature, and at the same time that he may employ them as the steward of Providence for the benefit of others."

In the ages when a man could not absolutely disinherit his wife and children, the third that he had at his disposal usually went to charitable purposes. Then, it was a disgrace to die intestate. During the Middle Ages, one possessed of goods rarely failed to make a charitable bequest. Perhaps a great share was willed to the Church, but only to be distributed again among the poor and infirm. This kind of generosity always met with opposition,—an opposition that has come down to our day, as evidenced by the law making void charitable bequests made within a calendar month of testator's death and not attested by two subscribing and disinterested witnesses. This opposition was probably based on the theory that a man's relatives alone should succeed to his possessions. This view, however, has received a decided check in recent times. It is now often argued that a man's children and relatives should not receive his wealth and that their acquiring it without any labor on their part only tends to the growth of a class of idlers. But the advocates of this doctrine do not suggest greater giving to charity, or more alleviation of the condition of the poor. The burden of their argument usually is some justification for the imposition of dangerous and confiscatory inheritance taxation.

Yet, the needs of charity are as great to-day as they have ever been. The needs of educational advancement, moral, political, and physical improvement, and physical and financial relief are unlimited. And not only is there the need of gifts, but also of wisdom in the giving. Unfortunately, the accomplishment of the good intended is often frustrated by innumerable and minute directions and conditions annexed to the bequest which subsequent events show to be impossible. On the other hand, an ambitious scheme of benefaction is very frequently rendered nugatory because of the giver's lack of foresight in perceiving that his gift was insufficient to carry his project into effect. In this connection it is well to note that it is far better to give outright and permit the use of the bequest according to the best judgment of the charitable beneficiary of its managers.

A few suggestions may be appropriate before concluding. One of these is that in modern will making sufficient care is not exercised in the selection of executors. In fact, from my experience, the matter is rarely given a thought until the will is practically written. The advantage gained in selecting with care a proved and trusted friend, lacking speculative proclivities and having sound judgment, is often lost. Again, too little thought is usually given to the preparation of the instrument. Procrastination causes most of us to defer it to the last moment, and then it must be accomplished with undue haste. Often a will is made without sufficient legal aid. The mere fact that a man holds some petty office or sells real estate, although he is possessed of a cumbrous looking form book, does nos make him competent to guide you in the discharge of this duty. It is often said, and with a lot of truth, that amateur will makers are the greatest boon to the lawyers. Yet, they are the cause of many a worthy disposition going astray.

The requirements to prepare one's will properly may, therefore, be summed up in the exercise of justice, prudence, and charity, due deliberation, and the aid of wise and learned counsel. By following these, a testator can hope to make judicious use of his wealth after death and extend his power for good into succeeding generations.

F. A. WOLF, LL. M., '21.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Year's End.

THE round of time has brought another school year to its close. Swift as has been its course, the session of '20–'21 has been a very eventful one. Most of all it has been the year of our campaign, wherein the generous people of Pittsburgh and Western Pennsylvania expressed tangibly their loyalty to their chief pastor and their faith in the past, the present and the future of Duquesne University.

For our hundred and forty graduates, it means the end of their education, or of one of its important stages. It means the severing of old ties and the assuming of new responsibilities. They feel that the old school has been good to them, and God has been good to the school. Then, thanks be to thee, Duquesne, "guide and friend of our youthful days"! As we sang so often, "O'er our hearts unrivaled reign!" And, from full hearts let us exclaim, thanks, thanks be to God!

V. J. RIELAND, A. B., '21.

Bishop Boyle.

COINCIDENTALLY with the close of the school year, a newly-consecrated bishop ascends the throne of the See of Pittsburgh. For months, committees numbering several hundred have been working out the details of the celebration—ceremonies, music, decoration, receptions for clergy and laity, publicity, etc., etc. The greatest gathering of the hierarchy that Pittsburgh has ever seen will assemble in our city. All this will be done to honor the sublime office of the episcopate,

and the man whom the Holy Spirit has designated to fill it. Father Boyle comes well equipped with the talents, well endowed with the holiness, and well furnished with the experience, that are desirable in the candidate for the see of Pittsburgh. All our prayers for him may be summed up in one—God make him a worthy successor of the Most Reverend Regis Canevin!

And God grant that this grand old man may long be spared to us still!

V. J. R.



Concerning the City's Streets.

A FAVORITE topic of discussion when the "city panners" meet is the subject, the "Deplorable Condition of Pittsburgh's Streets." No wonder the streets are rather bumpy and shrivelled up in spots, considering the verbal rocks of scathing criticism thrown at them during these gatherings. For the sake of relieving the monotony we intend to write something in the nature of a defense of the Smoky City's thoroughfares.

To begin with, we are forced to admit that our avenues in their present condition have little in common with the frequently-referred-to golden highways of heaven. This is easily explained when we remember that more truck-drivers use the former than the latter.

However the basis of all criticism is comparison. Let us compare our streets with those of other cities. Pittsburgh, in her palmiest days of bad streets never could compete with Boston. Washington Street, the main thoroughfare of the "Hub", resembles our Second Avenue, which is no recommendation. Fremont Street and Commonwealth Avenue are fairly creditable.

We readily concede that New York with Broadway and Riverside Drive has something better than we can show; but on the other hand she also has the lower East Side and West Side, which are worse than our worst.

Philadelphia has Broad Street, which is on a par with any Parisian boulevard, but the Quaker City is not an industrial city and, as a result, it has the advantage of having little heavy hauling. Chester, Philadelphia's manufacturing suburb, is no better than our own town.

Chicago boasts of Michigan Boulevard, but no one ever heard the Windy City spoken of as a model town for streets—or anything else.

Cleveland is better than we are. No arguments here. The same goes for Los Angeles. But how about San Francisco? Persons who have visited there tell us that aside from being laid out like a puzzle and being all hills, "'Frisco" has few good streets except Market Street, and its Chinatown has Constantinople beaten a mile.

In conclusion, we'll say that, although Pittsburgh has few extra good streets, still we have few really bad ones. We suggest that the aforesaid "city panners" direct their verbal barrages against something besides the well-worn streets.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN, H. S., '21.



Sure Reward.

WE CANNOT all be geniuses or conquer wealth and fame;
We cannot all do wondrous things to make ourselves a name;
We cannot all feel confident of meeting every test,
But when we have our work to do, we all can do our best.

Our best may not be wonderful, judged by a standard high,
But we can all do something well, if we will only try.
And if we try our level best, performing every task
With all our might, why, that is all that any one can ask.

We cannot all be famous—if we were 'twould cheapen fame;
We cannot all be rich enough to give ourselves a name;
We cannot all expect to be distinguished from the rest.
But some reward is certain for the man who does his best.

EXCHANGE.

Commencement

HIGH SCHOOL CLOSING.

COMMENCEMENT activities filled the third week of June with exceptional interest. There were the customary banquets and class reunions. The High School awarded 93 diplomas to its graduates on Sunday, June 19. The Very Rev. President in the course of his address emphasized the point that a two-year commercial course or a four-year academic course should not be considered a complete education, but merely the necessary groundwork for the fuller and larger development that the college course supplies. The programme:

March, Mothers of Democracy, *Panella* . Students' Orchestra
Salutatory . . . . . William A. Jacko
Cornet Solo, Every Tear is a Smile in an Irishman's Heart, *Sander* . Albert F. Amrheim
Address, The Practical Value of Stenography, J. Carroll O'Donnell
Ballad, I Lost My Heart to You, *Davis* . Students' Orchestra
Chorus, Crooning, *Dubin-Weise, Caesar* . . . . . Lawrence V. Buckley, Junior Choir, and Graduating Class
Conferring of Diplomas and Medals
Address . . Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, LL. D., President
Chorus, Alma Mater Song, *Malloy-Breil* . . . . . Junior Choir and Graduating Class
Valedictory, What the High School Course Means to the Graduate . Paul G. Sullivan
Exit March, *Weis* . . . . . Students' Orchestra

On Tuesday morning, June 21st, a Solemn Mass of thanksgiving was offered up, at which the graduates and the undergraduates received holy communion. The sermon, a model of persuasive oratory, was preached by Very Rev. M. A. McGarey, of Wilmerding, one of the recipients of honorary degrees later in the day. At ten o'clock were proclaimed the results of the fourth quarterly examinations. 225 students in the non-graduating classes received certificates of honor for maintaining a high standard of excellence in the whole year's work, and 86 others were presented with cards of proficiency for the final term.

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

The exercises of the week were brought to a brilliant close at the forty-third annual commencement Tuesday evening in Soldiers' Memorial Hall. The programme was notable for choral and orchestral music distinctively artistic and for oratory that was scholarly in its impressiveness. The programme:

March, The American Eagle, *Vandersloot,* Students' Orchestra

Latin Salutatory . . . . . Charles A. Ward
Ballad, Underneath the Royal Palm Trees, *Lowe* . . .
Students' Orchestra
Lawyer's Oration, The Ethics of the Bar . Allen S. Amdur
Bachelor's Oration, Cardinal Gibbons, the Ideal American .
Vincent J. Rieland
Part Song, with Orchestral Accompaniment . . . . .
Worship of God in Nature, *Beethoven* . Double Quartet
Master's Oration, The Making of Wills . Francis A. Wolf
Selection, Il Trovatore, *Verdi* . . Students' Orchestra
Songs, (*a*) Crooning, *Dubin-Weise, Caesar* . . . . .
(*b*) Alma Mater Song, *Malloy-Breil* . Double Quartet

Conferring of Diplomas and Medals

Address . . . Most Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, D. D.
Valedictory, What Laws Can Not Do . Regis E. Wehrheim
One Step, Hearts of Erin, *Scanlon* . Students' Orchestra

Director of Orchestra, Professor Charles B. Weis
Vocal Director, Rev. Francis X. Williams, C. S. Sp.

Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, the President of the University, before announcing the graduates, spoke on the school year about to close. He stated that 2550 students had been registered during the past year, 650 in the College of Arts and Sciences, and 1800 id the Schools of Education, Oratory, Law, Finance and Commerce. These are taught by a Faculty of 87 professors and lecturers, all trained teachers, experienced business men, or lawyers and judges. The question of accommodating students was a puzzling one for the Faculty. The College on the hill is practically crowded, and in the Vandergrift Building, though classes are taught there from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M., every room is filled. This is especially the case during the evening sessions, when classes are held from 5:30 to 7:30, and from 7:40 to 9:40. It was the desire of the Faculty to erect a new hall this year, but building conditions are unfavorable. Besides, improvements contemplated by the city in connection with the proposed boulevard and the bridge and street to connect the Liberty tunnel with the city proper, make building practically impossible at the present time.

The Most Reverend Archbishop Canevin, in the principal address of the evening, spoke as follows:

ARCHBISHOP CANEVIN'S ADDRESS.

It is gratifying to see so many friends of the University and

of the graduates assembled here this evening to attest their interest in the great work of education carried along by Duquesne University and to give to those engaged in the arduous and sometimes discouraging work of teaching the benefit of their sympathy and of their encouragement. Education is a power, and it is the office of educators to impart power to their pupils. A power for good or a power for evil is imparted by education, because education is the preparation by which we are enabled to do something and be something. It is therefore an imparting of power. True education is not merely the knowledge of our physical being, or of mines or of great financial institutions. The true value and the great importance and benefit of education, after all, is its influence on a man's intellectual and moral makeup; and it confers intellectual power first of all. Now, if man consisted merely of mind, of that pure intelligence which we call his reason or intellect, then we might say education should be taken up entirely for the cultivation of the intellect, for training man to speak rightly and to grasp the truth firmly. But besides that pure intelligence, there is also in man a will which must be formed, and a heart and its affections which must be cultivated, so that we may value the pure, the modest, the just and the true. Thus the whole man's mind and will and heart may be trained and educated in harmony with man's nature and man's destiny. But man is not created for this world alone. It is a very homely truth that the end of man is God, that God created man to love and serve his Creator in this life, and thereby gain everlasting bliss and peace with his Creator in the life to come. The intelligence of man must be trained in its highest cultivation of moral power, strength of will, and self-control. This restraint teaches the will to bow to the reason, the reason and conscience to the law of God, so that justice and honesty and righteousness may prevail in the course of educatien and have the place of honor therein. The great force of a nation as well as the great power of an individual is after all moral power. Moral forces are the forces that rule the world, that make this world a decent place to live in. And these moral forces and powers must be cultivated and trained in the hearts and minds of the young in school, if our best institutions are to be perpetuated. In a republic like ours that depends more on the morality of the people than on the laws, we must "entertain with caution the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion," in the words of the Father of our Country; therefore, the moral forces and the moral elements are the most important.

Now, Duquesne University professedly and openly stands for religion in education, believing that morality depends upon religion and that if we are to have a moral intelligence and a moral conscience and a moral law for the citizens of this republic, we must have morality in the schools of the republic. If the ideals of the individual citizen are to be founded upon religion and fear and love of God and respect for His holy law, then such must be the ideals of the schools of the nation. It is ever true that when you lower the standard of morality, you lower the ideals of the people. When the standards of education change, the ideals of a people change. The standards of education are either lifted up to the purity and holiness and strength of Christian morality and Christian faith, or they sink down to the depths of pagan unbelief and of pagan morality. Therefore I say that education is the imparting of power, and Duquesne University stands before us as an institution that first of all and ever shall put the power of Christian morality in the minds of those who study there.

FATHER HEHIR'S TRIBUTE TO ARCHBISHOP CANEVIN.

Before the valedictory, the Very Rev. President arose to speak a second time. He spoke as follows: "As President of the University I have, this evening, another duty to perform. His Grace, Archbishop Canevin, has been bishop for more than eighteen years, and for well nigh seventeen of these he has governed and guided our diocese of Pittsburgh. My esteem and veneration for him forbid any laudatory remarks, nor do I know any man who dislikes praise more than he. Let it suffice then to say that Archbishop Canevin has resigned from the second largest diocese in the United States, and from the sixth largest among the dioceses and archdioceses of America, and, in my opinion, he leaves to his successor one of the best organized dioceses in the Western Hemisphere. During his term as bishop, he has annually presided over our Commencement Exercises, and, on each occasion, he has addressed to you and to us words of wisdom and encouragement, especially on higher Christian education. During the past ten years he has been Chancellor of the University. In securing our Charter, in every step that has been taken for the extension and growth of the University, Archbishop Canevin's advice has been asked, and his wise recommendations and prudent suggestions have been carried out. The University Faculty is profoundly grateful to him for all he has done. We are more than grateful for his moral and financial

support on every occasion. The magnificent success of our campaign last fall was mainly due to his efforts and influence. As a mark of our gratitude to His Grace, our best of benefactors, the first building erected with the funds resulting from that campaign is to be called the Canevin Building. As a further mark of our gratitude, and as a slight recognition of his goodness to us, I, as President of the University, confer this evening, on his Grace Archbishop Canevin, the highest honor the University can bestow, the degree of Doctor of Laws."

GRADUATES, 1921

(*a*) School of Accounts: (1) Bachelor of Commercial Science, Francis P. Bradley, Phoebe Katherine Butler, Charles James Byrnes, Raymond Ellsworth Davidson, Eugene Joseph Donoghue, Thomas Leo Keaney, Clarence H. Knight, Ephraim Leopold Miller, Edgar Oscar Munger, William Randall Murphy, Bernard Scheinholtz, Harold E. Silverblatt, George C. Trageser; (2) Bachelor of Science in Economics, Sarah Margaret Collins, Olive Katherine McDonald, J. Walter Ross.

(*b*) School of Oratory: Bachelor of Arts in Drama, Richard Henry Ackerman.

(*c*) College of Arts: (1) Bachelor of Letters, Sister M. de Sales Brennan, Sister M. Cuthbert Donovan; (2) Bachelor of Arts, Sister M. Angela Crawford, Sister M. Marcelline Fahey, Sister M. Alphonso Gorman, Stanislaus Thomas Gujski, Leo James McIntyre, Joseph Thomas Quinlan, Vincent John Rieland, Sebastian Joseph Schiffgens, John Patrick Stanton, Edward Francis Typanski, Charles Athanasius Ward, Leo Stephen Watterson, Regis Emil Wehrheim; (3) Master of Arts, Reverend William Keaney, A. B., '05, John Timothy McMahon, A. B., '09, Wilfred Joseph Mathewson, A. B., '19.

(*d*) School of Law: Bachelor of Laws, Allen Stein Amdur, A. B., '19, H. D. Hirsh, A. B., '14, Joseph Kline, A. B., '19, Patrick McKague, Robert William Semenow, Alexander King Stevenson.

Honor men were Vincent Rieland, who received a gold medal for oratory; Charles A. Ward, who received a gold medal for philosophy, and Regis E. Whhrheim, who received a gold medal for excellence.

Honorary degrees were conferred as follows: Master of Laws, Francis A. Wolf, LL. B., of Pittsburgh; Doctor of Commercial Science, Daniel J. Murphy, of Philadelphia; Doctor of Literature,

Robert W. Egan, of Pittsburgh, and Brother Philip, President of St. Thomas College, Scranton; Doctor of Laws, Rev. L. A. Carroll, of East Pittsburgh; Dr. F. R. Harrison, of East Liverpool, Ohio; Very Rev. M. A. McGarey, of Wilmerding; Rev. Caesar Tomaszewski, of Mount Carmel, Pa.; and the Most Reverend Archbishop.

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

(*a*) Commercial Department: (1) On Completion of the Bookkeeping Short Course, Certificates were awarded to Joseph Herman Barthen, Ralph James Braun, Paul Joseph Buerkle, Robert Paul Green, Charles Frederick Greiner, Jr., John Bernard Harvey, Joseph Charles Hennessy, George Edward Houllion, Otto Augustine Kossler, Raymond Julius Kosak, William Joseph Loeffler, Faustino Joseph Lunardini, Albert Handler McGannon, Gerald William McManus, Raymond Vincent O'Connor, John Carroll O'Donnell, Harry Francis Schreiber, Francis Szymborski, John Joseph Tamburini, William Anthony Tracey; (2) Diplomas in Stenography were awarded to George Samuel Beck, Ralph James Braun, John Paul Carrigan, John Michael Deasy, Ambrose Joseph Greenawald, Howard Regis Hague, John Bernard Harvey, William Joseph Loeffler, Faustino Joseph Lunardini, Henry Paul Miller, John Carroll O'Donnell, John Francis Reardon, John Gerard Robinson; (3) On Completion of the Commercial Course Diplomas were awarded to Francis Regis Boyle, John Elliott Young.

(*b*) Science Department: On Completion of the Science Course, a Diploma was awarded to Louis Earl Barth.

(*c*) Academic Department: (1) Certificates were awarded to Herbert Nicholas Bick, Vincent John Kiesel, Lee Anthony Schneider; (2) Diplomas were awarded to George Marshall Absalom, Jr., Bernard Joseph Appel, Marion Joseph Bostaph, Joseph Anthony Braun, Vincent Paul Burby, Jr., John Edward Carey, John Joseph Carney, Charles Joseph Cherdini, Eugene Augustine Conti, Leo John Curran, John William Davis, Eugene Augustine Dawes, Joseph James Dolan, August Leo Ey, Anthony Leo Fisher, Victor Oscar Friday, August Christian Friederich, John Edward Gaffney, Aloysius Patrick Gallagher, Earl Eugene Gallagher, John Joseph Groetsch, Francis James Grunder, Regis Canevin Guthrie, Leonard Bernard Hodgkin, Joseph Sylvester Hoffmann, William Andrew Jacko, Albert Childs Kelly, Edward Francis Kelly, Harry James Krepley, Thomas Patrick Lynch, William Patrick McGarry, James Dorsey McQuade, Sidney William

Madden, Regis Clement Mansmann, John Edward Monaghan, Clark James Moran, Robert Martin Murphy, Joseph Edward Martin, Theodore Vincent Noroski, Edmund Constantine Ponganis, Anton Andrew Radasevich, Francis Angelo Riley, Alfred Jacob Ruffing, Andrew John Schneider, Robert Joseph Slusarski, Leonard Charles Snyder, Paul Gerard Sullivan, Thomas Andrew Sullivan, Alex. Anthony Szatkowski, Thomas E. Thornton, Andrew Jackson Tolley, James Caesar Vitullo, Raymond Albert Wilhelm, John Anthony Witt.

HIGH SCHOOL MEDALISTS

Silver Medal for Public Speaking I., Paul J. Buerkle; Silver Medal for Public Speaking II., Edward J. Gaffney; Silver Medal for Public Speaking III., Leonard C. Snyder; Gold Medal for Bookkeeping, George E. Houllion; Gold Medal for Excellence, Commercial Department, J. Carroll O'Donnell; Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, Paul G. Sullivan; Gold Medal for Excellence, Academic Department B, William A. Jacko; Gold Medal for Excellence, Academic Department A, Robert J. Slusarski.

DONORS OF MEDALS

The late Right Rev. R. Phelan, D. D.; Right Rev. Msgr. F. Keane, P. R., LL. D., Sacred Heart Church, Pittsburgh; Rev. J. P. Kearns, LL. D., Greenville, Pa.; Rev. B. J. Hynes, P. R., St. John the Evangelist's, S. S., Pittsburgh; Rev. T. McCabe, Rector, St. Joseph's, Coraopolis, Pa.; Dr. E. A. Weisser, Pittsburgh; the late Mr. R. E. Walsh, Crafton, Pa.; to each of whom the Faculty return their cordial thanks.



The Big Play.

WE REPRINT without change the comment of the theatrical critic of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* as it appeared in that paper on the morning of May 25.

RED MASQUERS GIVE DELIGHTFUL COMEDY.

One of the very finest of the many amateur theatricals

presented in Pittsburgh this season was that of the Red Masquers of Duquesne University, who gave the delightful comedy of "The Commuters" at the Alvin last evening to an audience which well filled the theater, boxes, orchestra and balconies, a dozen of the faculty occupying the boxes to the left of the stage.

This comedy, by James Forbes, was played in fine form by unusual amateur talent under the direction of Clinton E. Lloyd, head of the department of speech arts of the University. The theme is the complexes of the family of Larry Brice, a commuter, the lapses of Larry's evenings at home, the sweet and dignified but unrelenting objection to them by Hetty Brice, his wife, and social consultations and complications of the life of a commuter.

Mr. Lloyd was Larry Brice, and gave a classical portrayal of a jolly but unoffending and misunderstood commuter, and Miss Mary L. Dixon was the gentle but critical and all-conquering wife. Mercedes M. Hoffman gave a charming characterization of Carrie, the bright, pert, saucy, independent and really fascinating maid of all work. The jolly, devil-may-care characters of Fletcher, Rolliston, Colton and Applebee, friends of Larry, were pictured to the life by Messrs. Ackerman, Monteverde, Hoffman and Strobel. The group of feminines, Mistresses Shipman, Crane, Graham, Applebee, Rolliston and Colton, embodied a mother-in-law and friends of the Brices, and these were excellently personified by Margaret Scott Roberts, Teddy Tolpott, Nell F. Dixon, Cora Elizabeth Nill, Edith Dunkle and Marie James.

The stage settings were artistic, that of the veranda of the Brice home being a real bit of art in stage scenery. The student orchestra gave an excellent account of themselves under direction of Professor Charles B. Weis. Following the comedy came elaborate calisthenic and military drills; laughable double horse hurdling and picturesque pyramiding by students of several classes.

In one particular we would have desired the critic to set down his impressions more fully. The director desired to "star" Richard Ackerman in the part of Sammy Fletcher, really the best rôle in the play. The director was not disappointed, and the audience was more than delighted. We understand this young man, on his graduation this month, is to begin his career as an actor in New York. He goes there well equipped, and we predict a brilliant future for him.

CHRONICLE

Uptown School.

The annual public speaking contests were held in the University Hall on May 1. A very large crowd enjoyed the splendid programme, every member of which, many said, deserved a prize. The judges, Rev. Charles J. Coyne, LL. D., rector of St. Mary's Church, Pittsburgh, Mr. Robert W. Egan, journalist, and Mr. Louis W. Monteverde, real estate man, awarded the silver medals to Paul J. Buerkle, who recited "The Cremation of Sam Magee;" Edward J. Gaffney, who recited "The Legend Beautiful", and Leonard C. Snyder who recited "The Benediction"; and the gold medal to Vincent J. Rieland, who spoke on "Catholic Education, the Basis of True Americanization". Frank R. McCaffrey gave a cello solo, "A Perfect Day". The orchestra played "The Parade of the Templars", "Il Trovatore", and "The Bells of Saint Mary's"; the faculty quartette sang "Sweet Sabbath Eve"; and the combined junior and senior choirs rendered Veazie's "Morning Invitation". This varied and beautiful musical programme elicited hearty and prolonged applause.

Speaking Contests

The student body was shocked on returning to school after Decoration Day to hear that Henry Schuler, of the First Commercial, had been drowned. Henry was an excellent boy and a model student. His class attended the funeral and also had a Requiem High Mass offered for the repose of his soul in the University Chapel. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the sorrowing family.

Henry Schuler

The graduation classes had their examinations early. The undergraduates' final tests occurred on June 15, 16 and 17. The splendid work done is best shown by the fact that when diplomas and certificates of honor were totaled, it was found that 409 students of the uptown school finished the year with honors. Twenty-seven in the non-graduating classes reached an average of 90 per cent. or over; the highest of these were Martin

"The Finals"

Reisdorf, First Science, 98; Francis Mikolajewski, 2 B, 96; Edward Caye, Sophomore, 95; Thomas Quigley, 2 A, 95; Irving Cleary, 1 B, 95; Walter Gleba, 1 E, 95; William Hassett, 1 Commercial, 94, and Lawrence Kornman, 1 Science, 94.

Students' Mission Crusade

For many months past, interest in the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade has been gaining strength. After a number of preliminary meetings, in which every department of the Uptown School was represented, a general mass meeting, presided over by Vincent J. Rieland, president of the Students' Senate, adopted on June 8, the splendid constitution and by-laws proposed. The enrolment of members took place on June 9. Three hundred and twenty-six gave their names—a promising unit! Charles Ward and Clement Strobel were elected as delegates to the international convention to be held at Dayton, Ohio, in the middle of August. Mr. Ward withdrew, as he is a graduate not returning to school; Paul G. Sullivan received the next highest vote. The University Unit will be called the "Father Simon Unit of the C. S. M. C.," in memory of Rev. John C. Simon, C. S. Sp., who graduated in 1905 and died last year as an African missionary. Father Edward A. Malloy is the Moderator. On the day of organization the objects of the crusade had been explained by him and by the Rev. Joseph A. Rossenbach, C. S. Sp., central director of the Holy Childhood Association.

Alumni.

Ordinations

REV. JEROME D. HANNAN, S. T. D., and REV. EDWARD NEMMER were raised to the holy priesthood by Archbishop Canevin at St. Vincent's on May 22.

REV. PHILIP BUCHMAN was ordained in the Cathedral at Cleveland.

REV. TIMOTHY MCDERMOTT, C. P. (whom we knew as "*Tom*" before his entrance into the Passionist Order) was ordained priest at Scranton, Pa., on June 26.

On the same day, at St. Vincent's, Archbishop Canevin conferred the sacerdotal unction on REV. CHARLES J. DEASY, REV. IGNATIUS VICTOR KENNEDY, REV. JOHN J. MCDONOUGH, REV. FRANCIS C. STREIFF and REV. JOHN J. SULLIVAN.

We warmly felicitate these new ministers of the Lord, and wish them all joy and success in their holy calling.

ON June 14 DR. GILBERT F. MCGREEVY took as his life partner Miss Rosalie Gurley, sister of DR. GABRIEL F. GURLEY. The ceremony was performed in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Marriages

St. Bernard's Church, Dormont, was, on June 15, the scene of the wedding of SANTINO PASQUINELLI and Miss Mayme Giolitto.

On the same day, at the Church of the Epiphany, EMMETT H. RICARDS and Miss Ella Marie O'Dwyer were united in the bonds of holy wedlock.

The marriage of H. STEWART DUNN, Esq., and Miss Marie J. Galvin was an event of June 16 in St. Paul's Cathedral.

To all these newly-wedded alumni we offer hearty congratulations and best wishes for every sort of happiness.

AFTER completing with signal success the four year musical course at Carnegie Institute of Technology, FRANCIS X. KLEYLE has just received from that institution the degree of Bachelor of Music. He has appeared on many programmes and surprised and delighted many audiences. We predict for him a brilliant future as a solo violinist.

Graduations

FRANCIS P. TARNAPOWICZ received his M. D. from the University of Pittsburgh. JAMES C. ANTON was among those on whom the U. of P. conferred the B. S. in E. DAVID M. FORD, STANLEY KUZNIAK, WILLIAM G. PRESCOTT and JAMES TYSARCZYK received degrees in Pharmacy from the University of Pittsburgh and WALTER HARENSKI received a proficiency certificate in Pharmacy on June 15.

GEORGE MASHANK graduated at Dickinson Law School with the class of 1921.

ATHLETICS

'VARSITY.

DUKES, 13—MUSKINGUM, 6.

During the last part of the season, the Dukes played good, consistent ball. The team was partly changed to bring out more batting and better fielding. This was shown in the Muskingum

College game at New Concord, Ohio, on June 7, when the Dukes won 13–6. In that game, Rooney went to left field, Cherdini to short and Ryan to centre. Vebelunas pitched a wonderful game, striking out 10 and allowing 6 hits. Kramer caught well, while Kilday, O'Neil, Ryan and Klinzing batted hard and in timely fashion.

DUKES, 3—ST. VINCENT, 3.

The game played at Beatty brought out a big crowd of supporters of both teams. According to press accounts and rumors, the Dukes were supposed to have not the ghost of a chance against the successful collegians of Westmoreland County. Indications were pointing quite the other way, however, when the elements ended the indecisive contest. With the score 3 to 0 in our favor and two out in the fourth inning, Barrett became a little wobbly and allowed three runs to come in. With the Dukes at bat in the fifth, the floodgates of heaven were opened, and for over an hour the downpour continued. The game could not be resumed. The Dukes played errorless ball, the fielding of Rooney, Kilday and Cherdini being particularly brilliant, and the batting of Klinzing, Rooney and Ryan being sensational. The support of the Duke rooters was a great help to the team.

DUKES, 4—ST. VINCENT, 4.

On Commencement Day, the Vincentians invaded the Bluff, determined to spread over the whole place a coat of whitewash. An immense crowd, easily the largest that ever assembled on the campus, sat through eleven innings of gilt-edged baseball. For six innings of errorless ball, not a man crossed home plate. Then O'Toole the lanky Vincentian second-sacker, lifted one over the right field fence, and trotted around the diamond. Nothing daunted, the Dukes repeated the performance—Barrett, Rooney and Erlain. Feeling waxed high in both grandstands. One of the visiting cheer-leaders made some nasty remarks to a Duke base-runner and was given to understand that there are limits to human endurance. The tussle was brief, however. A little later, after a second encounter of the same kind, the St. Vincent's batters were called off the field, and the umpire declared the game forfeited to Duquesne. Vebelunas pitched a great game, his last for the Dukes. In fact, apart from the regrettable scuffles at the third base bleachers, it was one of the best games ever seen on the Bluff.

PREPS.

The Preps have just closed a very successful season, having won nine of the ten games they played. Although they do not claim the championship of the city high schools on account of a disputed game with Allegheny, still many are of opinion that the Dukelets could defeat any prep school team in the city. Theirs was a splendid aggregation well balanced and possessing extra ordinary baseball brains. Captain Cherdini deserves a world of credit for the spirit which he kept alive in his players. The Preps will be minus the services of Absalom, Bick, Cherdini, Finn, Gallagher, Micher, Rooney, P. Sullivan, Snyder and Wilinski, all of whom finished the High School course this month. With Keefe, Loebig, McCaffrey, McQuade, Monaghan and Titz left over, and some good talent developed in this year's Juniors, next year's coach will be in a fair way to overcome this handicap.

THE JUNIOR TEAM.

On June the twelfth, the Junior team of 1921 rang down the curtain on the best season they have had in years. That day they played St. Anselm Seconds and kept to their winning ways by defeating the lads from Swissvale to the tune of 10 to 7. After the game their coach treated them to a miniature banquet as a testimonial of appreciation of their splendid efforts. It is seldom that a bunch of youngsters can be gotten together to play twenty-three games and win nineteen out of the total, but that is precisely what this year's Juniors did.

Since our last issue eleven games have been played, out of which they lost one to the Agnetian Club, the only team that succeeded in defeating us twice this season. The best games of these eleven were those with St. Anselm's, Sacred Heart High and St. Rosalia's. The scores by innings of these three games will be given below.

The best pitching was done by Maughn, who, though credited with two of the season's defeats, succeeded in winning nine out of his fourteen starts in the box. Besides being the star twirler of the team, this lanky youngster was second in the batting list with an average of .386. The batting honors were taken by that healthy youngster, John Witt, with an average of .389. Kane, Bullion and Clary followed Maughn in the order mentioned. Zapf was easily the fielding star of the team, taking care of practically the entire outer works himself. Kane and Leo Loughren furnished a large share of the team's "pep"; they

were in the game every minute of play and working like beavers all the time. Time and again, Bullion took the heart out of the opposition by the uncanny way in which he scooped up everything that came his way at short-stop. At third base, Wilson frequently distinguished himself by playing brainy baseball at times when brain work was needed to cut down the scoring of opponents. Carmody and Connolly got some of the best pitching out of their systems that has been seen on the old campus this year.

SACRED HEART—JUNIOR GAME.

JUNIORS	1	0	4	0	0	2	1	0	x—8	11	2
S. H. H. S.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0	4	5

Batteries—Kane and Connolly; Ragan and Kaufman.

ST. ROSALIA H. S.—JUNIOR GAME.

JUNIORS	1	5	0	5	2	0	2	0	x—15	17	2
ST. R. H. S	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0— 1	4	6

Batteries—Kane and Carmody; Fitzgerald, Dunn and Lavelle.

ST. ANSELM—JUNIOR GAME.

JUNIORS	0	3	0	2	0	1	3	1	x—10	15	3
ST. A. 2nd	0	1	1	3	1	0	0	1	0— 7	9	5

Batteries—Kane, Maughn and Carmody.

Other games played resulted as follows:

Juniors, 7; St. Joseph's Scholastics, 2.
Juniors, 8; Agnetians, 8.
Juniors, 11; Salisbury Jrs., 7.
Juniors, 7; St. Thomas H. S., 3
(Forfeited in ninth by St. Thomas H. S.)
Juniors, 7; St. Coleman's, 0.
Juniors, 9; Second Story Morrys ,3.

Standing of the team:

Games won, 19—Games lost, 3. Tied, 1.

Duquesnicula.

Latin Prof.—These *tricorporis umbrae* were beings with three bodies.

Grunder—That bird would have a hard time persuading himself which way to go.

The P. of D. (to late comer)—Is that the first lie you told this morning?

A. Kelly (protesting)—NO, FATHER.

Fisher—Did you like "The Bells"?

Razz—I sure did.

F.—What was the best part in it?

R.—I don't know, but I suppose it was the one in the leading man's hair.

Chem. Prof.—In what part of the body is iron found?

P. Sullivan—The nails, I presume.

McDonough went through the war, and was wounded. E. Kelly wanted to know what Mac's emotions were when he was struck. "Oh, a little bit bored," replied the hero.

The budding orator was looking for compliments. "What did you think of my speech?" he asked a friend.

"Well, Vince, to be honest, I don't think you improved all your opportunities."

"I don't quite get you," said Vince.

"Why, it seemed to me that you had several opportunities to sit down before you did."

Physics Prof.—Tell me, what is the principal difference between lightning and electricity?

Dorsey (after a pause)—Why, you don't have to pay for lightning!

KELLY-RILEY.

Doubleday-Hill Electric Co.

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

719-21 Liberty Avenue Pittsburgh, Pa

JOHN L. CRONIN, President F. B. HILL, Treasurer

F. B. Hill Company

Grocers Specialties and Canned Goods

Terminal Warehouse, S. S., Pittsburgh

We specialize on No. 10 (Gallon Cans) Fancy Fruits and Vegetables in tin, for Institutions, Colleges, Hospitals, Convents, Hotels and Restaurants.

Investment Vision

is a matter of broad experience and access to the sources of authentic information.
The securities we offer have been rigidly examined and approved—they are the same we ourselves invest in.

Capital and Surplus, $11,000,000

Mellon National Bank

Smithfield St., Fifth and Oliver Aves.

Swindler & Scott Company

OF PITTSBURGH

DISTRIBUTORS OF THE FAMOUS "TROCO NUT BUTTER"

DRINK

Breakfast Cheer

COFFEE

The Coffee that starts you out in the morning with a

BIG BROAD SMILE

Sold by all first-class Grocers

Imported, Roasted and Packed by

THE

CAMPBELL & WOODS CO.

BASE BALL

GET INTO THE GAME

with

Spalding Equipment

Gloves, Mitts, Bats, Balls, Etc.



Our catalogue is now ready. It's yours for the asking.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
608 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa